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Poetry.

MULLINS, THE AGNOSTIC.

AS TOLD BY DEACON STILLWATER.

His name was William Mullins, and
He had a sneerin' way
Of turnin' his proboscis up
At everything you'd say.
"Wall, now, how do you know?" said he;
"Humph, now, how do you know?"
The way it closed the argement
It wasn't by no means slow.

You might be talking social like
With fellows at the store
On war or politics and sich,
And you might have the floor
And be a-gettin' it down fine
Provin' that things was so,
When Mullins would stick his long nose in
With "Humph, now, how do you know?"

I seen that critter set in church
And take a sermon in,
And turn his nose up in a sneer
At death and grace and sin!
With no regard for time or place
Or realms of endless woe,
He'd rise and burst the whole thing up
With "Humph, now, how do you know?"

He cut his grass whene'er it rained,
He shocked his wheat up green,
He cut his corn behind the frost,
His hogs was allus lean,
He built his stacks the big end up,
His corn cribs big end down;
"Crooked as Mullin's roadside fence"
Was a proverb in our town.

The older he got the wus he grew,
And crookeder day by day;
The squint of his eyes would wind a clock,
His toes turned out each way;
His boots and shoes were both of them lefts;
The rheumatiz twisted so;
But if you said he didn't look well
He'd growl, "Now, how do you know?"

And that darned grit led to his death—
He was on the railroad track,
Crossin' a bridge; I heard the train
And yelled, "Mullins, come back!
The train is round the curve in sight!"
Says he, "Humph, how do you know?"
I helped to gather him up in a pail,
The engine scattered him so.

I think it's best to have more faith
In everyday concerns
And not be allus a snoopin' round
To git behind the returns.
A plain statement will do for me,
A hint instead of a blow;
A coroner's jury may fetch out facts,
But its rather late to know.

THE THREE SISTERS.

THOMAS DUM ENGLISH.

Here in the garden Rose rambles with me,
Here where the flowers are all blossoming free;
Modest white candytufts, flaunting swordlilies,
Low-growing pinks and sweet-scented stock-gillies:
Queen of them all is the rose—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it burgeons and blows.

Bearing before us their bright spikes of fire,
Salvias ask us to gaze and admire;
Here is our pathway the pansies are spreading
Purple and gold—a gay road to a wedding;
Over them all towers the rose—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it burgeons and blows.

Rose listens timidly here as I speak,
Eyelids low-drooping, a flush on her cheek;
Flashes a moment the shyest of glances—
Glance that tells much while my soul it entrances;
Trembling, a rosebud she plucked—ah! the rose!
Fairest and rarest it burgeons and blows.

Two of the sisters to meet us have come,
Both of them greet us, but Rose has grown dumb,
Lily, as always, is gracious and stately;
Pansy is curious, but stands there sedately;
Rose deeply blushes—ah! she is the rose
In my heart's garden that burgeons and blows.

Our Story Teller.

A SPRING DAY.

BY JULIA K. WETHERILL.

Colin Stone sat on the front porch, with his chair tipped back against the railing. He was smoking, and watching in a happy contemplative way the wreaths that curled up from his long-stemmed pipe.

Lucy, his wife, came to the door and stood there, with a hand on each side of the frame-work, shifting idly from one foot to the other. Her slim figure lent itself pliantly to attitudes of careless ease that would have looked slouching and awkward to most people. She had a little flower-like face, with small, irregular features; clear blue eyes and hair of a light red gold, lying upon her head in loose short curls. The color in her lips was deep and rich, and there was a fresh tinge of red in her cheeks, with here and there a freckle.

"Colin," she said, "you ought to have seen Jack chasing the little turkeys; he tried so hard to catch them, and he tipped and fell down, but he didn't cry a bit."

"Oh! he's a wonderful boy," said Colin, removing his pipe to laugh.

A little curly head was thrust between the mother's skirts and the door-frame, and Jacky sent up a lament about the turkeys that had eluded him.

"No, no; you can't have them," said Lucy; "but come with mamma, and we'll put the baby turkeys to bed."

Colin's eyes followed the slender figure of his wife, with the 2-year-old boy trotting beside her, clutching her finger, the little feet stamping earnestly along the garden path.

Then he looked abroad. Spring was everywhere. The sky was deeply blue, the slanting rays of the afternoon sunlight streamed through the young boughs. The white heads of clover jostled each other in the roadside fringes of grass. Across the way the bloomy cloud of china blossoms hung in the clear air. The turf was thick with tiny flowers that had a scent of the earth. His garden plot was fragrant and full of color, the exquisite wisteria and the yellow honeysuckle with its pleasant country smell crowded and clustered about the porch. On one side a tall, thick hedge of Cherokee, the wild white rose of the South, screened the garden from the passers-by upon the narrow lane that ran beside it. The high road lay in front, and beyond that the levee and the turbid breadth of the Mississippi river, transformed by gleaming afternoon lights into an enchanted stream.

It was a day of hope. A thrill of joy and pain passed through the man's heart. It was all so beautiful—so beautiful. The voices of his wife and child, prattling together in the sweet language of babyhood, came to him where he sat. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of Lucy's bright hair between the screen of leaves. He thought of the dark days when his life had seemed so intolerable that he had come near to ending it with his own hand.

"Suppose," he mused, "that I had done it and it had been made my punishment to look out of hell upon this."

The thought made heart tremble. He felt that he must thank God for his deliverance.

"Colin," called Lucy, "are you going for the mail this evening?"

"Why, yes. I had almost forgotten it."

"Well, don't forget to take my letter to Cousin Sabina. It is on the mantlepiece, behind the blue vase."

It did not take Colin long to kiss Lucy and Jacky and get out on the road. It stretched before him seemingly endless, with a flat monotony that would have been maddening to an adventurous spirit; but to Colin it seemed the embodiment of placidity and sweet content.

The sun was full of mild warmth, though the wind that blew had a tart touch of chilliness in it. Just in front of him a troop of brown butterflies frolicked about the ground with a gayety that seemed quite inconsistent with their sober dress. Colen slashed at the clover-tops with his stick, and tossed a cheerful word to a ragged negro, who trudged beside a slow ox wagon.

Through the dusty cloud made by the broad-tired wheels he saw the figure of a woman approaching from the direction of the village, and it was not long before they met. She walked heavily, and her dress, once handsome, was shabby and powdered with dust. She paused, as if glad of an excuse to halt.

"Can you tell me how far I am from Colin Stone's house?" she said, in a hoarse, broken voice.

They looked at each other as she spoke, and he saw a face that had once been beautiful, but was now worn and scarred with a hundred vicious lines, the complexion coarse and muddied.

"In a moment she said, "Oh, it's you!"

His dry lips refused to answer her.

This was the wife he had believed dead for twelve years; the woman who had ruined his home and happiness, and growing tired of him had left him. When she had crept back again, ill and broken, he had given her shelter; loveless but merciful. But nothing could reclaim her. It had not been long before she wearied anew of her tame, respectable life, and left him, and this time she did not return. After a year or two of silence he had received a letter from the West, telling him of her death. And now she had come back to blast his life.

At sight of the pallor upon his face she broke into a discordant laugh.

"How scared you look!" she cried.

"Why have you come back, Annette?" he asked.

"Do you think I don't know all about you—that you have another wife and child? Oh, there ain't much you can tell me about yourt yourself that I don't know already. Why have I come back?" she pursued, mockingly—"why, because I'm tired of a roaming life. I want to settle down in peace and quietness under my own roof-tree, in the afternoon of my days, as the book says."

"Oh, you devil!" he cried.

"Come, don't call me names. I am your wife, after all and the other one isn't."

Colin did not seem to hear her taunt.

"Come into the field, here," he said. "I don't want to be seen standing in the road with you."

She followed him into a waste meadow, weedy and overgrown with thistles and coarse grasses. A sparse thicket of scrub oaks grew beside the fence that had fallen into a mere heap of rotten rails, and the blackberry vines rioted over its decay. Here and there among the rank growth were fruit trees—plum trees with their frothy foam of blossoms, gnarled apple trees that bore a scant and bitter harvest, wandering boughs of peach-bloom and quince, branches tinged with the blush of dawn.

"Annette," said Colin, trying to clear the husky sound from his voice, "what good will it do you to upset my whole life? If you will go quietly away I will send you money every month so that you can live comfortably."

"No," she retorted impudently, "I want the moral support of a husband. I want some one to work for me. What's the use of bandying words?"

"But why did you make me believe you dead?"

"Oh! it struck me it would be a good plan. I was afraid you you might find out where I was—you were such an elevated character in those days—and try to reclaim me."

She made a few steps forward; but he put himself in front of her.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am going to have a look at your house and your new wife."

"Woman," said Colin, "did I ever lay the weight of my hand upon you in all the years you made my home a hell? But now I tell you that if you take another step I'll strike you dead."

She looked at the white face out of which the eyes burned black, and the tense hand clutched the knotty stick, and shrank back, daunted, yet half admiring.

"I was only fooling," she murmured. "Why didn't you treat me that way when we lived together, Colin? I always liked a man to be a man. But I thought you were a poor fool when you took me back, although I knew you hated me."

"If your heart were not so black you would remember the past and leave me in peace."

"I tell you I am tired of being cuffed about the world," she replied querulously. "I want to settle down. I don't mean I want to stay here. If you'll come away with me I'll go quietly. If not——." Silence followed her unspoken threat.

Colin stood with his eyes fixed upon the ground. There arose in his mind a picture of his own youth, full of brightness and promise; how he had risen rapidly in his profession, and how this woman had disgraced him so that he had longed to hide himself from the world. When he looked at her he cursed the forbearance that had given her shelter.

Then, believing her dead, he left his Northern home and came to the South, where no one knew his history. To break with the past entirely he had become a tiller of the soil, and his crops had flourished and rewarded his industry.

Years passed, and he struck his roots deep down into the quiet country he had chosen for his own. Then he met Lucy, with her flower face and shining hair; and love, which had seemed a thing impossible to him, blossomed again sweetly in his heart.

Those few years! How simple and happy they had been. They were ended now. If he must leave her—as it seemed he must—he would make it appear that he had been drowned. She would go back to live with her father and mother who loved her as parents love an only child. She would wear a black dress—he seemed to see her little face, pinched and sorrowful, above her somber garments—and the boy would be taught to love his dead father. They would point to the sky and tell him that "Papa was up in heaven." It was best.

It would kill his tender Lucy to hear the story. He fancied the wild, startled look in her blue eyes as Annette's hard words beat upon her like hailstones, her piteous appeal to know if this could be the truth and the heart-broken silence. He must be merciful to her and to himself. He could not bear the thought that in time she might learn to think of him with bitterness and resentment as one who had degraded her before the world.

At length he spoke: "I suppose I must go with you."

"But when?" Annette demanded with a flash of triumph in her eyes.

"To-night. The sooner the better since it must be."

"But I don't understand. Where shall I meet you?"

"I have thought of that. There are three large oaks on the river bank about half a mile on the other side of town. Be there at 10 o'clock and I can take you in my skiff to the opposite bank. Then I can hail an up-river boat. Stay anywhere you like until then, and don't dare to mention my name."

"Are you taking all these precautions out of tenderness for the chit you call your wife?"

"Don't speak of her, woman," said Colin. She laughed aloud as if it amused her to goad him.

"Well, good-bye for the present, my dear Colin," she said, and moved away.

As Colin turned his face toward the home that was soon to be his no more, the afternoon was growing late. The sunset was spreading wonderful wild wings of light that soared and floated over the dead, unchanging flats beyond. Golden ripples streamed over the grass and water, and the geese gabbled noisily as they filed home from the clear pools.

Lucy heard the click of the gate and ran out to meet him, according to her usual custom, with Jacky toddling after her.

"For the last time," said Colin to himself.

"Did you remember to mail my letter, dear?" asked Lucy.

"Letter? What letter? Oh, yes!"

"Colin," she pursued, hanging on his arm, "did you know the English daisies are blooming? Come, and I'll show you a clump of them. Here, beside the rose-bush—aren't they pretty? Jacky's sharp eyes spied them—mamma's smart little man!"

As she stood there prattling to Colin of the roses they must "set out" in the autumn, Jacky tugged at his father's coat and pleaded, "Take up! Take up!" So he had to be hoisted upon the broad shoulders, where he sat delighted, clutching his father's curly hair.

"Well, come in to supper," said Lucy.

An unseen spectator had been watching them behind the thick screen of the Cherokee hedge.

"Silly little chit," she sneered, thinking, when she saw Lucy, of her own superb beauty that had made her seem a woman to be worshiped.

Then her glance fell upon the child with his little silky, yellow head and wondering blue eyes, and the sturdy legs tramping so bravely after his mother. She thought of her own child, whose feet had never learned to walk, and of her wild grief, as unreasoning and short-lived as that of the animal at its death. Something like a sob swelled in her throat.

"If he had lived! O, my baby! I would have been a good woman," she murmured.

As on the paper, charred and withered by fire, there may still be discerned characters that were once words and sentences, so in this woman's soul there arose a sudden outcry for all she had forfeited and could never regain. The past rushed over her like the cold river of death. She could never see her little angel-child again. He could never know his wicked mother in heaven, nor love her.

Like one in a dream, Colin watched his busy little wife bustling about the room, trying on Jacky's apron and setting him in his high chair.

His gaze moved slowly over everything in the room—his favorite chair, the white curtain stirring softly in the wind, the setter puppy hopefully thumping his feathery tail on the floor, the fire-place filled with cedar boughs and the high mantel-piece with the vases upon it, and the old clock, whose busy ticking seemed to him like a voice that was hastening on to the end of a story oft told and wearisome.

This was a picture he must fix in his mind that he might have it before him in the years that were to come.

"I know what you are looking at, Colin," remarked Lucy, her eyes following the direction of his, "you are wondering what became of the peacock-feather fan. Jacky got hold of it somehow and gave it to the puppy, and between them they tore it to pieces."

"I dave it to puppy," echoed Jackey, beating triumphantly on the table with his spoon until his mother imprisoned the chubby hand.

Colin essayed a smile with his dry lips.

As he pushed back his chair and rose from the table, he said: "I forgot to tell you, Lucy, that I have to go across the river to-night to see Toland on business, and I shannt be able to get back until to-morrow."

"Oh, Colin," cried Lucy, mournfully, "I hate to have you stay out all night. I'm always afraid something will happen to you—that I'll never see you again."

"Well, I needn't go until—until 10 o'clock."

Jacky, who was always unpleasantly wide awake in the evening, was allowed to sit up in honor of his father's expected departure. Lucy sat beside her husband with her hands clasped around his arm, talking in her simple way, but he scarcely heard her. His heart was full of the many things he wished to say to her before they parted forever, yet he dared not speak any last words. His flesh quivered whenever the clock struck.

Presently he sprang to his feet not daring to stay any longer.

"I must go, Lucy," he said.

"You'll come home early in the morning, won't you, Colin, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, I'll come home early."

"And I must bring you a thicker coat to wear," added the thoughtful wife, "because it may turn chilly."

He took her in his arms and pressed her close against his heart. He looked at the bright hair lying upon his breast for the last time. Then he kissed the child, who glanced up carelessly and went back to his playthings as his father passed out at the door.

But when Colin was half way down the garden path, he suddenly returned.

"Have you forgotten anything, dear?" Lucy asked.

"My—my stick," he stammered.

"May be it's in the corner. Why, you silly fellow, you have it under your arm," she laughed, her pretty face sparkling with smiles at his stupidity.

Colin stood in the middle of the room, looking haggardly about him. He gave a second embrace to his wife, and, without looking at Jacky, he plunged out into the night.

Lucy held up Jacky at the door, that he might see how the leaping ray of the lantern sprang forward into the darkness.

"Dere's—my—papa," Colin heard the little voice cry out, and he knew that the chubby forefinger was pointing after him.

"Papa's gone! Papa's gone!" said Lucy, in the singing tone supposed to be soothing to the infant mind, and Colin heard the door shut. It had closed forever between him and them.

He stopped short in the middle of the road.

"Oh, God! I can't leave them," he said with a sob.

Still he knew he must go on.

He rowed in his skiff to the appointed spot; but when he reached it the woman was not there.

He stood and waited, his heart plunging at every chance noise. The sudden shriek of an owl made the cold drops start out upon his forehead. The frogs laughed hoarsely from the neighboring swamp, and the river flowed past, ghostly in the uncertain light. The white mist clung to the water. The opposite bank was a conjectural region, and the trees and bushes near at hand had the wavering, indistinct outlines of things seen in a dream. There was no moon, but the sky was thick with stars.

He strained his ear to catch the echo of an approaching footfall; but the murmurs of the night seemed to fall around him like a veil of sound.

Her delay was both a relief and a terror to him.

Must it be? Must it be? His mind stumbled again and again over the same dark thought. There were other ways—one other way. A man's strength against a woman's—and in this lonely spot.

His clothes were dank with moisture, and his limbs trembled beneath him. Still she did not come.

The night was growing late. A steamboat passed in a great glare of light that streamed from every poor. As it approached the village it lifted up a mighty voice out of the darkness—three deep, melancholy notes that died into a wail. He could hear the labored breathing of the engines, and the rush and struggling of the water as a landing was made.

Hour after hour passed, and he knew that day was at hand. It was more a feeling than an assurance. First the whip-poor-wills forebore to cry. There was a hush in the air; a peculiar, damp, cold smell; every spear of grass stood motionless, untrembling under its weight of dew.

The chill wind of dawn began to rise, bearing a fresh scent of earth and flowers. He heard an uneasy cowbell here and there, and knew the cows were getting on their feet. A calf bleated; a hundred cocks began to call to each other from the neighboring farm-houses. Colin looked at the sky. A moment before it had been trembling with stars; suddenly, as if a pall had been drawn across it, every star vanished. Then came the first bird voice—a high, shrill cry of two syllables, far overhead, that seemed to fall from the upper air. After a few waking notes, harsh and querulous, the mocking bird started off into a clear, whistling cadence. Then all the birds began to sing at once, and above them all could be heard the thrush, saying over and over again, sweetly, what he he had said before the close of day.

There was a growing brightness in the east.

Colin looked around him with eyes that smarted and felt filmy. A sudden sense of weakness and emptiness came over him. He felt that he must go home; that he no longer cared what scheme Annette's malice might be devising. All that he wanted was to get back to his warm nest of love and happiness.

When he reached the house he could scarcely walk and his feet stumbled at the threshold. He knocked again and again. The windows were close-barred and voiceless. Suppose that the judgment of God had struck his home, and that Lucy and the child had died in the night! A groan welled up from his heart. He hammered frantically upon the door.

At length a timorous voice cried out: "Who's there?"

"Colin—let me in quick."

Lucy opened the door and he staggered in. "Why, Colin," she cried, "your clothes feel damp and your hands are as cold as ice. I'm afraid you are going to be sick."

"Yes, I am sick," said Colin, with chattering teeth. "Let me go to bed."

It was late in the day when he awoke, with a start, from his heavy slumber. He heard Jacky, on the front porch, rolling over in a playful scuffle with the puppy. Lucy was sewing beside the window. She greeted his open eyes with a smile, but did not speak, hoping he might fall asleep again.

"Lucy," he said, raising himself on his elbow, "has any one been here to-day?"

"No one, dear," she replied in her quiet little voice.

He sank back on the pillow with a momentary feeling of relief.

No blight had fallen as yet upon his house.

For the next two days Colin lived like a man under sentence of death. But on the third day, while he sat at breakfast, one of the field hands came to tell him that the body of a woman had been picked up in the river not far from the house.

When Colin looked upon the dead face he recognized Annette. An eddy had brought her almost to his door. He fancied that she must have missed her footing in the dark and so fallen into the water on her way to meet him. He could never guess that, in the sudden revulsion of the moment, and the agonizing rush of recollection, she had drowned herself. If she had waited, the swell of emotion would have ebbed; but she had been impatient, and, in its "full of tide," it had swept her to her death.

All this remained in silence.

Colin arranged that she should receive decent burial. He did not curse her memory, for he rejoiced with trembling at the thought of all he had been spared.

"Poor thing," sighed Lucy, pitifully, "perhaps she had no one to love her."

Humor.

MRS. URBAN'S QUIET SUNDAY.

She Takes the Children to Enjoy the Arcadian Joys of the Country.

Mrs. Urban never believed in the morals of a city. She lives in one and nearly always has, but she has insisted right along that it is no place to bring up children. Especially boys.

The way Sunday is observed in the city has always bothered her more than anything else. She says it is scandalous. Every street car that goes past worries her. And when she hears of a base-ball game or concert it fairly sets her wild.

Mrs. Urban says it is all different in the country. She has always admitted that she moved away from the country when she was sixteen months old, but then she insists right along that she knows how it is just the same. This summer she said she was going to prove it—she was going to give her three boys a week or two of rural simplicity, away from the demoralizing effects of the sinful and Sabbath-breaking city. So she came out to visit her uncle, who lives on a farm in Dakota. She told Urban it would let the boys see what it was to keep Sunday, and that next summer she would send them out and let them stay all through vacation.

They arrived at Uncle Ezekiel's on Saturday. "Ah," thought Mrs. Urban, "to-morrow the boys can see the Sabbath observed with good, old-fashioned simplicity."

The next morning about the time the morning star rose and nothing but some young and over-enthusiastic roosters had begun to crow, she heard dear Uncle Ezekiel explain that they had to cut wheat that day, if it was Sunday, 'cause it was getting so powerful ripe. Mrs. Urban sighed and the boys went out doors, where their cousin Bill made fun of them because they didn't chew tobacco, and finally induced them to try a little.

Then Bill explained that he wasn't going to work that day because he was sick, and when Mrs. Urban's boys asked him if he wasn't going to church then he threw a stone at a stray cat and said not if he knowed himself. Then he got the shotgun and before Mrs. Urban knew it he and her boys had gone off hunting, though it lacked two weeks of the time when they could do so according to law.

And while they were gone Bill finished teaching them how to chew tobacco and had Tommy, the oldest one, shoot two hens belonging to a farmer. And he also gave the boys one or two easy lessons in swearing.

When they came back Mrs. Urban was greatly agitated and gave them a severe talking to, but after a little while she got interested visiting with Uncle Ezekiel's wife and Bill winked at the boys through the window and they went out and he led the way and they all bent over and skulked along behind the fence and went down half a mile where a big crowd of boys were smoking out a badger. And while they were there Bill bet a jack-knife that Bobby, the youngest Urban boy, couldn't lick a certain other boy, and after they had fought and rolled in the dirt for fifteen minutes Bobby found out that he couldn't.

Then Bill took them back home, and on the way they swapped knives and marbles and other treasures with them, and cheated them out of all they had.

Dinner wasn't quite ready, and Bill put Harry, the other Urban boy, through the window into his mother's pantry and had him steal two pies.

When Mrs. Urban saw Bobby she came pretty near crying. But at dinner Uncle Ezekiel said they had finished cutting the wheat, and that after he had dug enough potatoes for the rest of the week and fixed the pasture fence and trimmed some trees, and mended the harness and straightened up the lightning rod on the barn, that they would hook up and take a ride.

And while his father was attending to these matters Bill took the boys over across the field to a ball game. And while they were there he told Tommy that he would give him two slate-pencils and a bean-shooter if he would lick another boy, and after they had rolled on the ground and pulled hair for twenty minutes Tommy discovered that he could never earn personal property that way.

Then they went back and by that time Uncle Ezekiel was ready to hitch up and take a long, pleasant ride in the quiet, peaceful country on that calm, pleasant Sabbath afternoon.

And they hooked up the colts and Mrs. Urban and the boys and Uncle Ezekiel and all of his family got in; and Uncle Ezekiel drove three miles to a horse-race, and had Bill ride the roan colt and won $10 on the first heat and lost $15 on the second. And Mrs. Urban thought she'd faint; but she didn't.

And on the way back a man tried to drive past them, but dear old Uncle Ezekiel stood up and leaned over the dashboard and hooted at the sorrel colt and let 'em out and left that man and passed two other teams.

And after they got home Bill and the boys and the hired man pitched "quaits" back of the barn till dark, while Uncle Ezekiel mowed the grass in the front yard and burned a hornet's nest in an apple tree and used language worse than hornets when one of them got down the back of his neck.

And after dark that night Bill took the boys down and they robbed 'Squire Windsor's watermelon patch and Tommy and Harry got bird-shot fired into their legs when they got over the fence and Bobby had his clothes all torn by a dog.

And the next day in the forenoon Mrs. Trban and the boys took the train for home and Urban says he hasn't heard a word about those peaceful Arcadian Sabbaths in the country since they got back.

Tight, but Chronically Polite.

There was a very polite man aboard yellow cable car 189 on Market street yesterday. He was tall and bony, and had been having a good time, in spite of Sunday liquor laws. There was only one other passenger in the car and the polite man had a whole side to himself. At Tenth street a well-dressed young woman got aboard.

"Hic—have—my—sheet," said the young man, as he rose and made a wavering but dignified bow.

"Thank you, sir, but there are other seats," said she.

"Don't—disturb—hic—them — take — hic my sheet," said he.

"Well, really, there is plenty of room," she answered nervously.

"I can—hic—stand with the others," he gallantly replied, and then the Chesterfieldian passenger insisted and the young woman was driven by the persistent and dignified politeness to take the proffered seat, while the polite man raised his hat and grew more dignified as he stood in the almost empty car as it speeded on its way across the Schuylkill.

A High Tribute.

A Texas gentleman traveling in a Pullman palace car in Pennsylvania happened to say that he was from the Lone Star state.

"Do you live in the western portion of the state?" asked a man opposite.

"I do."

"In Tom Green county?"

"That's my county."

"Live near Carson?"

"That's my town."

"Perhaps you know my brother William Henry Jones?"

"Know him? Gimme your hand, stranger. I helped hang William Henry the night before I left. He was a horse-thief, but a good one."—*Texas Siftings.*

Why Smith Hesitated.

"Uncle James," said Miss Penelope Waldo of Boston, who is visiting in the country; "I was out walk this morning, and young Mr. Smith, who was with me, killed a snake. When I asked him what kind of a snake it was he seemed embarrassed and changed the subject."

"The only kind o' snakes we hev about here, Penelope," said her Uncle James, "is garter snakes."

Then Miss Waldo realized the innate delicacy of youcg Mr. Smith, and was deeply grateful to him.—*Puck.*

His Salary Was Raised at Once.

Stranger (at ticket office window)—When does the next train west start?

Ticket Agent (unintelligible grunt.)

"Is it a through train or way train?"

Grunt.

"Can you tell me where I can find a time-table?"

Grunt.

"Young man, I am the new superintendent of this road, and am delighted with the evidence you give of long experience in your position. Your salary shall be raised at once."

EVERY DAY NEW YORK LIFE.

A Clerk in a Men's Furnishing Store Tells of His Experience With a Lady Who Wanted to Give Her Husband a Pleasant Surprise.

A clerk in one of the fashionable up-town stores for the sale of gentlemen's furnishing goods grew confidential and communicative last evening as he said: "I had rather see a cyclone coming than the woman customer who drops in to buy her husband something by way of surprise. The average man knows just what he wants in the way of furnishing goods. He makes the purchase quickly and is out of the store in a jiffy.

"One day a lady from out of town entered the store and expressed a desire to buy her husband something. She first picked out a pair of pink suspenders. Then she changed her mind and called for stockings instead. She was unable to decide whether to take black or blue ones. When I asked: 'What size stockings does your husband wear?' she looked perplexed and said: 'To be sure, what size does he wear?'

"I told her I would have to give it up, and she stood in deep reflection with a wrinkled brow for ten minutes. Then she gave it up and asked to see some shirts. 'What size neckband?' I asked.

"That was another poser. She finally declared that it must be No. 2. I had to laught and explain to her that 14½ would probably be small enough. Then her memory returned, and she exclaimed: 'Oh, I have it! He wears a No. 16 collar.'

"A shirt with big longitudinal stripes seemed to take her fancy. Then she changed her mind and selected one of the $2 white flannel shirts which have had such a run this summer. When she asked if it would be appropriate for winter, I frankly told her it would not, and she threw it aside and picked out one of the pink shirts having a stand-up collar with turnover points of white, the very latest thing, by the way. 'Now, do you think that would be appropriate for a professional man?' she asked.

"I told her that unless her husband was giddy in his tastes he would probably prefer a white shirt, and I took down one with a Marseilles ribbed bosom, with a collar attached, that we sell for $2.50. She wanted me to throw in one of the new style gold-plated collar buttons that hook on the neck band, but I explained to her that it could not be thought of. Then she picked out one of those gaudy red and black striped neckties that are to be worn this fall. When I was doing it up she innocently asked: 'What size necktie is worn with a No. 16 collar?'

"I told her that neckties came in universal sizes. She was next seized with a desire to buy her lord and master a box of two pairs of suspenders, of which so many have been sold this summer. They will wash, and are known as summer suspenders. She wanted to know what number suspenders were proper for a man of medium stature, and I told her two—I meant two suspenders to the man. She paid $1 for the suspenders, $1 for the necktie and $2.50 for the shirt. It had taken me an hour to make this sale of $4.50, and I sighed with relief when she prepared to go.

"She had reached the door when she saw one of those silk pajamas that some gentlemen of luxurious taste wear. She came back to ask what it was and its cost, and threw up her hands in horror when I said that the style she saw was worth $16. She concluded not to take one. They her eye fell one a dainty little cane with a gold-plated head, such as dandies used to carry.

"It had been in stock for years, and I was glad to get rid of it for $2. She purchased it and finally, to our intense relief, she went out. She was back again in a moment, however, ask if we would send the things up to the Grand Central depot. I replied that it was not our custom to deliver goods, and she went away somewhat aggrieved.

"The other day a short, thick-set man bounced into the store. He carried the little cane that I had sold his wife. Imagine a massive man leaning on a cane about as thick as a lead pencil.

"He said with much earnestness: 'You sold my wife a shirt for me a few days ago. When I put it on the collar crawled up over my ears and the cuffs came down over my hands. Then I put on that red danger signal necktie, and I was a fright. To please here I wore the rig one whole day, but I sneaked down to my office by a back street.

"I was an object of derision all day. Then I gave it to the janitor, who has a neck like a stork. When he had put it on you could have thrown a dog down the back of his neck without hitting the shirt collar. The suspenders she got me were an inch too brief, and I gave them to the office boy. The red necktie gave me the appearance at a distance of having cut my throat, and I delighted the soul of a colored waiter with it. If my wife ever comes in here again to buy any more furnishing goods don't sell them to her.'

"Then the man picked out half a dozen shirts, a made-up black gros grain silk necktie, such as De Lancey Nicoll wears, and a dozen turn-down collars, the only style that a man with a short neck should ever put on. He made the purchases in ten minutes. When he went away he forgot the little dude cane, but he never returned for it. Sometimes I think he intended to leave it and then make his wife believe he lost it."

Preventing Sunstroke.

"Got any more cigars like you sold me yesterday?" asked a perspiring citizen of a Hanover street vender of the weed.

"You mean dose fine imporded goods, five for a quvarter," said the dealer with a gratified smile. "Louis, make me down from der shelluf a box of dose imporded cellardoros."

The smoker grimly answered the smile and then said:

"Jest put one 'n my hat, will yer? I read in der paper that a cabbage leaf in the hat'll prevent sunstroke."

And he got outside just in time to be missed by an empty cigar box.

Raising the Limit.

A few afternoons ago a young man was out driving with a visiting young lady. He had whispered sweet nothings in her ear for some time, and they had been received in such a manner as to lead him to believe thht they were acceptable. Finally he concluded to put his arm around her waist just to see how she would take it. To think was to act with him, and as he encircled her, she turned to him with great indignation (?) said: "I'll give you just five minutes to take your arm from around me." In a quiet voice he said, "Make it ten."

Corrected.

"Now, young woman," began a smart young lawyer out west, speaking to a verdant-looking woman on the witness-stand.

"Young woman!" she shrieked in shrill mimicry. "Who you talkin' to, young man? And whach you take me fer? You must be a bigger fool 'n Johnson's colt if you think I'm goin' to set here an' let any smart Aleck from back East 'young woman' me. I'm a young lady, sir, an' don't you fergit it. You hear me?"—*Tid-Bits.*

The Usual Interest.

Miss Litewaite (on the beach of Long Branch)—"Ah, Mr. Kewpon, I love the sea, and next to that I love the free and boundless West. Do you take any interest in the West, Mr. Kewpon?"

Kewpon (just from Wall street)—"Only the usual rate. Ten per cent. in Dakota and Montana, and seven to eight in other territories."

She Knew Where It Was.

"Sis," he said, "do you know where my base ball mask is? I've hunted high and low for it."

"I didn't know you wanted to use it to-day, Dick," said his sister uneasily.

"Well, I do."

"I'll see if I can find it for you," and she went up stairs. She found it without much trouble.

A Precocious Boy.

Mother (reading letter)—"Your poor Uncle Rufus was traveling in Switzerland and an avalanche weighing 60,000,000 tons of ice and snow buried him 1,000 feet deep."

Heartless little boy—"No flies on him, heh?"—*Town Topics.*

The Dear Creature.

Teacher—Have animals a capacity for affection?

Class—Nearly all.

Teacher—Correct. Now what animal possesses the greatest attachment for man?

Little Girl—Woman.

Miscellany.

BABYLON'S PART.

New Light Thrown Upon the Religion of the Jews by the Recent Developments in Assyriology.

The new Hibbert lectures of Prof. A. H. Sayce on the origin and growth of religion, as illustrated by the beliefs and worship of the ancient Babylonians, are a valuable contribution to our knowledge of primitive religions, and will go far towards furnishing a basis for growing convictions regarding the influence of one people upon another people in the earliest ages of the world. These lectures were delivered hardly six months ago, and are published with all the apparatus which scholars demand. They embody the results of Prof. Sayce's latest researches in comparative philology, and are perhaps the most exhaustive examination of the fragments of Assurbanipal's library that has yet been made.

The cuneiform inscriptions of Nineveh have been put to all the service which they will bear. Without venturing into undue speculations, the outcome of Prof. Sayce's labors is that he has thrown a light upon Assyriology which no other scholar has been able to cast in the same degree. He has explained the religious belief of the Assyrians as derived from the Babylonians, and these as in their turn not primitive, but derived from Semitic, and, first of all, from Accadian sources. This is going back to four thousand years before Christ, to a time when the pyramids were in process of erection by the Egyptians, and when the Egyptians and the Accadians were contemporary peoples, fresh from the cradle of the human race on the plains of the Euphrates.

The study of these ancient inscriptions, taken mostly from the debris of Nineveh, reveals the existence of the contemporary religions out of which the Hebrew beliefs sprang. Here is the faith in which Father Abraham was educated when a youth; here is the traditional action of the first traceable belief of mankind; here are the first spiritual stirrings when writing was confined to pictorial forms, and the voice of the Semite had not yet been heard in the land. These lectures embody up to the latest discoveries all that is possible to know about the people who lived perhaps about 6,000 years before Christ, and first gave religious ideas of mankind. There is not much to be known, but it is sensational to follow the story of the creation, and of the deluge, and of Moses in the bulrushes, in the Chaldæan cosmology, and to feel the advance of mankind from a date where the mythology of the Hebrews is matched by the mythology of their neighbors on the plains of Shinar.

The part which the religious beliefs of the Assyrians play in the Old Testament, not only in the history of the Hebrew nation, but in the appeals and rebukes of the great prophets has turned the attention of Biblical scholars to Assyriology with intense interest; and now that it is possible to trace the sources of the religion of the Assyrians to a period prior to the story recorded in Genesis, or at least contemporary with it, it seems as if men were admitted behind the scenes and saw the very cradle in which our first ancestors were rocked to sleep. The time has not come for the full development of the light that Prof. Sayce has thrown upon the original beliefs of the Assyrians, but enough has now been accomplished to give a new meaning to vital parts of the Old Testament, and to modify existing beliefs as to the character of early worship and mythology.

It has been shown by students of Egyptology that the cultus of the Hebrews was modified by their contact with the Egyptians, who were strong witnesses for theism; it is now possible to show that through the Assyrians the ancient Babylonians influenced the Hebrews more than has been supposed in their religious ideas and ritual. It is further seen that there was not that separation of the Semites from other primitive peoples which the believers in a divine revelation at the beginning of the patriarchal dispensation have supposed. The character of early civilization is now for the first time beginning to be relatively understood. The effect of this is to explain by natural causes much which has heretofore been assigned to divine influence; but some things are still untouched. Professor Sayce explains that the Babylonian religion, though chiefly like the Hebrew in its almost exclusive relation to the present life, is not without its gleams of an immortal existence.

The same has been found true of the Egyptian beliefs. But there is that in the latter growths of the Hebrew people which rises above and beyond all this and effectually pierces the darkness of Sheol. The early religions are all alike, and the Hebrew, while borrowing from his neighbors the ornaments of his faith, lived into a deeper consciousness of God, and gained a better knowledge of his own nature. This is not denied or superseded by any of the modifications which Prof. Sayce traces to the Babylonian or Assyrian influence. The truth is that these peoples were in such intimate relations through warfare and conquest that their religions interfiliated like their manners and customs, and that their knowledge of God and man can only be rightly known when their belief and civilizations are studied as wholes.—*Boston Herald.*

ONE LOVELY DEBUTANTE.

The Beautiful Daughter of Misguided Lady Mordaunt.

One of the most lovely debutantes of the London season which has just been brought to a close was a young girl whose name must have evoked singular painful memories in royal circles when she was presented at court by her aunt, the countess of Dudley. The young lady's name was Miss Mordaunt, whose birth in February, 1869, gave rise to the terrible scandal known as the great Mordaunt divorce case. Her mother, the wife of a wealthy Warwickshire baronet, Sir Charles Mordaunt, was one of the beautiful daughters of Lady Louisa Moncreiffe, who will go down to posterity as the greatest matchmaker of the present century.

Every one of the Moncreiffe girls made advantageous marriages from a worldly point of view, for one of Lady Mordaunt's sisters is the Countess of Dudley, another the Duchess of Athole, a third, Lady Forbes, of New, and the fourth Lady Muir Mackenzie. Sir Charles Mordaunt, unfortunately, was far more devoted to his fishing in Norway and to his shooting in Scotland than to his exceedingly charming wife. He reaped the result of his conduct when, a few days after the birth of the young lady above mentioned, his wife confessed to having misconducted herself with the Prince of Wales, Lord Cole, Sir Frederick Johnstone and Capt. Farquhar. The case came before the courts in February, 1870, and strong evidence was adduced in support of the charges made by Sir Charles. The public interest in the trial reached its climax when on the 23d of February the Prince of Wales entered the witness box, submitted to cross-examination, and denied on oath that any criminal intimacy had existed between himself and Lady Mordaunt. The jury at the time got out of the difficulty of returning a verdict in accordance with the evidence, by declaring the Lady Mordaunt was in such a state of mental disorder as to be unfit or unable to make any reply to her husband's petition for divorce, or to instruct an attorney for her defense. It was therefore decided that a fresh trial should take place as soon as Lady Mordaunt's reason had become entirely restored to its normal state. This occurred about five years later, when a divorce was granted on the ground of her misconduct with Lord Cole and Sir Frederick Johnstone. Lady Mordaunt is now living at Paris, and is reported to be a confirmed morphomaniac. She will probably end her miserable days in a madhouse. The little girl was taken charge of and brought up by Lady Dudley, and has now made her debut in society under her beautiful aunt's auspices. No trace remains of the temporary blindness with which she was afflicted at the time of her birth. It may be added as somewhat characteristic of certain phases of English society that not only have Lady Mordaunt's sisters, the duchess of Athole, the countess of Dudley and Lady Forbes, remained on most intimate terms with both the prince and princess of Wales, but that, moreover, Lord Cole and Sir Frederick Johnstone are among the favorite visitors at Sandringham.

Traced to the Author.

A Boston lady attended a funeral in a country church a short time ago, and after the singing of a hymn which was striking, melodious and appropriate, a rustic male friend who was seated beside her remarked, with an air of local pride: "Beautiful hymn isn't it? The corpse wrote it."

LIQUOR IN ATLANTA.

Thirteen Colored Citizens Pay a Dollar Each for a Jug of Water.

An unknown white man, soon after dark last night, began moving up and down Decature street, telling negroes that he had several jugs of liquor, new corn liquor, which he wanted to sell. He dressed in a style peculiar to the moonshiner, and through his slick tongue secured a promise of many customers, telling them to call at Morris's wagon yard.

About 10 o'clock the sidewalk in front of the wagon yard was the stamping ground of a dozen negroes. Each one was flipping a loose silver dollar through the air, always careful, however, to catch it as it came down. Each one had a mouth watering for a good drink, and each one was promenading impatiently up and down the sidewalk. About half past ten the man walked into the crowd, and, looking cautiously around, remarked:

"I am going into the yard. You fellows come in and get your goods. I will be inside a stall and hand it out to you through the small hole in the end. Remember to push your dollar in as you reach for your jug."

In a short time one of the men went in and quickly returned, carrying a half-gallon jug in his hand and a smile on his face. He had paid a dollar for them—the jug and smile. In a few minutes another came out in the same condition, and then another, until thirteen jugs and thirteen smiles had been carried through the gate. As the thirteenth jug and smile came out band in hand the man who bought the first jug walked up. He still had his jug, but the smile was not there. It had given way to a frown, a dark, black frown.

"Say," he said, laying his hand on the shoulder over jug thirteen, "is that scoundrel in there still?"

"What scoundrel?" asked the thirteenth innocently.

"What have you in that jug?" asked the man with the frown.

"Good new corn liquor," answered the man with a smile.

"Get it in there?"

"Yes."

"From the man in the stall?"

"Yes."

"Handed in the dollar and got out that jug?"

"Yes."

"Then you are as big a fool as I am, thank the Lord!"

"What do you mean? Do you know whom you are talking to?"

"No, and I don't care whom I am talking to, but I mean to say that you ain't got no more sense than I have."

"Why?"

"Because that jug ain't got any corn liquor in it."

"What is in it, then?"

"Water. Muddy water-works water at that."

"Eh?" said the man, as his smile disappeared.

"You heard me. Now taste it and see if I ain't telling you the truth."

The man raised the jug slowly to his lips. Then, catching the corn-cob stopper between his teeth, he pulled it out. The jug passed his mouth and went to his nose. The jug and nose staid close together a moment, and the jug came down as the man said:

"It don't smell like liquor."

"Taste it."

"I'm afraid."

"You needn't be. It's water, I tell you. I paid a dollar for one like it."

The jug went up again. This time it stopped at the mouth. The man's head went back, and in a second it came down. The jug dropped—so did his chin—and out of his mouth came a stream of muddy, yellow water. As it struck the sidewalk the man said:

"Haug me if it ain't water."

"That's what I told you, and I'm glad it is water, 'cause I bought one."

Just then he turned about only to face eleven men with eleven jugs and eleven frowns. They all had bought water, but the man who had sold them had gone.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE FIRST GLASS.

Startling Statistics Showing How Women Were Led Into Drunkenness.

L. M. Hall, superintendent of the Woman's Reformatory Prison, Sherborn, Mass., says:

Out of the examination of 204 inebriate women I have found that 128 began their drinking by the use of beer, 37 by drinking whisky, as punch at first usually, 20 began with wine, 8 with gin, and 11 could not remember what beverage was first used. These young girls, mill and shop girls largely, began by going to some so-called refreshment saloon with their friends, and the debutante usually began by sipping a little tonic (made of hops, sugar and water, charged with carbonic acid gas and colored with burnt sugar.) Beer soon followed, and soon rioting, other kinds of intoxicants, recklessness and crime; and what was an innocent, foolish girl yesterday, is to-day a branded criminal—all for a glass of beer. Alas! how many ruined lives I have seen. Beer was also the beverage which older inebriate women used to entice the younger ones to drink. A call upon one of these old sots was the signal for the pitcher of beer to be sent for, and a little coaxing and urging would result in the first fatal glass being indulged in. The steps were then easy.

Beer is the trap which the drunkard-maker sets for the feet of the unwary. And he usually makes sure of his prey because of it. A glass of raw whiskey would have presented but slight attraction to the overworked, half-fed girls had it been offered them at first. After that sleeping devil, the appetite for intoxicants, has been aroused by beer, it became altogether a different matter, and at last, in many cases, chloroform or peppermint oil was added to the drink of these maddened creatures, so furious had the appetite become for something stronger.

It may be of interest to note that out of the 204 inebriate women, 126 had been guilty of other crimes, and yet in but 16 instances did the first commitment of a crime antedate the habit of drinking.

Of the beverages first used, while in but 37 cases it began with whisky, in 187 it had become the favorite beverage. Several hopeless drunkards, far gone toward insanity, had never drank any other intoxicant than beer.

One hundred and thirty-two were committed to prison for drunkenness, 56 for offences against chastity and public order, and 16 for crimes against property. Their ages when last committed averaged 30½ years. Sixty-five were between 30 and 41 years of age, 49 between 25 and 31 years of age, 34 between 20 and 26 years of age, 30 between 15 and 21 years of age. The remainder were over 41 years of age.

Many of the older ones could not tell how many sentences they have received, showing the absolute uselessness of punishing these poor creatures while the temptations are left in their way.

To show the effect upon the children of inebriate parentage, I collected the following: Of 111 inebriate mothers, 33 of whom had inebriate husbands, 408 children were born. Of these 227 perished in infancy and early childhood, and of the survivors many are doomed evidently to an early death. In many cases the death of these children was indirectly due to the inebrity of the parents as cold, deprivation, etc. Ages: Twenty-seven of the 204 women began to drink intoxicants before they were 10 years of age; 11 between the ages of 9 and 15; 74 between 14 and 21; 37 between 20 and 26; 33 between 25 and 31; 19 between 30 and 41; 3 between 40 and 51.

Average age, 18½ years. More than one-half had formed habits of intemperance before they were 21 years of age, and more than one-third at the giddy age of from 15 to 20 inclusive; 132 began to drink socially and with female friends.

Outs and Ins of an Eye.

The young man Silvis who had his eye completely knocked out from its socket recently at the foundry at Brunswick and had it put back is doing comparatively well. He says he can see some out of that eye. He will go North soon and put himself under the care of some specialist whom he thinks will restore his eyesight perfectly. That a man's eye knocked completely out of its socket by a piece of iron can be put back and made to do service speaks well for surgical science.—*Savannah News.*

Rather Indefinite.

H. N. (newly married)—Well, good-by, old man. Come up some night and take dinner with us.

C. B.—Thanks, I will. What hour do you have it?

H. N. (meditatively)—Oh, sometimes at 6 and sometimes at 7, and then again at 7:30 and, by Jove, sometimes not till 8:30.—*Life.*

LEADIING "HUNDRED."

An Impartial and Accurate List of the Best American Newspapers.

New York Sun.

We have received from a postal-card correspondent this somewhat unexpected and embarrassing request:

"What are the hundred leading daily newspapers of the United States? Please name them according to your honest opinion."

Whether our correspondent's question is suggested by the various century lists which it is just know the fashion for the idly curious to frame—the hundred best novels, the hundred greatest authors, the hundred most eminent men of the time, and so forth—or whether he has in view the more practical purpose of stocking a reading-room with a fair representation of the contemporary literature of American journalism, we have no means of knowing. It is not always easy to say what constitutes a leading newspaper. Weight and influence of editorial opinion, news enterprise, literary qualities, circulation, notoriety, geographical situation, and even accident all have something to with the matter. It is not difficult to name dozens of journals that certainly belong among the leaders; but when it comes to filling out the list to the exact number specified, to deciding between the rival claims of newspapers of nearly equal importance, to beckoning this newspaper into the front seats and waving that one to a place behind the ribbon, the task becomes both arduous and delicate. It is very much like attempting to make a list of the hundred "best citizens" of a town. The choice must in some cases be arbitrary, and must depend largely upon the personal inclinations and point of view of the person or persons intrusted with the responsibility of selection.

Nevertheless, the question is rather interesting, and we are tempted to furnish our correspondent with a list of the one hundred newspapers, from the twelve or thirteen hundred published daily in the United States, which in our opinion should be classed for one reason or another as leaders in the journalistic community:

Lewiston Journal.
Portland Press.
Concord Monitor.
Manchester Post.
Burlington Free Press.
Boston Advertiser.
Boston Globe.
Boston Herald.
Boston Journal.
Boston Post.
Boston Evening Transcript.
Worcester Spy.
Springfield Republican.
Providence Journal.
Hartford Courant.
Hartford Times.
Chattanooga Times
New Haven Palladium.
New York Commercial Advertiser.
New York Herald.
New York Evening Mail and Express.
New York Evening Post.
New York Times.
New York Tribune.
New York World.
Brooklyn Eagle.
Brooklyn Standard-Union.
Albany Argus.
Albany Journal.
Albany Times.
Troy Press.
Troy Times.
Utica Herald.
Utica Observer.
Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.
Rochester Union and Advertiser.
Buffalo Commercial.
Buffalo Courier.
Newark Advertiser.
Philadelphia Inquirer.
Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Philadelphia News.
Philadelphia Press.
Philadelphia Record.
Philadelphia Times.
Pittsburg Dispatch.
Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.
Baltimore American.
Baltimore Sun.
Washington National Republican.
Washington Post.
Washington Star.
Richmond State.
Raleigh Observer.
Charleston News and Courier.
Atlanta Constitution.
Augusta Chronicle.
Savannah News.
Jacksonville Times-Union.
Montgomery Advertiser.
Mobile Register.
New Orleans Times-Democrat.
New Orleans Picayune.
Galveston News.
Memphis Avalanche.
Nashville American.
Louisville Commercial.
Louisville Courier-Journal.
Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.
Cincinnati Enquirer.
Columbus Dispatch.
Cleveland Leader.
Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Toledo Blade.
Detroit Free Press.
Indianapolis Journal.
Indianapolis Sentinel.
Chicago Herald.
Chicago Inter-Ocean.
Chicago News.
Chicago Times.
Chicago Tribune.
Milwaukee Sentinel.
St. Paul Globe.
St. Paul Pioneer Press.
Minneapolis Tribune.
Omaha Herald.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
St. Louis Republican.
Kansas City Journal.
Kansas City Times.
Leavenworth Times.
Denver Republican.
Salt Lake City Tribune.
San Francisco Alta California.
San Francisco Call.
San Francisco Chronicle.
Portland Oregonian.
Washington Critic.

If our count is accurate, that makes just 99; and any esteemed contemporary which may consider itself as under-estimated or injured by reason of its omission from the list is at liberty to contest the *Sun's* right to the vacant 100th place.

FEAR OF IMMINENT DEATH.

A Great Russian Novelist's Description of a Dying Man's Thoughts.

Count Leo Tolstoi, in "Sebastopol," thus describes the fall of a shell: "To earth!" shouted a voice. Mikailoff and Praskoukine obeyed. The latter, with shut eyes, heard the shell fall somewhere on the hard earth very near him. A second, which appears to him an hour, passed and the shell did not burst. Praskoukine was frightened, then he asked himself what cause he had to fear. Perhaps it had fallen farther away, and he wrongly imagined that he had heard the fuse hissing near him. Opening his eyes he was satisfied to see Mikailoff stretched motionless at his feet, but at the same time he perceived, a yard off, the lighted fuse of the shell spinning round like a top. A glacial terror, which stifled every thought, every sentiment, took possession of his soul. He hid his face in his hands. Another second passed, during which a whole world of thoughts, of hopes, of sensations and of souvenirs passed through his mind. "Whom will it kill? Me or Mikailoff, or, indeed, both of us together? If it is I, where will it hit me? If in the head, it will be all over; if on the foot, they will cut it off. Then I shall insist that they give me chloroform, and I may get well. Perhaps Mikailoff alone will be killed, and later I will tell how we were close together, and how I was covered with his blood. No, no; it is nearer me; it will be I!" Then he remember the twelve rubles he owed Mikailoff and another debt left at Petersburg, which ought to have been paid long ago. A Bohemian air that he sang the evening before came to his mind. He also saw in his imagination the lady he was in love with in her lilac-trimmed bonnet; the man who had insulted him five years before, and whom he had never taken vengeance on. But in the midst of these and many other souvenirs the present feeling—the expectation of death—did not leave him. "Perhaps it isn't going to explode!" he thought, and was on the point of opening his eyes with desperate boldness. But at this instant a red fire struck his eyeballs through the closed lids, something hit him in the middle of the chest with a terrible crash. He ran forward at random, entangled his feet in his sword, stumbled and fell on his side. "God be praised, I am only bruised." This was his first thought, and he wanted to feel of his breast, but his hands seemed as if they were tied. A vise gripped his head, soldiers ran before his eyes, and he mechanically counted them; "One, two, three soldiers, and, besides, an officer who is losing his cloak." A new light flashed; he wondered what had fired. Was it a mortar or a cannon? Doubtless a cannon. Another shot—more soldiers—five, six, seven. They passed in front of him, and suddenly he became terribly afraid of being crushed by them. He wanted to cry out to say that he was bruised, but his lips were dry, his tongue was glued to the roof of his mouth. He had a burning thirst. He felt that his breast was damp, and the sensation of this moisture made him think of water. He would have liked to drink that which drenched him. "I must have knocked the skin off in falling," he said to himself, more and more frightened at the idea of being crushed by the soldiers who were running in crowds before him. He tried to cry out, "Take me!" but instead of that he uttered a groan so terrible that he was frightened at himself. Then red sparks danced before his eyes—it seemed as if the soldiers were piling stones on him. The sparks danced more rapidly, the stones piled on him stifled him more and more. He stretched himself out; he ceased to see, to hear, to think to feel. He had been killed instantly by a piece of shell striking him full in the breast.

Important Scientific Fact.

"How quick can a man wink?" I put the question the other day to the best-equipped young oculist I know, and I was somewhat surprised to find that very little was known about it. Since I asked the question experiments have been going on in the university laboratory with an ingenious machine which shuts over a man's eye so that the eyelid as it winks opens and closes a chronograph. So far the quickest wink on record is about a sixth of a second. This is probably as quick as one can see to follow anything, and a good share of conjuring consists, I believe, in doing a thing quicker than a sixth of a second.

Recent Literature.

"Last Evening with Allston and Other Papers," by Elizabeth P. Peabody, is issued by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, and a very attractive volume it is. The character of Allston is brought with a singular freshness and charm before the reader. The genuine love and enthusiastic admiration felt for him by the writer has left its impress upon every page, and makes the whole a perfect word picture. The book will be read with the most intense pleasure both because of the subject and its author, and the fascinating style in which it is written.

"A Man of Samples," by W. H. Maher, the author of "On the Road to Riches," is a collection in pamphlet form of a series of articles that first appeared in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* and were then so popular, as to suggest their appearance as a book. It purports to be the experience of a traveling man on the road, describing the men he meets with, and the schemes by which he got orders and became a successful salesman. The story is told in an easy, pleasant way which renders it attractive reading to others than those for whose benefit it is intended, namely, the young traveling men. The author is a well known business man of this city, and knows what he is talking about. The book should have a wide sale.

There are books and books. So many are the new ones that are given to the public that only in exceptional cases does the announcement of one attract any interest, and that often arises from the singularity of title. This is the case with that entitled, "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," by Henry T. Finck, from the press of Macmillan & Co., New York. As the name indicates those subjects which are most likely to evoke curiosity as to what may be said are treated of. The style is lively and amusing. New theories are advanced, and old ones are vamped over in a taking way, the whole making a very readable book, which will undoubtedly find many interested readers.

"The Story of Earth and Man," is the title of a book by Sir J. W. Dawson, L. L. D., a new edition of which has just been brought out by Harper & Brothers, New York. It was first published in 1873, and was a valuable addition to scientific works. The years that have passed since then has taken no whit from its worth. Some corrections and additions made necessary, the editor says, by the progress of discovery, have been made and notes have been added regarding other new points. The work is full of absorbing interest, and the new edition will be welcome.

In the series of English "Men of Letters," edited by John Morley, and published by the Harpers, comes "Keats," by Sidney Calvin. This is one of the most connected accounts of the life and character of the poet that has ever been given to the public. The glory of his genius cut off by death before it had reached it fruition, the almost tragedy of his later days—these combined with the beauty of his poems, render everything connected with him of interest to the lovers of poetry. As to his position in literature the present writer places in the most direct line of descent from the great poets of the Elizabethan age and those, whom posterity has yet to estimate, of our own day.

"Bar Harbor Days" is a pretty little sunshiny story with a few tears intermingled, by Mrs. Burton Harrison Author of "Golden Rod"; "Helen Gray, etc. It tells in a quaint, simple way of what befell a family who went to Bar Harbor for the summer. The narrator purports to be one of the family dogs who looks upon all that passes with a canine eye of wisdom, seeing far more than the human members of his party. The publishers are Harper & Brothers.

A little volume of poems entitled "Forest Leaves," by Wallace Ruthven Richardson, is made up of fugitive songs that have been published for the most part in different newspapers, and are now brought together in book form. Some of the pieces are grave, some gay. Many are extremely musical, while there is enough of beauty not unmixed with quaint humor to make very pleasant reading. The following four lines are entitled "A Sure Sign:"

"I always have noticed in the full o' the moon,"
Said old Mother Bowen, with a swing of the broom,
"That in layin' stun wall it has always been found
That the foundation stun always first touches ground."

Two volumes in paper covers published by Appleton & Co., New York, are "Thraldom," by Julian Sturgis, author of "John Maidement" etc., and the "Autobiography of a Slander," by Edna Lyall, author of "Donovan," "We Two," etc. Both are good stories. The first is sold for 50 cents; the second for 25.

A very pretty story is "Thekla," by William Armstrong, and published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. It is a tale of Viennese musical life, and relates the trials of a young girl with a wonderful voice who is taken from her home in the mountains to Vienna to be trained for the operatic stage. There is little outside of the simple narration of her efforts, the daily living of those who looked after her, her public appearance and success, her love, sorrow and final happiness. It will while a leisure hour away very pleasantly.

The "Second Standard—Phonographic Reader" comes from Andrew J. Graham, the author and publisher, 744 Broadway, New York. It is designed for the use of the student who has already made some progress in the study of stenography by means of Mr. Graham's former work. The value of the latter is too well understood to need anything more than the mention of the appearance of this work, only it may be said the subjects of "Word-Position," "Phrase-Writing," Brief S, W, and Y," and the "History of Phonography," are presented in chart-like exhibits, very helpful to the understanding and the memory. Extended indexes make references easy.

"Bellona's Husband" is a romance published in pamphlet form by the Lippincott's, the author being Hudor Genone, who won so much popularty by his "Inquirendo Island." This story is as peculiar as the one just mentioned, the hero having, by means of an "etherial disc" made a visit to the planet Mars where he meets with many strange adventures which he writes out as they occur. Miss Bellona is an inhabitant of that planet with whom he falls in love. He discovers that the people there are possessed of a physical immortality, that instead of dying they simply grow young again.

Literary Notes.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that they will have shortly ready Mr. E. P. Roe's new story entitled, "The Earth Trembled."

A. Eyrich, New Orleans, has in press, for early issue, "Who Did It," by the Hon. Robert N. Ogden.

That voluminous writer of sea tales, Mr. W. Clark Russell, will presently have ready a new volume, called, "A Book of the Hammock."

Charles L. Webster & Co. announce "The Myths and Mois of the Hawaiian Islands," by King Kalakaua, assisted by ex-Minister R. M. Daggett.

G. W. Dillingham has in press a novel, "At the Mercy of the Tiberius," by Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, the author of "Beulah" and "St. Elmo."

Mr. Austin Dobson has prepared for the Clarendon Press a selection from the poems of Goldsmith, which will be published in the latter part of this year.

Alfred Austin's new poem, "Prince Lucifer," has been in the printer's hands for some weeks, and will be published by Macmillan & Co., early in October.

"Canada and Newfoundland" is the title of a volume of travel which Herr Ernst Von Hesse-Wartegg is about to publish in Germany. It is to be richly illustrated.

"The Dominick Diamonds" is the title of the serial story which Mr. Edgar Fawcett is preparing for the forthcoming new illustrated magazine, the *Cario*. The scene is laid in the early part of this century.

E. Gerard, the author of "Reata" and other novels, has written a book on Transylvania, which will be published by Messrs. Blackwood, under the title of "The Land Beyond the Forest." It will be in two volumes, with maps and illustrations.

Robert Clarke & Co. have in press, and will issue in a few weeks, a work entitled "Land Titles in Virginia and West Virginia." The author, Hon. John A. Hutchinson, of the West Virginia bar, is one of the ablest and most experienced lawyers in that state.

The prose volumes which Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is about to publish are reprints of matter which has already appeared—one being a new edition of his "Virginibus Puerisque," and the other being a collection of papers taken from various periodicals.

Robert Brothers expect to have ready about the first of the coming month Albion W. Tourgee's new novel, "Button's Inn," which will fill about 400 pages. The advance orders for the work are said to have already made necessary the preparation of a second edition.

The new volume in the ever popular Elsie series, entitled "Elsie's Friends at Woodburn," by Miss Martha Finley, will be published this autumn by Dodd, Mead & Co. The Elsie series now numbers thirteen volumes, and still the young people's interest in this series does not flag, as the publishers state that the books have a constantly increasing sale.

In connection with the plan to form a Walt Whitman society in Boston, the *Traveler* of that city says: "Boston prohibits the sale of Walt Whitman's books. Even their circulation from the public library is forbidden, and his volumes appear there with the ominous three stars that tell the tale to the initiated. The idea of establishing a society for the promotion of ideas which the statutes of the city forbid to circulate is simply delicious. Boston is nothing if not consistent."

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, whose "Jan Vedder's Wife" and "Bow of Orange Ribbon" have attracted such favorable comment, brings out this autumn, through Dodd, Mead & Co., two new stories; one, "Paul and Christina," laid in the Shetland islands, the other, "A Border Shepherdess," laid near the Scotch border. All the freshness and vigor which Mrs Barr brings to her stories are well shown in these two volumes, which will fully sustain the reputation she has already won.

ROME BEFORE THE FALL.

The Patrician Women of the Imperia City.

Writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mrs. Mrs. Lynn Lynton, the novelist, gives this picture of the patrician dames of imperial Rome. Borne in their luxurious litters, their fine, "smooth," pale-colored garments lying in soft folds about their limbs, their jewels sparkling in the light, their large bold eyes blackened on the lids, their dark hair dyed golden, their faces painted like an eastern bride's—we see them as they lie back among their gorgeous cushions, the cruelest and most wanton women of antiquity. Their full-curved lips smile, but without tenderness—smile as conquerors smile—as they meet some famous singer like Chrysogonus; some athlete or some actor, such as the nobly-born Hispulia was known to love, as it were, en masse; some gladiator, like that brutal Sergius for whom Hippia left her husband and earned the renown of eternal infamy. Their faces, pale with the pallor of passion, flush as they stop their litters and talk in whispers of plainest meaning with him who is the fancy of the hour—one of those low-born men whose personal beauty or professional notoriety has exalted to the perilous place of honor in those fluid desires it were sacrilege to call affections.

And herein lies the secret of the intense corruption of these women. Proud and masterful, arrogant and unbridled, they took their lovers for their own pleasures, they did not give themselves for love. Hence, these low-born notorieties were the chosen favorites of the haughty patrician ladies, being taken—themselves unwooing—and bought by the women who were in a double sense their mistresses. The warm Roman sun shines on these patrician harlots as they talk to their dishonored lovers; and the soft Roman air brings from the gardens of the Campagna rich scents of violet or hyacinth, or myrtle or orange, of rose or narcissus, of ripening fruit or dying vine leaves, which stimulate their senses and feed their avid thoughts.

And then, the meeting planned and the password exchanged, they go on through the narrow streets to the Colosseum, where, perhaps, those strange mad folks called Christians are to feed the lions today; or, haply, that brazen hussy, Mævia, is to fight with a Tuscan boar; or only the ordinary troop of slaves and gladiators—among whom are lovers, once held and now discarded, whose death will be all the more exciting for the memories of the past—are to be butchered for this Roman holiday. What a murmur of fierce expectation stirs the assembled crowd, like the wind among the aspens, as the destined come in, raising their weapons as they group themselves before the imperial seat, with that mournful cry of servile degredation: "Ave, Cæsar! Morituri te salutant!"—the vestals sitting by, unmoved, save to rejoicing. When the trumpet sounds, after the first sham show has been gone through, and the real business of the day begins, how those languid, heavy-lidded eyes open wide and blaze with hungry fire! How the mobile nostrils dilate as they scent the coming reek of blood! And when the fatal cast has been made and the poor fish-crested mirmillo is entangled in the net, while the retiarius has his trident raised for the fatal blow—when the conquered lifts his hand and prays the people for his life, while the victor waits for the determining sign—now their eager faces press forward above the bearded throng—their hearts wildly beating, their white bosoms heaving, their nervous hands tightly clinched, with the cruel thumbs turned up, and their shrill voices sharpened to a scream, crying out: "*Habet! habet! hoc habet!*"

WHISKY FALLING OFF.

Some Interesting Facts for the Foes of Body-Rot.

Government statistics find that since 1840 the use of whisky has fallen off one-half in the United States, while the use of wines has increased about 40 per cent. The consumption of beer has increased from 1.36 gallons per capita in 1840 to 11.01 gallons in 1886. This may be considered as a favorable showing, as there is choice even of evils. A New York paper claims that "Were those addicted to the drinking habit to abstain entirely from the use of whisky and confine their libations to the wine cup or the beer mug, drunkenness would be less frequent than it now is." We do not believe it. Men who want to get drunk will get drunk. If they cannot become intoxicated on whisky they will drink lager or even hard cider to excess. With the drunkard intoxication is the object; he knows well that excess will floor him but for that he cares nothing. On this subject of intoxication one of the current English monthlies shows that cheap wine will not prevent drunkenness. Toward the end of the century Scotchmen could get an excellent claret as cheap as 25 cents a bottle for the best. We are told that when a cargo of claret came to Leith its arrival was proclaimed by sending a hogshead of it through the town on a cart. Anybody who wanted a sample had only to go to the cart with a jug, which was filled for 12 cents. Cellars were then worthy of the name. The annual consumption at President Dundas's, in Anniston House, was 16 hogsheads. Lord Newton could drink six bottles of port without being affected. Lord Duffus clandestinely imported 50 hogsheads of claret to Barrogill Castle, being guardian to the Earl of Caithness. Forty-eight he hid in a peat stack, two he put in his own house; he then wrote an information against himself to the revenue officer, and when he came showed him the two, said they were scarcely worth saving, and hoped he would share the last drop with him. Alexander Carlyle speaks of Dr. Websteras having obtained much respect among the clergy; he combined great strictness in religion with conviviality. Being a five bottle man, he could lay his brethren under the table. How long would such a wine-bibber be allowed to hold his "charge" now a-days? — *Buffalo Commercial.*

He Was a Customer.

Druggist—No, sir; I cannot give you the medicine without the money.

Stranger—Don't you trust your customers?

D.—Sometimes, when we know them.

S.—I'm a customer of yours.

D.—I don't recollect you.

S.—Oh, you don't, eh! Well, sir, I want you to understand that I've always bought my postage stamps here. But I've bought the last. I'll go somewhere else in the future. Blamed if I don't.—*New York Weekly.*

Defining His Position.

I wish the public to distinctly understand that my husband is no negro. My mother was a Creole French woman, and my father a Cherokee Indian, and my husband's mother was a Comanche Indian and his father a German.—*San Antonio* (Tex.) *Light.*

—COMPARISON SOLICITED—A wise discrimination should be exercised by all who take medicine. The proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla solicit a careful comparison of this medicine with other blood purifiers and medicines, being confident that the peculiar merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla are so apparent that the people will unhesitatingly prefer it to any other preparation. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not a mixture of molasses and a few inert roots and herbs, but it is a peculiar concentrated extract of the best alterative and blood-purifying remedies of the vegetable kingdom. The enormous sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the wonderful cures effected, prove even more than has been claimed for this medicine. If you are sick the best medicine is none too good. Therefore, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CHEAP LIVING.

How They Contrive to Keep House in Sunny Italy.

The majority of the restaurants here charge 60 to 80 cents for dinner, and 40 to 60 cents for breakfast, writes the Philadelphia *Press*'s Rome correspondent. If you have the money you can get a good meal at these places. There are however, other places where a very "filling" meal can be obtained for 10 or 15 cents; a plate of excellent maccaroni, 6 cents; bread, 2 cents; an omelette, 5 cents; half a bottle of wine, 5 cents, and there you are "tutti compressó," everything included 18 cents. Omit the wine, which is really a superfluity, and the cost is only 13 cents. When inclined to be luxurious a good beefsteak can be ordered for 12c. Now, these places are not dens of dirty basements, as are similar-priced establishments in America, but clean, pleasant rooms. There are napkins and white cloths and all that, just as at the high-priced establishments. The only thing is, they are not on the fashionable streets, the waiters don't wear swallow-tailed coats, and they are not frequented by foreigners. It is my custom, while walking through Italy, to get a square meal at one of these places in the middle of the day. For breakfast and supper I manage in a way quite different, and for an American quite royal.

In Italy there are, it would seem, no dairies, no milkmen with big bells to wake you up at 6 a. m. and sell you a quart of water and milk for 10 cents. Instead, men go tramping around the streets leading cows by strings, and when a customer happens by they stop and milk the desired amount on the spot, while you stand by and see that no water is put in. In Naples I purchased a small tin bucket, and every morning and evening took a stroll until I encountered a man with a cow, when I got a half a quart of milk, and on this and bread and figs made a comfortable and nutritious meal. One would imagine that this method would entirely preclude the possibility of watering the milk without detection; but

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain
The rascally Italian is peculiar.

I noticed for some days that my milk was very, very thin. I had stood by while it was milked; what then could be the cause? Was it that the cows drank too much water? I would have been compelled to adopt this solution but for a discovery that soon happened. When I came across my cowman the second or third evening, he was milking for an Italian, and was suprised when I saw this latter suddenly step up to the cowman and squeeze him by the arm. As surprising as was this action, however, the result was still more so—a stream of water was ejected from the cowman's sleeve and I then understood how milk can be watered before one's very eyes without one's detecting it. I happened to mention this incident to the American consul and he assured me the trick was quite common. A bag of water is kept under the coat and let down into the cup through a rubber tube in the sleeve. When detected, a shrug of the shoulders, a "Santa Maria, what difference?" and pure milk for the sharp eyes; when not detected he laughs in his sleeve as he lets the water down through his sleeve and sells it to you at six cents a quart. I was fortunate in making this discovery early, for thereafter I invariably squeezed my man's arm and made him remove his water-bag before getting my milk.

This was the style in Naples; in Rome it is similar, though instead of the cows roaming promiscuously around the city, they have certain stands where the purchaser can also have bread and eggs served him upon a table on the sidewalk. Figs cost three cents a pound; a third of a pound of figs, one-half quart of milk, an egg omelette and bread "discrezione"—an excellent breakfast or supper and the total costs at one of these "Vaccheria," as they are called, ("Cowerys" in English,) is eight or nine cents. To sum up then:

	Cents.
Two meals at nine cents	18
Dinner	12
Room	15
Total	45

Allow five cents for incidentals and there you have the "Poor Man Abroad," living on the fat of the land for half a dollar per day; and even this modest sum exceeds the expense in the interior, when travelling on foot, as will be shown in another letter. Right here I wish to say a word about the potentialities of a "boiled" shirt. It will hardly be believed that any difference is made whether you wear a boiled or unboiled shirt; it is a fact, however, that a man who goes into a store with a starched collar and cuffs and white shirt will be charged 25 per cent. more than he who has a blue or gray flannel—a good point, this, for the economically inclined to bear in mind.

REV. SAM JONES.

Some of the Things He Said at Loveland Camp Meeting.

I have no patiece with the idea that we are going through the world as poor, puny worms of the dust. Do you ever address your wife or your husband as my dear old worm of the dust? If I should call one of you that you would be tempted to knock me down. We are immortal spirits with infinite possibilities. Many people think there is no personal devil. Don't you sometimes think you're mean enough to make a pretty good devil yourself if you were elected? I hate to think there is no evil spirit; that all evil thoughts arise in my own mind. I believe a good deal of meanness the devil never had anything to do with. Most any man can be decent a whole day at a time. When a fellow gets more religion than sense he is a fool, and when he gets more sense than religion he is a rascal—and the country is full of them. I'd rather be the rascal. You can reform him, but what can you do with the fool? The man who don't fear God is liable to go Canada just when you're obliged to have him. We want men that will stand like the old fellow's horse, without being hitched. I like that kind of a horse and that kind of a man. Some of you Cincinnati fellows wont stand without being hitched. An old, stingy Methodist at one of our Georgia camp meetings was shouting very loud. A country boy said that if the old fellow was as economical in religion as he was with money he had got enough already to take him to glory. We have got all grades of Christians—the 100 per cent., 90 per cent., 50 per cent., 25 per cent., 10 per cent. and ½ per cent. on the dollar Christians. If God did by you what man would do for desertion, he would take every one of you out and shoot you.

Woman's Weakness Is Her Foot.

A high official of the government tipped back in his comfortable office chair and said: "I have made a discovery that is worth millions to bashful men. You know there are some fellows who never go into ladies' company without being embarrassed, but I have found out something that will make a bashful man the equal of the most self-conscious woman that ever lived. Now, let me tell you my secret. I started out on the broad, general platform that a woman is more sensitive about her feet than anything else. Having settled that in my mind, I began a series of experiments. The horse car is my favorite place. I love to see a queenly-looking woman get into the car and sit down with the air of knowing that she is the best dressed lady present. In an apparently unconcerned way I attract her attention by looking steadily at her feet, with an occasional glance at her face. Of course, I avoid all appearance of impertinence. I assume the air of a man who sees something that interests him. No matter how calm the victim is when she entered the car, inside of five minutes she will be so nervous that she will fairly ache to get to her destination. She may have the handsomest foot in the world, and know that it is incased in a nicely fitting shoe, but she will wilt all the same. It is a woman's weakness. I have tried it on young girls of 16 and old women of 80; the result is the same. Achilles was vulnerable only in his heel; but you can't look steadily at a woman's little toe for two consecutive minutes without making her feel as though she would like to murder you."

Pity the Kangaroo.

Several ladies and gentlemen visited Central Park, New York, and they admired the animals very much, and more particularly the kangaroo.

"That poor animal is going to die pretty soon," remarked Snobberly, punching it with his cane.

"I don't see anything the matter with it."

"You don't! Well I do. Can't you see that it is on its last legs?"—*Texas Siftings.*

How Some Lives Have Been Extended.

In a physician's office in Philadelphia are filed numerous letters with expressions like these: "My mother and self have been greatly benefited by the use of your Compound Oxygen. It has undoubtedly preserved and extended her life these two years past." "I have improved in health using your Compound Oxygen. I can ride without much fatigue. As I am in my eightieth year, I suppose I cannot expect to be entirely relieved." "It has almost made a new man of me at nearly three-score and ten." "I will be eighty-two years old the fifth day of next November. The dropsy has left me, and my legs are all right. Every one that sees me says, 'How well you look!' I tell them Compound Oxygen saved my life and cured me." For a full explanation of how such marvels are possible, write for brochure, which they send free, to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BRIGHT LITTLE ONES.

Some Smart Sayings of the Future Rulers of the Country.

Precocious youngster, in house where there is a telephone in constant use, finishing her prayer:

"—And make me a good little girl. Amen. Good-bye, O Lord; O. K."

A mother was whipping her boy, and as she applied the rod she shouted:

"Will you behave?"

"Yes," bellowed the throbbing boy; "I will, if you will!"

"Come, Bobby," said the old gentleman, "you must go to church this morning. When I was a boy your age I had to go to church twice every Sunday."

"I s'pose I'd go to church twice every Sunday, too," said Bobby, beginning to get ready, "if I had to."

One night at tea the conversation turned on the seven brothers mentioned in the Bible, who, one after the other, married the same woman, as each one died the younger brother marrying the widow. "For pity's sake!" cried our 8-year-old boy, "how long did the widow last?"

Here is a specimen of youthful ingenuousness in a little fellow who confessed to some wrong-doing. "Papa, I can get along well with you and the rest of the family. I love you all; but there is one of us that I am always having trouble with, and that is this fellow," pointing to himself. It is a great pity that some of the brethren who are always in trouble as church members cannot see as well what's the matter.

A bright little boy of 7 years was corrected by his father the other day for having been, to put it mildly, mistaken in his facts.

"Remember the example of George Washington, my boy," said the careful father.

"Who was George Washington, papa?" queried the hopeful.

"Why, he was the man who couldn't tell a lie, of course."

"What was the matter with him—couldn't he talk?"

There was much anxiety in the paternal mind as to the youngster's future.

In one of our Sunday-schools last Sunday the teacher incidentally spoke of Methuselah. Thinking to test the Biblical knowledge of the new scholar—a rather dirty, unkempt youngster—the young lady asked:

"Johnny, who was Methuselah?"

"He were a chestnut, mum," replied Johnny.

"Say, grandma, do people always paint the devil with red clothes on because he is wicked and has evil spirits near him all the time?"

"Yes, dearie, red is the color of wickedness and sin."

"Well, then, is it because grandpa has bad spirits near him that his nose got so red?"

And grandma suddenly began to knit, and said she didn't know.

"Mamma," said little Bobby, "can't I have another piece of pie?"

"No, my dear. You have had sufficient."

"But why can't I have more?"

"It might make you sick, and if you become sick you might die."

"Die just like Johnny Brown?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Everybody said he went to heaven, mamma."

"Yes, dear. He was a good little boy and always minded what his mamma told him."

"And people said, mamma, that he'd be ever so much happier in heaven than here."

"That's right, Bobby, So he would."

"Do all good little boys go to heaven, mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"Am I a good little boy, mamma?"

"Yes. Bobby is a good little boy."

"Then why don't you let me have another piece of pie? Don't you want your little Bobby to be happy?"

WONDERS OF SLEEP.

Calvin tells of a friend of his reading aloud to him while asleep. The organ of vision was alone active.

Condorcet, the mathematician, solved one of his most difficult problems while asleep—a problem, too, which puzzled him during his waking hours.

The North American Indian at the stake of torture has been known to go to sleep on the least remission of agony, and will slumber until the fire is applied to awaken him.

The celebrated pedestrian, Capt. Barclay, when accomplishing his extraordinary feat of walking 1,000 miles in as many successive hours, obtained at las such a mastery over himself that he fel asleep the instant he lay down.

Reporters in the House of Commons require great exertions to keep themselves from sleeping. A few years ago a distinguished member of "the gentlemen in the gallery" took down a speech while he was sleeping. His statement rests on his oath.

A professor of theology in the university of Basle once wrote a sermon while asleep; he found it in his desk next morning. The preceding night he could not grapple with the sermon as he desired, but the performance of his sleeping hours was quite satisfactory to him.

It is related that the Abbe Faria, who acquired notoriety through his power of inducing somnambulism, was accustomed merely to place his patient in an arm-chair, after telling him to shut his eyes and collect himself, and pronounce in a strong voice, "Sleep," which was usually successful.

Sir E. Coddington, the famous naval officer, when a midshipman could watch on deck for nineteen hours. This left only five for sleep, which in his case was most profound—so profound that no noise was sufficiently strong to waken him; yet if the word "signal" was whispered in his ear he awoke and was on deck instantly.

Coleridge, the dreaming philosopher, composed "Kubla Khan" (one of his poems) while fast asleep. Next morning he was sure there had been an acquisition to his literature, but was too negligent to write the stanzas. A few days afterward he attempted to recall the verses, but they had for the most part fled, and the poem as it now stands is but a fragment.

It is on record that during the heat of the battle of the Nile some of the over-fatigued boys fell asleep upon the deck, and during the attack upon Rangoon, in the Burmese war, the captain of one of the steam frigates most actively engaged, worn out by the excess of continued mental tension, fell asleep and remained perfectly unconscious for two hours, within a yard of his largest guns, which were being worked energetically the whole period.

Returning to the Small-Bore Rifle.

It will seem surprising that the special committee appointed in England to decide upon a new rifle for the British army should have decided to fix the diameter of the bore at thirty-one hundredths of an inch, or .31, as it is technically known. That makes the bore about the size of an ordinary pencil.

The experiments are said to have shown that such a rifle is remarkably efficient in range and destructiveness. With a large charge of compressed powder, up to 500 yards, the soldier "need not raise the back sight."

This bore is intended for the magazine gun, which is to be made after the Lee pattern. For a single shot rifle it is said that the bore will be about 36, though the information upon that point is not so definite.

Considering that our old standard bore .50, such as is now used by the New York state troops, and that .45 is now used in our regular army, the reduction of the bore to .31 is a most radical departure in the form of guns, and should receive the closest attention upon the part of our government.

What Everybody Says Now.

A prominent business man of Albany remarked the other day that careful examination had demonstrated to him that better results were obtained from advertising in afternoon than in morning papers. Observation convinced him that persons take more time to read afternoon papers than morning papers, that the latter are usually skimmed over in a hurry, while the afternoon papers are read when the hours of evening come on, and when there is ample leisure even to read advertisements. This is an interesting question for advertisers to study.—*Albany Journal.*

Origin of "Roorback."

The name "roorback," applied to a campaign yarn, is derived from "Baron Roorbach's Travels and Observations," which were the "tattooed man" man sensation of the Polk Clay campaign. They contained one story which proved nearly fatal to Polk—that negroes might be seen in the southern states with the initials "J. K. P." burned into their flesh. The travels were not written by Thurlow Weed, as is sometimes stated, but by a man named Linn, who lived and died at Ithaca, N. Y.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THE dress improvement—as Mrs. Miller prefers to name it, instead of dress reform—is making rapid progress, showing, indeed, a vitality that promises a long life. Interest in it is not now confined to a few radicals, who look entirely upon the health and convenience side of the question, and not all upon the æsthetic, but the women who will not run the risk of attracting attention through ugly singularity of costume, who like to dress in style and with regard to beauty, are turning their attention to the matter, many with a determination to try it, and see if it be the good gift that it is proclaimed. The consequence will be an enthusiastic conversion to what will give them both health and beauty—for what brings the first, adds to the last—and less and less will be heard about weakly, nervous women, incapacitated for work or enjoyment.

SAID a pretty woman, whose costumes are noted for their beauty, style and harmony, to the Salad-server the other day: "I am going to try the dress reform. A friend visited me this summer, a cultivated woman, who is thoroughly alive to all the needs of her sex. She was very prettily dressed, with faultless costumes that I greatly admired, and no one would dream of anything singular in her appearance, and yet she was an enthusiastic devotee of the Annie Jenness Miller style. Only think of it! Aside from her shoes and stockings, she had on but three garments, and these were all suspended from the shoulders. She said that the sense of lightness and freedom which had come to her with the adoption of this reform could not be described. Only actual experience could make the change comprehended." This is the way women of good taste and fashionable proclivities are talking, and it means a revolution in their mode of dressing, which will draw into it all classes. Heaven speed the day.

THE Supreme court of Missouri has decided that an engagement ring, once given, does not lose its force as a promise of marriage unless it be voluntarily returned by the receiver. Any pressure or undue influence that is brought to bear, compelling its giving up, is to be regarded in the same way as an attempt to break up any other existing contract, and the giver must pay the penalty of such a forfeit. This will have a tendency to make Missouri young men pause before giving so decided a witness of their matrimonial intentions and promises, and there will probably be less money spent for diamonds and pearls than hitherto. They will be quite likely to wait until they know their own minds in the matter without question. Yet there is no one in the world so absolutely bereft of sense and reason as the youth who is madly in love, no one who calculates possibilities adverse to his present hopes less, so it will only be the iceberg, not-quite-sure sort of fellow that will take a warning from this decision.

SOCIETY is in a bad way in Washington, when entertainers are utterly unable to count upon the possible number of their guests which may be entirely out of proportion to those invited. Everybody remembers the scandal about the Chinese minister's reception which was turned into a regular mob. The learned Celestial who wrote "Why I Am a Heathen" in the *North American Review* might have founded his leaning that way upon social, rather than religious grounds, and made a strong argument. It seems that was no exceptional case. A well known lady says that party giving in the Capital of the country "has come to be the opening of your house to a mob of people you would not know for the world." She herself issued invitations once to 800. She ordered supper for a thousand and 1,200 came, swarming into the dining-room like locusts and literally devouring everything they could lay their hands on. Of course it was the uninvited who were foremost and rudest.

THIS is is a sorry state of things which has fortunately not yet extended to other places, though many snobbish tricks are said to be resorted to in order to get into certain sets—tricks that do not seem possible to people of ordinary and decent consideration for themselves and others. They who will employ them are social pushers with a very small amount of self-respect. That sort of people deserve all the snubbing that they may chance to get, but the worst of it is, that it rolls away from them like water off of a duck's back.

How many of our Toledo lovers have proved that silence if often more eloquent than words in a way something like this?

A lover once pondered an amorous plea
For many a day,
Resolved that the tale of his passion should be
Told in a neat way.
The tenderest terms of the language he sought,
And conned them till all were arranged as they ought.
"I'm perfectly certain what *I'll* say," he thought;
"O, what will *she* say?"

Yet, strangely enough, when he knelt by her side
It chanced to befall
That none of the eloquent speeches he tried
Would come at his call.
His cowardly tongue could say little at best,
But his brave eyes said much—and a kiss said the rest,
While she only hid her fair face in his breast,
Saying nothing at all!

A NEW social craze is announced as developed recently and it is thus described in a Baltimore paper, with the preliminary remark that it is the most foolish of a long list of follies: "It is nothing less than the keeping of a 'hair album,' in which young ladies thoughtfully store up locks from the pates of their gentlemen friends. Each contribution is tied with a blue ribbon, and accompanied by a general description of the appearance of the individual doners. The girl with any regard for good sense and propriety would never accept a lock of hair from any one but her betrothed lover. The craze referred to is simply an exaggerated manifestation of the leaning to indiscriminate flirtation so observable in the overgrown boys and unbalanced girls of the present period." "Overgrown boys and unbalanced girls" is good, though it does not apply to the present period more than to any other. "Overgrown," of course, means a superlative physical development without a corresponding growth of brains, which frequently, indeed, never come to a normal size, just as the same condition of "unbalanced" sometimes continues in the case of the girls. The hobby mentioned above is not to be recommended, but it is very likely, no worse than others which the rising generation is riding. The probabilities are that the atmosphere will be strongly impregnated by and by with the odor of burning hair.

French Boarding Schools.

An interesting writer for *Harpers Bazar* lets us into some of the ways of the French boarding school. In every French school, be it convent or pension, "the girls are obliged to wear the uniform peculiar to their school. The time after dinner until 7 o'clock, with the exception of 15 minutes for prayers, is entirely devoted to exercise. In summer the scholars walk or play in the garden, and in winter, with the exception of the very small girls, who amuse themselves in their own way in their class room, they dance in what is called the *salon des eleves*, or scholars' parlor. This dancing is cumpulsory, no other mode of exercise being allowed indoors, and although great fun to begin with, toward the close of winter the formula becomes rather monotonous, and the time for playing in the garden at night, as well as in the day time, is hailed with delight. Seven o'clock rings, and this is the signal for two hour's study before bedtime, one of these hours being usually devoted to the piano. At 8 the Protestant girls have their prayers, and the small children go to bed, followed at 9 by the entire school. Thus one day succeeds the other, with only a change of professor to mark the difference, until Thursday afternoon, from 2 until 4, when the scholars are allowed to receive their parents or friends in the salon, or, if they have none near enough to visit them, to write their letters. To French girls there is very little liberty allowed on the subject of letter-writing, but to the English and Americans the permission is given to correspond with such friends or relatives as are put on a list by their parents or guardians. It is not the custom for French papas or mammas to put such trusts in their daughters, and every letter not addressed to them must be left unsealed to be read by the principal, through whose hands passes every letter sent from the school.

A Drunkard's Vagary.

A drunken man was swaying unsteadily in a Virginia City street, according to the *Chronicle*, when a dog with a tin pan tied to its tail ran between its legs. The collision was so forcible that the man was upset, and the dog ran on minus a piece of its tail. The man got up bewildered, rubbed the bruised end of his spinal column, picked up the dog's tail, and thus soliloquized: "This is (hic) unfortunate! Never before knowed or suspected I had sich a thing as a tail till I go an' fall down an' break it off. Might made a (hic) fortune 'zibitin' myself as man with tail. There'd bin millions in it—millions (hic) in it! Jis my luck. Whenever I get a good thing it's always gone before I (hic) find it out."

There's one tooth-wash, the ladies' pride,
Beloved by belles o'er every "wash" beside;
One dentrifice there is supremely blest,
A sweeter, better one than all the rest;
And you will find in every land the same
That SOZODONT's its old, familiar name.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A PLEA FOR THE FLAG.

SURGEON G. B. BOTCHKIN.

'Tis thought that breathes, 'tis words that burn;
The burning words that hearts can turn
Are words of highest holy aim,
Or fiery words of angry shame,
That set all hearts, as one, afire
With purest noble heart's desire,
Or direst wrath beneath the sun,
When burning words their work have done;
So words of Paul still burning flow,
Around the world still flaming go;
From Luther's words such fire is caught;
And Clarkson's loving, breathing thought,
Glad signal high for freedom set,
Is kindling willing fuel yet.
What man who wears a freeman's seal,
With heart that feels a patriot's zeal,
But glows with spark that Adams woke,
And burns with words that Henry spoke;
And the unearthly rebel yell,
That always brought a thought of hell,
Was only thought that breathed so loud,
Was thought from slavery's word, so proud,
In fires Tartaric heated thrice,
Was dying groan of slavery's vice;
Thus Fairchild's words in echoes dread,
By lightning's current instant sped,
Great millions fired, at morning light,
To save our flag from foul despite.

II.

Our nation's God we supplicate;
When any man, or small, or great,
Shall seek to flaunt in freeman's face,
Dare flag, against our flag, to place,
To dull the love that grew of yore
Around the flag our father's bore,
Would cloud the brightness of that love
Or lift another flag above,
To bow to hate, or seek acclaim,
For any sort of selfish aim;
Then, may some Fairchild still surpass
In words that temper hearts as brass,
That temper arms to strength of steel,
In words that warm to hottest zeal;
That hearts and arms, as in the past,
Made strong by words like furnace blast,
Attempered for endurance brave,
May rally then, our flag to save,
And yield its sovereign rights to none;
For, 'tis the nation's honor spun
And deftly woven, warp and woof;
Of people's love's 'tis sign and proof.

III.

Our nation's true and loyal son,
Who loves the land his fathers won,
For nation's honor ever cares,
For nation's shame, the anger shares;
His jealous love will ever feel
A stroke that hurts the common weal;
For ner his love is ever bold
As love of son for mother old;
He loves the land, he loves the laws,
Or, loyal, pleads the better cause;
For country breaks his party band
Tho' lone, like Hickman*, he must stand,
Would people lift to virtue's power,
For freedom's home is wisdom's bower,
His country's flag on every breeze
With gladsome pride he ever sees;
Because it floats as beacon sign,
And all its folds with warning shine,
To tell the nation's mighty power,
And make the false in terror cower;
And bids all loyal hearts and true
With joy their loyal love renew.

*John Hickman was for a time the central figure in the great and exciting congressional struggles of Buchanan's days. An inveterate Democrat, an ardent Buchanan man, he was the first, as I remember, of the Democratic leaders who broke the spell of Southern domination; at the same time refusing to go out of the party. Douglass came after, and would have properly been called a Hickman Democrat.

Hickman gave his Southern friends the first warning defiance, that was felt. He said, "twenty million freemen will never allow eight million to break up this government;" and "I tell you, that the men of the North will hew their way to the Gulf of Mexico." Sickened and disgusted with his party, he left public life, when he was in the highway to glory; not willing to be called by any party name, but Democrat, living not very long after, dying at his home in West Chester, Pa. His memory should be kept green.

Fragments from the Field.

"R. C. L.," Maple Ridge, Mich., although not a soldier, loves the CAMP FIRE, and expresses the opinion that every old soldier ought to have a pension.

If N. C. Good, of Covington, Tenn., will reproduce his article, writing on only *one* side of the sheet, it will be published.

Two letters came to the office this week which were evidently written by comrades who have not read our admonition against writing on both sides of the paper. Our time is too limited to permit us to rewrite these letters, hence they go into the waste basket.

Samuel H. Evitzizer, of Spencer, W. Va., private of Co. F, 92d Ohio, was captured at the battle of Chickamauga, and thereafter served a long term in rebel prisons, having been at Libby, Smith's Danville and other rebel dungeons. He had the smallpox in No. 7, and his diet was cornbread and bean soup, with bugs and worms for seasoning. He wants to hear from some of the old 92d who were captured at that battle.

Squaring Accounts.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have watched the rails and chips as they have been thrown on the fire, and now I will throw some on. I see in the CAMP FIRE of August 4, a rail from B. H. Hampton about sweetening a darkey. Now I will tell of a little trick of mine and try to state facts after 22 years. We were with Sherman on that famous march to the sea, and this happened in one of the Carolina states. To begin with, I was somewhat of a forager myself, and many is the chicken that I made help put down the late unpleasantness, and on this occasion we were marching along a sandy road. Off to the right we saw an old sugar cane camp, with a big trough to hold the syrup or molasses. I and others broke ranks and were soon in the shed or camp, and we had tipped the big board off one of the big troughs and were filling our canteens, all the space around the trough being occupied by the boys, when a little darkey, about 16 years old, that belonged to Chaplain Russell and Capt. Bradfield, came up and, as usual, wanted more than anyone else. And, as that boy and myself had had many a tilt over a chicken, I remember him well; for he would wait until I would run a chicken almost down and then he would pitch in, fresh, and try to get that chicken for "de capten and de chapen," as he would call them, and it generally took a good-sized club to get that nigger off that chicken.

So you see, I have no good feeling for the darkey. Well to my story about the molasses. He came up and said to me: "See her company D, you git out my way—let me git some d——t *lasses* for de chapen an de capen." I looked at that darkey and all the chicken squabbies came up in an instant. I stepped back, let him in my place, set my canteen down and took that darkey gently by the heels, and soused him in head first and then I had to get out for the boys swore that I had spoiled the molasses. As I ran away, well do I remember, as I looked around and saw that little darkey, crawling out of that molasses trough, hat off and his wooley head all matted down and his fingers apart. I cannot forget it and if you had seen that boy after we were in camp that evening, hunting for "de chapen and de capen," and when they saw their darling chicken thief and heard him tell them "that (in sobs) devil in Co. D had flinged him in'a lasses troughft" and how they had two other big darkies take him to the branch and wash him, and saw them dress him in a mixed suit from their old clothes, big enough for two like him, you could realize all my story. It is safe to say that he let my chickens alone after that. Now I will say that I am not in love with Old Veto Cleveland and did not and can not vote for such.—W. B. JOHNSON, late of Co. D, 39th Iowa Vol.

His First and Last Drink.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Enclosed find $1 for the publisher of the BLADE, which we feel we must have, although the drouth last year caused a failure of crops; so we have to drop most of our papers.

How I wish all old soldiers could read the BLADE, not only because (I think) it the best weekly published, but the true friend of all mankind by showing up so reasonably the folly of strong drink, and this reminds me of my army life. But before I do so allow me to say no one enjoys reading the CAMP FIRE more than I do, and if this does not at once find its way to the waste basket you may hear from me again, but to my story. Charley B., and myself were a part of a detail to guard prisoners from Vicksburg to Chicago. Here we were both at home, and together we were treated like princes by the cream of the fair sex. Then we all met at the Illinois Central depot, where our friends loaded us down with good things to eat, on our return to our command, which was then near Nashville, Tenn. The train was soon under way, and our good-bye tears were just getting dried up when I was shocked by the discovery that Charley was three sheets in the wind. He told me, and I believe it was true, that it was the first time that he ever tasted of liquor. He was a model boy, whom everybody loved, not only in his pleasant home, the Sunday school, and the printing office, where he fully understood his trade, but was a pet in our regiment. Some of the boys in our detail had stocked themselves with whisky, and almost forced Charley to drink. At Cairo I got a bottle from him, turned the contents on the ground, and pleaded with him as best I could to stop before any one besides myself that knew him should see how foolish he was. When we took the boat at Cairo for Nashville, he said he would have another bottle full at the first landing and, true to his word, the boat had hardly touched shore at Paducah, Ky., than he wrs ashore. It was now nearly dark and, oh, how lonesome I was that night, to eat supper alone and sit up very late, waiting for his return, but I had to turn in with one of the other boys and was dreaming of the dear ones we had left behind and the delightful time we had had when there was a cry of man overboard. I sprang to the spot on the boiler deck without dressing, and there I could see where he had been vomiting over the railing and just how he had fallen in, and there was poor Charley's hat. The men of the boat said they had seen him coming aboard so drunk that he could hardly walk. We got a boat and shoved out into the river, but the night was fearfully dark, the river very high and the current rapid, so Charley B. was never seen or heard of again. Then the hardest task for me was to write to his parents when I sent his things home. I should like very much to read something from the Chicago First Board of Trade regiment boys. Come, boys, I am sure some of you must read the BLADE. Try to write something if you do make as bad a failure as I have the first time. We are getting old, but let us ever keep green the memory of these days when we did a little at least to establish on a solid basis the best government the sun ever shone upon.—G. W. GALLOWAY, Co. B, 72d Ill. Vol. Int., Red Heights, Dak.

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An Unfair Capture.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As I have seen no chunks on the fire from any of the comrades of the old 45th O. V. I., I thought I would pile on a few small limbs and see if they would burn. This is my first to the CAMP FIRE. I was a private of Co. A, 45th O. V. I. If this should come to the eyes of any of my old comrades that was with us when Capt. Scott took 33 men across the Cumberland river and captured eighteen Johnnies. If they remember how the rebel captain cried and said it was not fair, because we didn't send a man on ahead and tell them we were coming; if they remember how one of the Johnnies did not want to throw his gun down for fear it would go off? Comrades, I want you all to remember old pension veto in 1888.—P. MEEKER, Co. A, 45th O. V. I., Brig. 2, Div. 4, A. C.

After Watermelons.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been an interested reader of the CAMP FIRE, and with your permission will add a few splinters that I gathered when we were stationed at Ft. Meigs, D. C., guarding the city. I was sergeant in Co. F., 10th N. Y., heavy artillery in the fall of 1863. Some of the boys of our regiment had been stealing, and it was laid to some of our company, but did not know who; so to punish the right ones, Col. Piper ordered that our company should be called at 12 o'clock at night for roll call. We did so for a few nights, but the boys thought it did not pay, so one of the privates, Sam Miller, told about thirty of the boys to follow him that night after roll call.

He took his gun and accoutrements and started for a melon patch about two miles off and containing about ten acres. Sam went ahead and alone, with his straps all on, and had hardly reached the field when a man asked, "Who is there?" He answered, "Capt. Vanderburg sent me down here to guard your melons, for fear the soldiers will steal them and make themselves all sick." The man thanked Sam very heartily and sent his best respects to the captain for his kindness, as he had been keeping watch over them for three nights without sleep, and told him to eat what he wanted, and in the morning to take some back to the fort, and, in particular, to take a big one to the captain. Sam assured him that he would do so. He began walking his beat till the man was out of sight, then gave the signal for the boys to come in. They took all that they could carry and gave Capt. Camderbury as well as the rest of the officers good big ones. I do not know how many they got but the next morning when they policed the quarters, they had a good wagon box full of rinds. I would be glad to hear something from some of my company and in particular would like to ask Lieut. Huntington if he remembers the sick boy on Thanksgiving day at Winchester, in '64.—A. D. KIMDLEY, Clio, Genesee county, Mich.

Loyal Villagers.

During the war the village of Constantine, Mich., was noted as one of the most intensely loyal and patriotic communities in the country, says the Chicago *Tribune*. As company after company raised in the vicinity started for the front, they left behind a people whose love of country deepened with their anxiety for and sympathy with those in the field. The custom for every house to attest its loyalty by a display of the American flag grew until no one could neglect or refuse to comply with it without standing in open defiance of the strongest public sentiment. The few copperheads of the town, who made up in bitterness what they lacked in numbers, yielded one by one with great reluctance. One of the last was a prominent merchant, who had hardly cared to conceal the fact that his heart was with the Confederacy.

The village possessed an old field piece, which, though rusty, served admirably to celebrate Union victories. Upon one occasion, the "artillery" having been loaded to the muzzle, was drawn up in front of the store in question and the suggestion made to the proprietor that it would be well for him to "hang out the flag."

"I know of no law compelling me to do so," he replied.

Promptly following the reply the old cannon was discharged with a report that shattered many of the windows in the store. The suggestion was then made to the proprietor that in case he did not run out the flag the boys might turn the muzzle into the door next time. He waited no longer to have the law pointed out, but promptly hung his colors "on the outer wall." From that date the Union flag was seen everywhere in the village.

The aggregate patriotism of the village was represented by a large flag that floated from a liberty pole 110 feet high. One morning the rope was found cut and the banner lying in the dust of the street. Like wildfire the news ran over the town, and at once the whole people gathered around the pole in an impromptu indignation meeting. No cleats or other means of ascent had been placed upon the pole, the staple through which the flag rope ran was a closed one, and it seemed impossible to replace the flag. Ladders were quickly spliced together, which, when raised against the pole, reached above the cross-tree to the height in all of about 75 feet. It was found, however, that under the weight of the ladders the pole bent and swayed so much that no man dared attempt the ascent.

While men were casting about for some other plan, a minister's son, a mere lad, appeared upon the scene equipped with a gimlet, hatchet and new staple. Speaking to no one, but passing the rope through the staple and throwing the flag over his shoulder, he started up the ladder. Making his way rapidly to the crosstree he halted a moment and looked down as if daunted at the risks that rose above him. The crowd that had held its breath as he was going up broke into a cheer, and, casting fear to the winds, the boy resumed his upward course. The intense desire of all to see the flag replaced prevented any remonstrance. Up, up, beyond the ladders went the boy, climbing the bare pole nearly to the staple. There he fixed the new one firmly in place and gave the banner to the breeze again. The cheer that greeted his success will not be forgotten by those who heard it. His descent was even more perilous, but made in safety to his friends, who gave him a hero's welcome at the foot.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Wanted, the postoffice address of D. F. Gross and D. Gorham, or any member of Co. B, 8th Wisconsin Vol. Infantry. Address W. N. Box, Mayview, Jewell Co., Kansas.

Information wanted of the heirs of Bethany Brawer, H. S. Williamson, D. D. Elston, Wm. F. Chapman and Andrew McStee. They will hear something to their advantage.—W. C. McCord & Co., DesMoines, Iowa.

What Some Say.

The other day a lovely young woman of decidedly Puritanic associations received a visit from an Italian professor, who came to pay his respects befor departing for Europe. As she rose to greet him, he grasped her hand and exclaimed in anguished accents, "Oh! madame, es it not so hot as h— d—n? Es yat not what you say, madame, in Amerique?"

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BEAUTY IN THE BATH.

Why is She Not as Modest as When in the Parlor?

Sitting in the pavilion and watching them sport in the briny wave, I could not help wondering why Mrs. Grundy, who is so particularly critical in some things, should have so long ignored the vulgarities of the ocean bath. Here men and woman, young girls and youths, half nude and with the covered portions of their bodies plainly outlined by their clinging wet robes, mix and mingle and indulge in familiarities which would not be tolerated on land.

A pretty young lady swam from the beach out to the diving pavilion yesterday. Then she clambered up on the pavilion with ten or twelve others of both sexes. Here, in full sight of all the spectators on shore and all her companions, she lifted her short skirts a trifle and adjusted the elastic of her long stocking, which had become loosened with the effort of swimming. She did this with the utmost nonchalance; yet just imagine the sensation it would cause if she should perform this same harmless little toilette act on the veranda, in presence of the same audience! She would be cut dead by every woman, and quite likely requested to leave the hotel. Yet I doubt if any one beside myself noticed or commented on the little performance—it is such an every day occurrence. I do not wish to seem hypercritical, and I believe I have never been called over-particular or prudish, but I can't help wondering why the same act is deemed proper in one place and vulgar in another.

Only last week I heard a young miss declaring she would not dance with any man unless he were a relative or a very dear friend. "I don't like and won't tolerate any man in such close proximity to me," she said, "unless he is a relative."

Yesterday I saw her swim to the shore with a male escort who was not a relative, and it seemed to me the situation held a good deal more of unpleasant familiarity than any waltz ever contained. She sat down in the sand, and her escort leaned on his elbow close beside her. He wore a single very thin garment, which exposed his brawny arms and bony neck and unlovely ankles and feet. The single garment clung close to his body, and displayed his entire anatomy with unblushing distinctness. Her own pretty arms were bare to the shoulder, and as she sat curled up in the sand, one could gain a very pleasing outline of her graceful limbs and rounded shape. But again I fell to making comparisons.

"Suppose," I said, mentally, "that young lady should meet that young gentleman in the halls of the hotel arrayed precisely as he is now—she would run screaming to her room, indignant and alarmed. If he should approach her in that attire on the lawn and attempt to sit down beside her, she would call a policeman to arrest him. Queer, is not it?"

Some of the young ladies who have heard that bathing is not as fashionable as it used to be—unwilling to be independent, yet more unwilling to abandon the delight of a daily swim—choose an afternoon hour when other people are napping, and paddle about in pretty costumes with no male spectotors, or at least only an accidental one.—*Shelter Island Cor. Boston Herald.*

Oh, These Women!

Women are never satisfied. They are forever picking at each other, criticising and finding fault. When one gets a new gown, nearly every other one jumps on it and metaphorically tramps it in the mud. So it is when she gets a beau. Her dearest girl associates will tell her awful things about him, make remarks about his feet and his hands, criticise the style of his clothes, smile sweetly before his face and laugh at him behind his back. You know you do, and there is no use denying it. You may not mean any harm by it, but how would you like to have your best young man treated in this way? Were women a little more philosophical they would find it possible to get along among themselves without so much clashing. Their glasses appear to be adjusted to see only the faults in each other, and none of the good traits. This adjustment is quite fortunate, no doubt, for the men, as it shows their follies quite dimly and makes their virtues shine with great brilliancy. Dear knows! May be it is best as it is. Were women able of seeing all the virtues in their own sex the poor men might have no show at all.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Home Delicacy.

Mrs. Catesby is giving a small rock-party at Nahant, and the footman has been left in charge of the luncheon.

Mrs. Catesby—What is it, Michael?

Michael—It's this way, ma'am. Mrs Grih, thot leddy from Chinchinnatty, kem up to th' wagon an' axed me had Oi anny ham. She tuk th' whole wan, ma'am, wid a knife an' for-rk, an' dishappeared in th' thicket, ma'am, axin' me to tell yez she didn't care for anny looch.—*Puck.*

Cholera Morbus

is about as sure to come as Summer is, It comes suddenly and without warning — is Dangerous and often Fatal.

ARE YOU PREPARED for its coming?

If any of your family are attacked PROMPT action only may save life. For 46 YEARS ONE medicine has ALWAYS cured CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS. CHILDREN can take it with perfect safety.

This medicine is

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To be on the safe side get some NOW and have it on hand.

For sale by all Druggists.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to answer it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Prohibition States.

N. M., Barnes, Garrettsville, O.:

Please inform your readers what states have prohibition, local or high license; and what states had prohibition and repealed it?

A number of the states have experimented with prohibitory laws. The first to enact a law of this kind was Maine, whose Legislature in 1846 passed a bill forbidding the traffic in liquors, but this proved so imperfect in detail that it could not be enforced. Another attempt was made in 1851 when the famous "Maine liquor law" was enacted. This is still in force in that state, and in 1884 its specifications were put in the form of a constitutional amendment, and adopted by a large popular majority. Vermont enacted a prohibitory law in 1852, its provisions, however, being much less stringent than those of the Maine law. It was strengthened by the passage in 1869 of a civil damage act, which provided that damages might be collected from the liquor seller for injuries inflicted by his customers, while in a state of intoxication upon themselves or others. A mild prohibitory law was also passed by New Hampshire in 1855, which has been strengthened by enactments since adopted. Damages are assessed on the liquor-seller for the acts of drunkards in that state also, by an act passed in 1870. In Massachusetts the temperance excitement of 1852 resulted in the passage of a prohibitory law by the Legislature, but the courts decided the law was unconstitutional, and in 1854 it was repealed. In 1855 the Know-nothing party being in power in the Assembly, another prohibitory law was passed. This was on trial for several years before the courts, but at length its constitutionality was affirmed. The question whether this law really prohibited the sale of liquor effectually was never settled, and in 1868 it was repealed because of great popular dissatisfaction with its manner of working. A milder law was passed in 1869, and this being even more unsatisfactory, was abolished in 1875, and replaced by a license which still exhists. In Rhode Island, as in Massachusetts, a law passed during the excited state of public feeling in 1852, was declared unconstitutional the following year. The law was then amended so as not to conflict with the constitution, and the question of its adoption being submitted to the people, it was approved by a small majority. In 1863, however, the law was repealed. In 1874 a similar law was passed only to be abolished the next year, when a license law, prohibiting the sale of liquors to minors and drunkards and also on Sundays, and providing for the collection of damages from the liquor-dealer, was passed. A prohibitory amendment was offered to the people in 1886, but was not adopted. Connecticut passed a prohibitory law in 1854. But owing to some defect in the law, or to the indifference of the people, it could not be enforced, and became virtually a dead letter. About 1870, therefore, it was superseded by the present license law, which has the local option feature. This has given opportunity to a large number of towns and districts to positively forbid the sale of liquor in their locality, so that nearly half of the state is under practical prohibition. Michigan in 1853 adopted a prohibitory law which was repealed almost immediately. A similar law, however, was adopted in 1855, which continued on the statute books for about twenty years. As it had become inoperative through popular indifference, it was replaced by a license law in 1875. This latter was strengthened in 1883 by the adoption of a damage clause. In 1855 New York passed a prohibitory law, which shared the fate of many similar enactments, being declared unconstitutional, and repealed the following year. In 1861 efforts were made to secure prohibition in the revised constitution, but the result was failure. During the last session of the legislature, a bill to regulate the license traffic in large cities was passed by both houses, but was vetoed by Governor Hill. The extent of New Jersey's prohibition is a law passed in 1797, and still in force, forbidding the distribution or sale of liquors at a public auction. Pennsylvania once had a prohibitory statute on its books for a few months. It was adopted in 1855 and repealed in 1856. This law had been preceded by a "no license act," which had been enacted by the legislature in 1846, and had been pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme court. In 1872 a law was passed giving local option to the counties, and 67 of them voted against licensing the traffic. In two years that law was repealed and a license law adopted, which is still in force. Delaware has tried prohibition twice. The first law was passed in 1847, only to be repealed in 1848. The second law was made in 1855, but it was, in a few years, displaced by a license law, which is still in existence. Three other states—Indiana, Illinois and Iowa—adopted prohibitory laws in 1855. That of Indiana was declared void soon after, and has never been re-enacted. The legislative enactment of Illinois was submitted to the people and rejected by them. Since then no effort has been made to make the state prohibitory, but a high-license law was passed by the legislature of 1882-3 This law been declared constitutional by the courts, and has been generally successful in operation. The Iowa law has stood, with some modifications, and where public opinion has supported it, has been generally executed. In 1882 a prohibitory clause was put into the constitution by popular vote. This amendment has been declared void by the Supreme Court, on account of certain technical errors in drawing it up. Ohio put a "no-license" clause in its constitution in 1851, and the sale of liquors has been virtually free throughout the state. Attempts have been made at several times to regulate the traffic by law, and they now have a license law with the power of local option. Two of the states adopted prohibitory laws while they were still under Territorial organization—Minnesota in 1852, and Nebraska in 1865. In both cases the law was modified to make it fit public sentiment more nearly, and both states now have high-license laws, Minnesota's adopted in 1874, and Nebraska's—which is much the more stringent of the two—in 1880. Kansas adopted a modified prohibitory law in 1866. In 1880 popular vote added an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the state "except for medical, scientific, and mechanical purposes." In other states which have never coquetted with total prohibition, there are yet important regulations of the traffic. In Georgia, ninety-five counties have suppressed the sale of liquor through the privilege of local option. Similar laws are made somewhat effective, also, in Texas, Arkansas and Florida. Other states have laws forbidding the sale of liquor within a certain distance of a school, or to minors, to persons of notoriously intemperate habits, etc. Even where extreme opinions on the subject are not held, there is yet a general consensus of sentiment in favor of placing the traffic under regulation.

The Fifteen Amendments.

M. Rutland, Augusta, Kan.:

What are the fifteen amendments to the constitution of the United States? Please give a short synopsis of each and the time of their adoption?

The first ten amendments were adopted in 1791, and were as follows: First—Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress or grivance. Second—A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed. Third—No soldier shall in time of peace be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law. Fourth—The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized. Fifth—No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall he be required in any criminal case to be a witness against himself; nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation. Sixth—In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense. Seventh—In suits at Common Law where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of Common Law. Eighth—Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines be imposed, nor cruel, nor unusual punishments inflicted. Ninth—The enumeration, in the constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained be the people. Tenth—The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people. The Eleventh amendment was adopted in 1798, and is: The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another state, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state. The twelfth amendment was adopted in 1804, and is: The electors shall meet in their respective states and vote by ballot for President and vice-President, one of whom at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves. They shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as vice-President, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the President of the United States Senate, who shall, in the presence of the Senate and House, open all the certificates and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no such person have a majority, then from the persons having the highest number not exceeding three on the list of those voted for as president the House shall choose immediately a President. But in choosing the President the vote shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote, a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House shall not choose a President before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice President shall act as President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice President shall be Vice President. If not, the Senate shall choose the Vice President from the two highest on the list. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice President of the United States. Thirteenth was adopted in 1865. The thirteenth amendment is: Sec. 1. Neither slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation. The fourteenth amendment was adopted in 1868, and is: Sec. 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the states in which they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of any citizen thereof, nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, or deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the law. Sec. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several states according to their respective members, counting the whole number of persons in each state, including Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, representatives in congress, the executive and judicial officers of a state, or the members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such state, being 21 years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens 21 years of age in such state. Sec. 3. No person shall be a senator or representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any state, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any state legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any state, to support the constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid and comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a two-thirds vote of each house, remove such disability. Sec. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including the payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion shall not be questioned. But neither the United States or any other state shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave, but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void. Sec. 5. That Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article. The fifteenth amendment was adopted in 1870 and is: Sec. 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Josh Billings.

H. M. C., Jamestown, N. Y.:

Do you know who Josh Billings was, and a history of his life. Is he dead or alive?

The death of H. W. Shaw, generally known as "Josh Billings," seems to call for a more distinct and earnest recognition of his peculiar merit as a thinker than has yet been given. In something like a quarter of a century, during which he has been constantly before the public, not only as a lecturer, but as a writer under a score of unsuspected pseudonyms, there can not be found a single instance, so far as known, in which he has yielded to the temptation which always besets the professional humorist, to raise a laugh at the expense of decency or good morals. At a time when wit has become sadly debased, and humor has taken on a peculiarly gross and degrading flavor, this quaint-minded maker of homely proverbs has coined maxims by the thousand which enforced with singular appositeness those common virtues which the age seemed in danger of forgetting. A contemporary says of him that "he will be remembered chiefly as a humorist whose success was dependent largely upon his defiance of the rules of orthography." In a sense this may be true. He no doubt attracted attention and moved men to laughter by a skillful mimicry of homely errors. But he very rarely forgot to barb the shaft of his wit with some wholesome truth which thereby found lodgment in many natures otherwise unassailable. Hypocricy, chicannery, and pretensiousness were favorite marks for his ridicule; but humble faith, common honesty and patriotic devotion never received a stab at his hands. He resembled Æsop not a little in the stern rigor of his morality, but instead of withering with a comparison that turned and stung, he forced even his victim to laugh at his own folly or admit, with an almost involuntary grin, his shame. As an apostle of rugged manhood and of the virtues of humble life he has no peer among the humorists of our day, and, I fear, few imitators. Probably no other man ever uttered so many curious proverbs, or clothed so many common truths in such quaint and attractive guise. So many of them have become a part of the current coin of our common though that one hardly thinks of crediting him with them.

As a moralist he was of the most unobtrusive character. He did not make his fun a mere vehicle for wisdom, but made his wisdom intrinsically funny. He did not tell a story merely to float a moral, but made the moral the attractive feature of his little sententious sayings. He condensed columns into sentences instead of expanding sentences into columns. His proverbs are a thesaurus of funny ideas from which other humorists have drawn very freely.

His sympathy with common life was as genuine and thorough as his knowledge of its conditions. He relished homely wit and saw that it did not need its too common garb of coarseness in order to be appreciated. He saw, too, that the wisdom as well as the wit of the chimney-corner owed something of its attractiveness to its homely garb. The sort of cryptographic disguise with which he hid the point of every epigram was not only a work of genius in itself, but was managed with exquisite skill. This is the true art of the true proverbialist, and is the rarest of all literary qualities. Indeed, proverbs, which are the concentrated wisdom of the ages, derive much of their merit from the rarity of this quality. Story-tellers have always been abundant. The art of printing only transferred the skill of the novelist from his tongue to his pen. Philosophers have always abounded—men whose didactic monologue sparkled with every shade of mental light. What the parable is to fictitious narrative the proverb is to philosophic disquisition. There are few men who can write either. They are the nuggets which sink down through the drift of ages, and lodge on the bed-rock of the world's life. So highly are they prized that a book of them, gathered no man knows how, out of the traditions of man's early life, has been adopted as a part of the sacred canon.

Josh Billings not only worked the gulches of common thought with success, but he had an intuitive perception of the truths that would be found there. His success was not the result of accident, but of a most carefully cultivated literary art as well as a genuine philosophic bent. His study was not only seen in his individual and collective character, but in the most delicate and elusive phases of human life—the subtle springs of motive. He saw and fixed in phrase so quaint that one is half at a loss to know how far his knowledge reaches, the very impulses that a man hides even from himself.

However this may be, one thing is sure, the American platform has lost in him an element and an influence it can ill afford to spare. With all his eccentricity he would not be a clown; with all the disadvantage of early association he hated whatever was low and mean; with all the temptation of the humorist to debase his powers he culled only honey from the very garbage of life, leaving its foulness to be dissipated by oblivion. He sweetened thousands of lives with kindly humor which will not be wanting in its influence on coming generations. His laughter was a scourge to meanness and an unconscious spur to honesty. The world is all the better for his having lived and laughed. Few jesters have had a finer wit; not one a more manly nature.

Federal Troops.

J. B. Hyatt, Ducktown, Tenn.:

1. What is the cause of the glow on rotten wood, or punk?
2. Give the number of Federal soldiers that each state furnished, including colored soldiers.
3. Give the name and politics of each representative to the Fiftieth Congress from the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Missouri.

1. Fox fire, as it is called, is produced by the decaying vegetation in and about the wood. The same phenomena is witnessed in marshes where decomposed animals are found. It is a kind of phosphorescence. 2. Connecticut 57,379, colored 1,764; Maine 72,114, colored 104; Massachusetts 152,048, colored 3,966; New Hampshire 34,629, colored 125; Rhode Island 22,699, colored 1,837; Vermont 35,262, colored 120; New Jersey 81,010, colored 1,185; New York 467,047, colored 4,125; Pennsylvania 366,107, colored 8,612; Colorado 4,903, colored 95; Dakota 206; Illinois 259,157 colored 1,811; Indiana 197,147, colored 1,537; Iowa 76,309, colored 420; Kansas 20,151, colored 2,080; Michigan 89,372, colored 1,387; Minnesota 25,052, colored 104; Nebraska 3,157; New Mexico, 6,561; Ohio, 319,659, colored 5,092; Wisconsin 26,424, colored 165; California, 15,725; Nevada, 1,080; Oregon, 1,810; Washington territory, 964; Delaware 13,670, colored 954; District of Columbia 16,872, colored 3,269; Kentucky 79,025, colored 23,703; Maryland 50,316, colored 8,718; Missouri 109,118, colored 8,344; West Virginia 32,068, colored 196; Alabama 2,576, colored 4,969; Arkansas 8,289, colored 5,526; Florida 1,290, colored 1,044; Louisiana 5,224, colored 3,486; Mississippi 545, colored 18,869; North Carolina 3,156, colored 5,035; South Carolina, colored, 5,462; Tennessee 31,092, colored 20,133; Texas 1,965, colored 47. 3. This is the second time you have asked about the representatives from the states of Missouri, Pennsylvania and New York. You will find the representatives of these states in the BLADE of August 4. The others are, with the districts they represent, as follows: Illinois—1, R. W. Dunham, R.; 2, Frank Lawler, D.; 3, Wm. E. Mason, R.; 4, George F. Adams, R.; 5, Albert J. Hopkins, R.; 6, Robert R. Hett, R.; 7, T. J. Henderson, R.; 8, Ralph Plumb, R.; 9, Lewis E. Payson, R.; 10, Philip J. Post, R.; 11, Wm. H. Gest, R.; 12, George A. Anderson, D.; 13, Wm. M. Springer, D.; 14, John H. Rowell, R.; 15, Joseph G. Cannon R.; 16, Selas D. Landis, D.; 17, Edward Lane, D.; 18, Jehu Baker, R.; 19, R. W. Townshend, D.; 20, J. R. Thomas, R. Indiana—1, Alvin P. Hovey, R.; 2, John H. O'Neill, D.; 3, John G. Howard, D.; 4, Wm. S. Holman, D.; 5, C. C. Matson, D.; 6, Thomas M. Browne, R.; 7, Wm. D. Bynum, D.; 8, J. T. Johnston, R.; 9, Jas. B. Cheadle, R.; 10, Wm. D. Owen, R.; 11, George W. Steele, R.; 12, James B. White, R.; 13, Benjamin F. Shively, D. Kansas—1, E. N. Morrill, R.; 2, E. H. Funston, R.; 3, B. W. Perkins, R.; 4, Thomas Ryan, R.; 5, John A. Anderson, R.; 6, E. J. Turner, R.; 7, Samuel R. Peters, R. Michigan—1, J. L. Chapman, D.; 2, John D. Long, D.; 3, James O'Donnell, R.; 4, J. C. Burrows, R.; 5, M. H. Ford, D.; 6, M. S. Brewer, R.; 7, J. R. Wheting, D.; 8, T. T. Tarsney, D.; 9, B. M. Cutcheon, R.; 10, Spencer O. Fisher, D.; 11, Sith C. Mo?att, R.

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TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Governors of South Carolina.

A. B., Axtell, Neb.:

Will you be so kind as to give me a list of the governors of South Carolina?

Charles Pinkney, 1790-92; A. Vanderhorst, 1792-94; William Moultrie, 1794-96; C. Pinckney, 1796-98; Edward Rutledge, 1798-1800; John Drayton, 1800-1802; J. B. Richardson, 1802-1804; P. Paul Hamlinton, 1804-1806; C. Pinckney, 1806-1808; John Drayton, 1808-10; H. Middleton, 1810-12; H. Allston, 1812-14; D. B. Williams, 1814-16; A. Pickens, 1816-18; J. Geddes, 1818-20; Thomas Bennett, 1820-22; J. L. Wilson, 1822-24; R. J. Manning, 1824-26; John Taylor, 1826-28; S. D. Miller, 1828-30; f. Hamilton, 1830-32; Robert F. Haynes, 1832-34; George McDuffie, 1834-36; Pierce M. Butler, 1836-38; P. Noble, 1838-40; B. H. Hennegan, 1840; I. P. Richardson, 1840-42; James H. Hammond, 1842-44; Wm. Aiken, 1844-46; David Johnson, 1846-48; W. B. Seabrook, 1848-50; John Means, 1850-52; John L. Manning, 1852-54; J. H. Adams, 1854-56; R. H. W. Alston, 1856-58; W. H. Gut, 1858-60; F. W. Pickens, 1860-62; M. L. Bowman, 1862-64; A. G. Magrath, 1864-65; Benj. F. Peny, 1865; James L. Orr, 1865-68; R. K. Scott, 1868-72; F. J. Moses, jr., 1872-75; H. Chamberlain, 1875-78; Wade Hampton, 1878-79; W. D. Simpson, 1879-81; Johnson Hagood, 1881-83; Hugh Thompson, 1883-85; John P. Richardson, 1885-87.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands' information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. M. A. L., Higland, Iowa:

Please tell me if "Nasby" is dead. I say not, as he had an article in my late paper, on giving back rebel flags. Was there any person signing himself "Nasby" beside Mr. Locke?

Mr. D. R. Locke has been in ill health, but is now rapidly improving. No person other than Mr. Locke wrote over "Nasby."

C. E. M., Laketon, Ind.:

Will you please give the christian name of Jeff Davis's daughter who made a trip to Washington and Richmond some time ago? 2. Has Gens. Wade Hampton or Beauregard ever acted with the Republicans or held federal offices since the late war?

1. Varina. 2. No.

S. J. C., Cherokee, Kan.:

How to prepare a gold solution by the battery process.

To prepare a gallon of gold solution, dissolve four ounces cyanide of potassium in one gallon water, and heat the solution to 150 degrees Fahreinhert. Now take a small porous cell and fill it with this cyanide solution, and place it inside the gallon of solution; into this cell is put a small plate of iron or copper, and attached by a wire to the zink pole of a battery. A piece of gold is placed into the large solution, facing the plate in the porous cell, and attached to the silver of the battery. The whole is allowed to remain in action until the gold, which is to be taken out from time to time and weighed, has lost the quantity required in solution.

O. E. C., Brillion, Wis.:

Will the BLADE tell a reader who is Nell Gwyn?

"Nell Gwin," whose real name was Eleanor Gwynn, was the mistress of Charles II. of England. She first gained her bread by singing from tavern to tavern, and was for years an orange girl, but gradually rose to be a popular actress at the Theater Royal. She was an exceedingly pretty woman. On her elevation she showed great gratitude to the poet Dryden, who had befriended her in her poverty. She was also faithful to her royal lover, and after his death, in 1685, retired from the world and passed the remainder of her life in seclusion. Her death occurred in 1691, and she was entombed with great pomp in the presence of sovereigns and dignitaries.

J. G., Atchison, Kan.:

Will the BLADE tell me if there was any origin to the "tune the old cow died on?"

In Scotland and the North of Ireland the saying of "the tune the died of" used to be common in the mouths of the peasantry, though all may not have understood its origin. It arose out of an old song:

There was an old man and he had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune—
Consider, good cow, consider;
This is no time of the year for the grass to grow—
Consider, good cow, consider.

The old cow died of hunger, and when any grotesquely melancholy tune or song is heard the North Country people say, "That is the tune the cow died of."

A Very Patient Boomer.

"Yes," he said wearily, "I've been in on the boom. I didn't intend to, but I had to get into it."

"Lucky?"

"Well, that is as it may be. I'm working yet and waitin'. They told me in San Diego to wait. I've got to."

"You've got something, anyway?"

"Yaas, I've got something. I bought a lot marked out on a map on a bran new town site with a fine name. I forget the name. After I'd jumped in and paid $50 for the lot, I thought I'd go and take a look at it. I got a guide and we drove and drove and drove. It seemed to me about a million miles, but all the way the guide pointed out to me land that was worth $500 and was going to be worth $100,000 an acre. Then we got on to the beach, and the surf was rolling in from the sea. 'We're coming to it now,' said the guide, And I saw a lot of stakes. 'That's your lot,' said he. 'Where?' said I. 'There,' said he. I didn't see anything but sea. 'Waves?' said I. 'Waves now, but the sea is receding at the rate of a foot every 10,000 years, and before you know where you are you'll own the water front of the most valuable part of San Diego.' 'Thank you,' said I. 'I'll come back in about 9,000 years and see how it's getting on.' And he gave me a copy of 'She' to read on the way back."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

New Use for Apples.

A new use for apples has been discovered which may interest the drinkers of champagne and Rhine wines. A prominent apple-grower of the eastern part of Rensselaer county has for several years past been running a large evaporator on what are known as "cider apples," a small, gnarly variety which the farmers usually consign to cider mills. These machines slice the apples, skin, core and all, very thin. These thin slices are then bleached white by the use of sulphur fumes. When thoroughly dry the evaporated apples are put into sugar barrels and packed as tight as they can be pressed, so that a single barrel will hold 200 pounds or 20 bushels of apples. These are then shipped to New York for transportation to Germany where they are ground up for the manufacture of what is known as cider, and it is generally understood that much of it enters into the composition of champagne, Rhine and other wines. It is said that when these evaporated apples are cut up and properly "doctored," the finest cider is produced. Last year over two car loads of dried apples were sent from one station alone on the Lebanon Springs railroad.—*Albany Journal.*

An Important Element

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can be easily proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

The Nationalists of county Limerick will hold a convention in the town hall on the 13th inst., to arrange for concerted opposition to any attempts to carry out the Coercion law.

LIFE ON UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

An Irish Servant Girl Details Her Experience in This Country.

I have lived out in this country for six years. I have had very good places, but do not feel contented here and I would be glad to get back to Ireland. I think most of the girls feel the same way. I have always made good wages, but money is not everything. I save my money and so do most of the girls I know, for we never know when we may have to send it home to help the old folks. Times are hard over there. And sometimes a girl will want to bring out a brother or sister whom she thinks can do better over here. They mostly don't, and wish they were back, but we try to help them all the same. As a general thing, girls are satisfied with their wages. It is easy to change if they are not, for there are plenty of places.

Some girls do not save much, but spend most all their wages on finery. I do not think they know how to shop very well. They think more of how a thing looks than of the quality. I have lived where there was a cook, but I never heard of her taking any money from the store people for getting them to serve food to the house. I do not believe it is a general thing. The mistress attends to all those things herself. It may be the case in very rich families, where the lady does not want to be bothered with seeing to anything, as the cook is more like a housekeeper.

We get every other Sunday and every other Thursday off for ourselves, from after dinner or lunch in the middle of the day till 10 o'clock. I think 10 o'clock is late enough for a girl to be out. I think they are mostly all satisfied with their time off. You see we are better off than shop-girls and factory-girls, who have to work all the time, and only have their evenings to themselves. Besides, I don't think housework is so tiresome as standing all day or running a machine, and it is healthier.

In most houses girls are allowed to see their friends at suitable times, but very few ladies like to have men hanging around the kitchen. I don't wonder at it, I am sure. The lady usually comes down the last thing at night to give orders for breakfast, or about the washing, or something, and it is not very nice to meet a great hulking man sitting there, and perhaps smoking, for they are very free and easy.

I have heard girls say that if they wanted male company they had to see them out of the house. And that is bad, too, for it keeps them up late.

The food we get is mostly good, plain but good; but I have heard girls tell about places where they have been where they scarcely got enough to eat, bad as it was, and that, too, in houses where you would think there was the best of everything, and plenty of it. Some people want to put all their money on their backs, and so, of course, the table suffers.

I have known of people who had a splendid house and furnished elegant, and always dressed in the height of the style, and yet the table was the meanest you ever saw. If they have such poor food themselves, of course the girl can't expect any better. There was one family who changed girls four or five times a month, and at last they couldn't get anybody to live with them except a greenhorn right off the vessel.

There is a good deal of gossip goes on between the girls about the people they live with. All their affairs are pretty well known. You see, the girls don't have much to interest them, and so they sort of take an interest in the concerns of the family they live with. That is sociable girls do. Some girls don't care a brass button about the people so long as they get their money al right. German and Swede girls are like that. Irish girls are more warm-hearted, and if people are kind to them they like them and will do a good deal for them. I don't mean to say that it is right to talk about the family outside, but sometimes a girl don't think, and it comes out before she knows it. She don't mean any harm. It is very hard for people to keep things from girls. They are around all the time, and see and hear everything almost. They generally like the gentleman of the house best, because he don't interfere with them.

Girls don't say much about getting married, even to each other. I guess the most of them think they would have just as hard work then as they do now, and a poorer place to do it in. When they do marry sometimes they do well, but often they have to get a place again after a while. Sometimes girls go to the country with a family and before they come back get engaged to marry a farmer. That generally does very well.

Girls do not care much to take second-hand clothing from a mistress unless it is pretty nice. They may take it, but they won't wear it.

Wages are better than they have been for some years; a good girl of all work gets $12 a month. If she can make desserts she gets $14. A good cook who can do everything gets $20, and a French cook $30. There is always good help to be had if people want to pay for it. The trouble is, some people think they can get a good girl for most nothing. It is cheaper for them to pay more and get a good one, for the cheap ones waste and break more than their wages' worth every month.

A good girl makes a settled home. She does not like to change round. It is only the poor trash who want to change, in hope of bettering themselves. I think the girls would be better, and take more interest in their work if the ladies treated them better. They generally get a miserable little room at the top of the house, with scarcely anything in it, hot in summer and cold in winter, and nobody takes any interest in them, not even to see that they keep their room clean. A girl can't have any home feeling where she is treated like that.

It is very seldom that a girl goes to any amusement. When she does, it is generally going to a picnic. Girls that live out are a class by themselves. They visit one another, but do not associate with shop-girls that work at sewing. They have it easy when the family are away for the summer. There is scarcely anything to do and they get half wages.—*The Epoch.*

The New Self Treatment at Home.

Afflicted women who want a reputable, sure, safe and pleasant remedy for female irregularities will find such clearly described in English medical publications. Sent free. Address Esray Hall & Co., 56 Warren St., N. Y., Box 1703.

Danger of a Cipher Code.

Very amusing stories have been told of the "ciphers" that families have adopted to curtail the expense of the ocean-cable telegrams. This as told by *Truth* is the best we have seen. *Truth* relates that when Mrs. Cecil Clay (Miss Rosina Vokes) went to England to see her friends, get some new dresses, and generally prepare herself for the coming theatrical season in this country, her husband compiled a private telegraph code to be used between them during her absence in England. The code was most comprehensive, and in Mr. Clay's opinion absolutely perfect. It provided for every conceivable contingency, and whole sentences could be covered in one word. For instance, "Plum" would mean "I am perfectly well, and spent a lovely day up the river yesterday," whereas "Prunes" would signify, "I was thrown off of a tricycle and fractured my occiput." Both Mr. and Mrs. Clay were delighted with the completeness of their code, and the former was even more convinced of its beauty when a day or two ago he received the first dispatch by it. The message ran: "Gosh, rats, barkeeper, gratz, cully." Mr. Clay then for the first time discovered that he had omitted the slight precaution of providing himself with the key to his own code—the original and sole copy being in the possession of Mrs. Clay 3,000 miles away. The bewildered husband is at a loss to know whether a large estate has been left him, whether his lovely wife has broken a leg, or he is the happy father of triplets, or what the deuce has happened.

And She Didn't Say.

Mrs. Wayup was telling her guests the other evening how she was being persuaded by her husband to have her hair cut short.

"But," she concluded, "I do so hate to part with my hair."

Just then the 5 year-old demon entered.

"What do you want, Johnnie?"

"Why, Nell is up-stairs, and she wants to know which hair you will wear to-night, for she wants the dark shade if you don't."

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

GEORGIA NOTES.

A Nearly White "Nigger's" Personal Observations and Experiences.

E. T. Fleming in New York Independent.

A fair and impartial statement of a few facts will show who is responsible for caste, and how much equal rights a negro has in Georgia, Mr. Grady and the *Constitution* to the contrary notwithstanding.

For ten years I have labored among my race (I mean the negro part of it), and of a truth thousands in the back counties and outside the cities are exceedingly low in ignorance, superstition and sin; many practice conjuration and "voodooism." For a number of years I was a revenue officer, and I have traveled extensively among the illiterate and poorer classes of whites. Their condition, intellectually and morally, is but little better than that of the negroes.

THE CURSE OF IGNORANCE.

Great numbers of negroes, from their ignorance of moral law, think it no sin to violate marriage vows. I know many men and women who have mutually agreed to separate, and have each taken up with another. They call each union the relation of husband of husband and wife. Some of these have changed three and four times within my knowledge. I know a great many who have thus separated and had from two to five so-called husbands and wives, and think it no sin. Again, it is a very common thing among the great mass of the ignorant of our race to firmly believe that all one can borrow or procure credit for is that much gain, and they do not think it *un-Christain* never to repay. The beating of one's wife is considered just, and not *un-Christian*, by hundreds. The standard of virture is very low; numbers do not think it *un-Christian* to be unchaste. In a vast number of our churches the emotional nature of the people is played upon by superstition, and there is a regular pandemonium, so to speak, so that the minister's voice is rarely heard above the confusion and noise. Prayers are made at the top of the voice, and all kinds of gesticulations too ludicrous and ridiculous to be described. I have seen two preachers stop at a barroom, and purchase a flask of whisky before attending a funeral, "for to gyard agin de desease." There is a continued quarrel between multitudes, the only cause being: "I'm Baptis'"; "I ain't, I'm Mefodis'." And these quarrels run into all kinds of scandal imaginable.

"THE BLESSED SCHOOLS."

These are facts, and from them any fair and honest mind will conclude that we "need Christianizing," not only "at the hands of our northern neighbor," but from all that God will send to our aid. The above facts refer to the bulk of our people, that have not had the advantages of our blessed schools. We are progressing very rapidly, and will prove to the world, through our lives and labor of the future, that we are susceptible of the highest Christian cultivation, and will yet reach that high standard of religious civilization taught by the blessed Christ. God bless the friends that placed among us such schools as Clark university, Gammon school of Theology, Atlanta university, and the Baptist seminaries! These grand schools, with their corps of "Christianizers," are doing a great work for the elevation of the negro to a "perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." God bless them!

THE SUPERIOR RACE.

A few facts concerning our "brother in white." I have seen a white school-teacher sitting on his table with shirt sleeves rolled up, no coat on, hearing his classes recite. I have slept in white men's houses, where the house consisted of one room and the families from five to nine persons; the whole family and visitors, male and female, married and unmarried, old folks, young folks and children, all together with a few cats and the usual yellow dog, sleeping, cooking and eating in that one room. In more than twenty counties of this state I have seen broils, drunkenness, cutting and shooting affrays carried on by our white brothers around the house of God on the Sabbath during service. I have seen seven drunken fights in passing through a village of about two hundred and fifty white inhabitants between the hours of 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning. There were a very few negroes living in the village. It is an open secret that a large number of white men cohabit with negro mistresses, and in many cases it is winked at by the church. All of the above statements are facts, truths too patent and flagrant to be denied by any honest and conscientious mind. I will not say that a multitude of our "brothers in white" "need Christianizing," but leave the judgment to be pronounced by an impartial public.

THE COLOR LINE IN PRACTICE.

I have been sent to the back seat in a dusty corder of the galleries of more than 25 churches in this state, a few of them here in Atlanta, simply because I have a very little negro blood in my veins. I have been ejected from coaches on railroad trains a number of times in this state, twice with my wife and children, and made to go into a coach where all kinds of obscene language was freely used, and smoking was carried on by a low type of the Southern gentry, for no cause but being born a negro. I have been refused shelter under a common awning, from a storm of sleet and snow, for no other cause than the fact that I have negro blood in me. On one occasion I stepped into the waiting saloon where a number of white persons were sitting around a cheerful fire. It was cold and raining outside, and I had been in but a few minutes when one remarked, "That's a nig-gah;" it was but a few moments before I was invited, with the remark that "white folks don't soshate wid nig-gahs, and you can't set in heah." Colored teachers in the city public schools, although of the same ability, and working the same number of hours, receive but little more than half the pay of the white teachers. I do not suppose you can find a negro of average intelligence, with a spark of real manhood, that desires the fusion of the races; yet we beg and protest and pray against the snares and traps laid out for our best women, and that they may cease to be the special prey of our white brethren. There is a law in this state against bastardy: if violated by two negroes it is enforced, and one goes to the penitentiary: if violated by two white persons a redress is made to the injured: if violated by a male white person and a negro woman, nothing is said or thought of it. I ask in the name of common justice why is it?

THE CHAIN-GANG BILL.

Mr. Glenn, of Whitfield county, has just succeeded in passing his education bill, which prohibits the education of the races together by fine and imprisonment.

In his speech before the house he condemned with the strongest language our best school for negro education, and the action of Judge Lumkin for sending to prison missionaries to the Indians and said the bill was the outgrowth of the Southern policy; that Georgia and the South were willing to give "equal rights, but not identical rights."

"The color line shall never be wiped out," and, said he, "I have no apology to make for this remark. * * * There is no danger to the negro as long as he follows the rules of the old colored people of the long by-gone days, but there is great danger of his life when he forces himself up for recognition." "What care we for the indignation of the North or even the world. Why, we do not care for the opinion of the North; this is Southern policy, and standing upon that I ask you to wipe out all the possibility of the co-education of the races."

This gentleman had a packed gallery and house to hear him. I heard him cheered time and again when referring to the Northern feeling on the negro equality.

Now, there is a law in Georgia, on her statute books, which declares every person with not more than one-eighth of negro blood to be a white man. Hundreds of children are being born which are legally white but socially "niggers." The bill militates against them, for it denies to them school privileges.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

The Judge Enforced His Own Order.

It was in Sabine county, Tex., a few years before the late war.

Judge R—— was holding court on the second floor of a building. On the first floor a gambling bank was in full blast, and the players annoyed the court very much by their wrangling. After several ineffectual attempts by the officer of the court to enforce order the judge left his bench, entered the gambling room and took a hand in the game. An hour later he re-entered the court room and, throwing a small sack of money on his desk, placidly remarked:

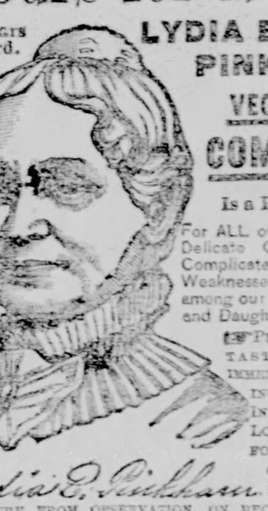
"This court has got to have order, and I'm going to have it even if I have to bust the bank again every day."

The court had strict order during the remainder of the session.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Outward and Visible Sign.

An Albany child astonished a clergyman who called on her mother recently. The clergyman asked the little one if she had been baptized. She at once replied in the affirmative and drawing up her sleeve said: "There is the mark."

Yours for Health



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Is a Positive Cure

For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS, IMMEDIATE AND LASTING IN ITS EFFECT. IN LIQUID, PILL OR LOZENGE FORM, (6 FOR $5.) EITHER OF THE LATTER SENT BY MAIL SECURE FROM OBSERVATION, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

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MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*

ITS MERITS KEEP UP THE SALE.

IT IS A BLESSING TO OVERWORKED WOMEN. IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. CURES LEUCORRHŒA. MENSTRUAL PERIODS PASSED *without* PAIN.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It.

IT REVIVES THE DROOPING SPIRITS, INVIGORATES AND HARMONIZES THE ORGANIC FUNCTIONS, GIVES ELASTICITY AND FIRMNESS TO THE STEP, RESTORES THE NATURAL LUSTER TO THE EYE, AND PLANTS ON THE PALE CHEEK OF WOMAN THE FRESH ROSES OF LIFE'S SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER TIME.

WEARY WOMEN PRAISE IT.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does ALL it claims to do. It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

THE *Woman's Sure Friend* FOR ALL DELICATE AND COMPLICATED TROUBLES. LADIES IT WILL NOT PERFORM SURGICAL OPERATIONS OR CURE CANCER, BUT IT WILL UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE. THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

All Sold by Druggists.

MRS. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS AND TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, 25 CENTS.

INSTINCT OF AN OLD RAT.

Willing to Risk Her Own Life to Save Those of Her Offspring.

On a very warm day in early summer I happened to be standing near a chicken coop in a back yard when I noticed the head of a very gray and grizzled rat thrust from a neighboring rat hole and concluded to watch the movements of the veteran. After a careful survey of the surroundings our old rodent seemed to be satisfied that all was right, and made a cautious exit from the home retreat. A fresh pan of water had been recently placed before the chicken coop, and the water looked a friendly invitation to the thirsty old rat, which immediately started toward it.

The rat had not reached the pan before five half-grown young ones rushed ahead and tried to be the first at the water. The old rat thereupon immediately made a leap like a kangaroo and was at the edge of the dish in advance of the foremost of her litter. Then ensued a most remarkable occurrence. The mother rat raised herself on her haunches and bit and scratched her offspring so severely whenever they attempted to reach the water that they all finally scudded away, evidently very much astonished and frightened at the strange and unaccountable behavior of their mother. When the little ones were at a safe distance the reasons for her extraordinary behavior began to be revealed at once in the intelligent action of the old rat.

She first wetted her whiskers in the water, looked suspiciously about her, then very cautiously and carefully took a dainty little sip of the liquid. She tasted it as tentatively and critically as a professional tea-taster, and when she was satisfied that it contained no poison or other deleterious matter she gave a couple of squeaks, which quickly brought her young and thirsty brood to her side, and all fearlessly drank to their fill. Does not this look very like reason?—*American Naturalist.*

There Is No "Soda" Water.

Let not the scientist despise this paragraph as a "chestnut." It is meant for him, but for the millions who do not "know it all." Soda water is an anomaly. Its language is at variance with its chemical analysis. There is no form of soda in it. It is but ordinary water stuffed with gas, the pressure that is brought to bear varying from about 200 pounds to the square inch, as in the soda supplied first-class barrooms and clubs, to 60 pounds, as in that supplied the street stands as a rule. Aside from the difference in the quantity of the flavoring syrups, cost is a mere matter of pressure, which calls for additional agitation of the gaseous fluid, which in turn calls for more time and turns. The carbonic acid gas with which the water is charged under pressure is evolved from the action of common oil of vitriol upon a paste made of ordinary whiting, or it may be of marble dust, as that and whiting are alike cheap carbonates of lime. Soda powders, once in vogue, were composed of bicarbonate of soda and tartaric acid, two things which, added to Rochelle salts, constitutes the familiar seidlitz powder. It is because it was originally made of soda powders that soda water received the name it still retains, although the bicarbonate is no longer added, unless as a fancy by some few manufacturers. It is as well for the heavy drinker of soda water, or rather carbonated water, that bicarbonate is now absent, as the average cook puts quite as much soda into every-day food as is wholesome for the average human stomach.

Don't Laugh at Nervous People.

Their sufferings are very real, although you, with your vigorous physique and strong nerves, can scarcely believe it. Rather suggest the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters which, in removing every trace of dyspepsia, and regulating the liver and bowels, strikes at and extirpates the most prolific cause of chronic nervous trouble. That nerve-shattering disease, fever and ague, is among the formidable ailments, to the removal of which this genial remedy is specially adapted. Nervous prostration, resulting from prolonged mental or physical effort, is also a state of the system where the intervention of this tonic is very desirable, more particularly as its use is to quiet and relax the tension of overwrought nerves. The Bitters are invaluable in rheumatism, neuralgia and kidney troubles. Employ no substitute for it.

Related to Mrs. Partington.

A good story is told of a woman who could not understand English as well as many others, nor could she speak it well. A certain minister needed a servant at his home, and in response to an advertisement a well-dressed young woman called upon him. The divine asked if she had any recommendations. The young woman referred him to the lady whose English was defective. She had given her friend a pretty good character when the minister asked:

"Are you sure that she is neat and tidy?"

Well," answered the woman, "I'm not positive she can knit a tidy, but I know that she can crochet some."

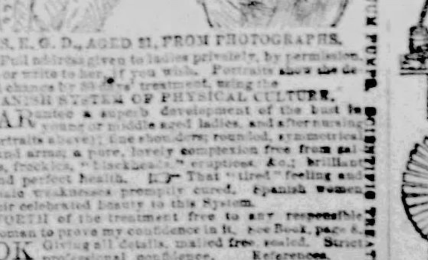
The minister hastened home so well pleased that he hired the girl without further questioning.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

FACE, HANDS, FEET,

and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Est'd 1870.



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Full address given to ladies privately, by permission. Call on or write to her, if you wish. Portraits show the delightful change by six weeks' treatment, using the SPANISH SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

GUARantee a superb development of the bust in young or middle aged ladies, and after nursing (see portraits above); fine shoulders; rounded, symmetrical limbs and arms; a pure, lovely complexion free from sallowness, freckles, "blackheads," eruptions, &c.; brilliant eyes and perfect health. That "tired" feeling and all female weaknesses promptly cured. Spanish women owe their celebrated beauty to this System.

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JACKSON, Miss., April 29, 1887.

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Gentlemen—I have been an invalid pensioner for forty years, having contracted pulmonary and other diseases in the Mexican War, but not till the 1st of March, 1875, did I feel any symptoms of rheumatism. On that day I was suddenly stricken with that disease in both hips and ankles. For twenty days I walked on crutches. Then the pain was less violent, but it shifted from joint to joint. For weeks I would be totally disabled, either on one side of my body or the other. The pain never left me a moment for eleven years and seven months—that is from March 1, 1875, when I was first attacked, to October 1, 1886, when I was cured. During these eleven years of intense suffering I tried innumerable prescriptions from various physicians, and tried everything suggested by friends, but if I ever received the least benefit from any medicine taken internally or externally, I am not aware of it. Finally, about the first of September, I made arrangements to go to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, having despaired of every other remedy, when I accidentally met an old acquaintance, Mr. King, now of the Lawrence House of this city. He had once been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and, as I supposed, had been cured by a visit to Hot Springs. But when I met him he told me that his visit to the Hot Springs was in vain—he found no relief. On his return from Hot Springs he heard, for the first time, of the S. S. S. as a remedy for rheumatism. He tried it and six bottles made a complete cure. Several years have passed since, but he has had no return of the disease.

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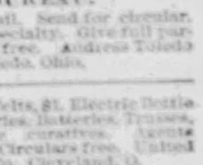

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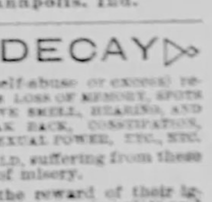

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TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

THE INCREASE OF TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT.

There are perhaps two points upon which the average man is a bigot. These are, his religious views, and his politics. It is with the fewest number that an argument attacking either the one or the other can be brought forward and discussed without an unreasonable warmth of feeling is displayed in return. There is a steady progress—an evolution, if you will—going on steadily in men's views on both these subjects; but the average man of decided convictions will not endure an attack upon the position he may hold with equanimity.

This state of things stands in the way of the rapid growth of the political Prohibitionists. The change in public sentiment regarding the Rum traffic—the wakening of the public conscience to the innumerable evils and miseries that Rum entails upon mankind—is going steadily onward. Every true friend of Prohibition rejoices at this, and aids it by every means in his power. But there is a choice of means. People must be led to examine the question by an appeal to their judgment, not by an attack upon their politics. It is not a political question, but one of economics and morals—and of religion, too, if you choose.

It is contrary to human nature for a man to give due weight to line of argument which begins by a wholesale denunciation of the political party to which he belongs. Yet this blunder is the course adopted by the political Prohibitionists. Their first charge is that both the Democratic and Republican parties are "whisky" parties. They err in treating these great parties as integral, when they are composite. Take any leading and distinctive tenet of either party, and there are nearly as many shades of opinion concerning it in that party's ranks as there are individuals composing them. This error of considering a party as an integer is supplemented by the error of assuming that if a party has made no authoritative declaration of its belief upon any subject, that it necessarily must be against it. A party is not an individual entity; it is an agglomeration of voters, each of whom in a general way answers affirmatively to the party platform.

Now there are, for instance, in the Republican party, thousands and tens of thousands of men who believe in Prohibition. To say to these men that their party is a "Rum" party, is to antagonize them at once. They know that it is not true that all its members favor Rum; they know it is not true that the party has even pronounced for Rum in its platforms. They can see that it is wrong to make a wholesale charge; that it must be true of substantially all of the party's members to make it true of the party—and hence they resent the false imputation. It is too often the blunder of a reformer to consider man as being what he would have him to be—not as what he really is. Instead of showing him what he should be, and teaching him to become so, the reformer attacks him with a wrong conception of what he really is.

It the speedy triumph of Prohibition is to be brought about, the theory that the first thing to be done is for the man to change his politics, and the second to work for more political converts—and that nothing is to be done for Prohibition till the party thus to be created has a numerical majority—will have to be abandoned. Such dogmatic assertions build up an enmity to Prohibition itself. If the efforts that are thus wasted in endeavoring to destroy old parties were spent in working to bring a realizing sense of the need of Prohibition on economic and moral grounds, much greater progress would be made. But perhaps these people who are spending all their efforts in this direction can do nothing else. It is easy to destroy. It requires no particular ability to pull down, whereas it takes talent to construct enduringly.

There is a vast field open for intelligent, sagacious work, in convincing a majority of the people of this country that Prohibition is the best plan which can be employed against the evils of Rum and the Rum traffic. These evils are clearly seen by very many who are not, however, thereby convinced of the necessity or wisdom of Prohibition. There is a very large class who admit these evils, but who believe that the drinker himself is the one to blame. They hold that a man should be strong enough to resist the temptation to drunkenness and dissipation. Then there is another large class which is in favor of restrictive measures of various kinds—taxation, high license, and possibly other legal restraints. We are afraid that a majority of all the voters of the country at the present time, if the question were presented to them, would vote for some such measure.

But these positions are not finalities. Taxation and high license are but milestones on the road to Prohibition. The inadequacy of these methods to effect any real abatement of the curse will be demonstrated—is already demonstrated in those states or communities where they have had a thorough trial. The masses will be led, step by step, to the inevitable conclusion that Prohibition is the only final solution of the problem. The march of public opinion will not stop short of that point. There is no danger of a prolonged halt. The attitude of the Rum Power itself will force Prohibition. It is constantly the aggressor, and constantly losing ground. It is impatient of all restriction. It fights to the bitter end against any legislative regulation, and constantly works to influence the law-making power in its own selfish interests. No sooner is a restrictive law enacted, than the Rum Power unscrupulously violates it. The Rumsellers are not only dissatisfied with license laws, which protect their nefarious traffic, but evade and defy them. Such opposition not only to these laws, but the bold defiance of the Sunday law, and other statutes generally observed by all other men, can have but one effect—to band all decent citizens against them.

We find a significant admission of the potency of this reckless and law-defying element among the Rumsellers, in the letter of D. C. KELLER, in which he resigns the presidency of the State Liquor league of Pennsylvania. While claiming that, so long as the liquor traffic is sanctioned by law, those employed in the traffic have a right to organize for the maintenance of their legal rights, he says he was confronted by an element in the league "bent on setting the law at defiance," and that their "disgraceful efforts were simply arousing public sentiment against our organization." Every one knows that this is true; that the saloon violates law every day, and efforts are being continually made to evade laws necessary to the government of any business whatsoever.

The Rum Power is thus constantly increasing the forces opposed to it. It is an efficient aid to those who are laboring in behalf of Prohibition. It has set in motion the forces that eventually will crush it. The people will speedily find that high license, that taxation, are not effective in overcoming the evils of Rum, and, inspired to thorough and radical measures by the utter defiance of law and contempt for its authority, will reach the inevitable conclusion that there is but one remedy—by enforcing Prohibition, to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

COL. BLANTON DUNCAN AND THE SECOND ADVENT.

We publish to day the introductory article, by Col. BLANTON DUNCAN, of Louisville, Kentucky, on the interpretation of the prophecies concerning the second coming of CHRIST. That it will prove most absorbingly interesting to al Christians, goes without saying. This article simply clears the ground, and states what he proposes to prove in the succeeding article. This is entirely new ground, and we respectfully direct the attention of all readers interested in the question of how long the world shall yet endure to the article.

The view taken is entirely new. The exegetical writers of Protestantism have uniformly taken Rome as the mystical "Babylon" of the prophecies of Revelation; that some coming Pope is the Antichrist, and the Roman Catholic church is the "beast" with seven heads and ten horns, which JOHN saw in the grand prophetic vision vouchsafed him in his exile on the rocky Isle of Patmos.

Col. DUNCAN believes this to be an error. The city of Constantinople, the Byzantium of the Greeks, is, according to him, to be "Babylon," the Greek, and not the Roman, church the persecuting "beast," and the Czar the real Antichrist.

FREE TRADE MEANS LOW WAGES.

The New York *Times* advances the following argument for free trade:

> Under free trade and labor at $1 per day for harvest hands wheat could be produced on the plains of Northern Dakota from 16 to 16 cents per bushel, the price varying with the yield.

The facts here so candidly admitted by one of the leading free trade organs of the country, that free trade will reduce wages largely, is the very reason that the Republican party opposes it. Our workingmen of all classes are better paid than those of any other country in the world. Yet we have constant strikes and labor agitations because they are not higher. Are all the men in the United States who labor for wages or a salary, prepared to stand a reduction of 20 to 25 per cent. in their income?

The plea that there would be a reduction in the cost of articles that they have to buy sufficient to equalize this, is a fallacious one. The reduction of the tariff to a practical free trade basis would have no such result. Look over the list of household expenses, and see what proportion is composed of "protected" articles. The reduction of the tariff would not reduce the rent of your house, nor the price of fuel: it would not affect the price of meat, nor garden vegetables, nor domestic fruits, nor many other articles of food. In point of fact, we do not believe it would reduce the cost of living five per cent.

It is rare to find justice to the Republican party in an opposition sheet. In fact the exceptions are so few that they deserve mention when they occur. Below is an editorial paragraph from the Boston *Transcript*, a mugwump paper, which is worthy of reproduction on several accounts: First, for the fairness of the comparison between the Republican and Democratic parties; second, for its truth; third, because it marks the fact that the mugwumps have lost all faith in the possible carrying out of civil service reform by Mr. CLEVELAND. Here is the paragraph:

> There has not been a fairer test and basis of comparison between the Republican and the Democratic parties, and their respective fitness to control the government, than this case of Higgins. The Republican party had its Higgins in the person of Hubbell, though the latter was far above any such gross and vile criminalities as Higgins is publicly charged with having committed. Hubbell was a Higgins in so far as he openly and defiantly organized an assessment of government clerks for a political campaign fund, in the very teeth of President Hayes's then freshly promulgated civil service rules. What was the result? The Republican party, then possessing a strong majority in the House, although this majority was headed by Keifer, Robeson and other equally case-hardened opponents of snivel-service reform, at once showed works meet for repentance, and not only repudiated Hubbell on the spot and as soon as possible shelved Keifer and Robeson for good, but also passed stringent laws providing for heavy penalties against Hubbellism, by sweeping majorities in both houses. That was the way the Republican party, when called upon to deal with a Higgins, rose to its duty. Let us see what the Democrats are going to do. Their time of grace however, in this matter has been extended about as long as possible.

IN the face of the fact that we are heavily importing iron and steel, it is silly to talk of the tariff as a "wall" to keep out foreign goods—and idle to talk of reducing it. We have iron mines enough in the United States to supply all the iron needed on half a dozen globes like this, and yet here we are importing millions of tons, demanding in payment tens of millions of dollars, all for the glory of Great Britain. The iron and steel trade will have an inglorious collapse again in two or three years, and then it will be found that England has flooded this country with her surplus manufactures, and carried off our gold in exchange therefor.

THE Democratic papers are endeavoring to lie out of the fact that they have cleaned out the Indiana state treasury. Lying won't save them. It is a matter of official record that last year they used up $117,000 of this year's interest money to save the party's credit. Now the exposure comes in the inevitable deficiency in the general fund of the state. Indiana is but repeating the experience of Ohio under the Hoadly administration. The Democratic party does not seem to have leaders who possess the slightest business capacity.

JOHN B. DRAKE, the proprietor of the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, has just returned to that city from a two months' vacation trip to Portsmouth, N. H., Boston, and other New England points. Speaking on politics, he says:

> I noticed a general feeling among the people—mark you, not the politicians, but the people—that Bob Lincoln was the one destined to win the presidential race next year. They discuss him quietly among themselves. Of course that section of the country is full of Blaine men, but Lincoln is not without his supporters.

THE most absurd political statement we have seen this year is that of the Iowa Democratic platform, to the effect that "federal officials no longer neglect their duties for the manipulation of party politics." There were some fifty federal officeholders in the Pennsylvania state Democratic convention, for instance, and we have yet to hear of any Democratic officeholder neglecting to get in his work out of respect for the civil service law.

THE ISSUES IN 1888.

Upon what issues will the Presidential campaign of 1888 turn? That of 1884 was fought upon personalities; the principles avowed by the two great parties were lost sight of in a terrible shower of mud and filth. It is to be hoped that such a campaign will not soon be repeated. "Principles, not men," should be the watchword. The drift of political opinion this year—when state campaigns are but the preliminary skirmishes of the Presidential contest—is in the direction of a battle whereof the tariff and administrative reform shall be the issues.

The position of the Republican party upon the tariff question is well defined. It believes that the nation shall be industrially independent. It favors the protection of American manufacturers and American labor. The present tariff is admittedly defective. The national Republican platform of 1884 declared that if the party were put in power it should be properly revised and amended. That pledge it will fulfill when a majority of the House of Representatives are of its political faith. The tariff must be revised by the friends of protection, not by its enemies. Every Republican state convention this year has embodied a protective plank in its platform. To our mind, the Iowa plank is the clearest and best of these utterances. It is as follows:

> We continue to favor a protective tariff for the upbuilding of American industries and the development of all our resources as a nation. We also favor it for the protection of American labor, and in such degree as will maintain to such labor the advantage of the difference between the wages of the workingmen of Europe and America.

This recognizes clearly the fact that the protective feature of the tariff is the only means of maintaining the wages of all men receiving wages or a salary at a higher standard than obtains in European countries. It puts the degree of protection at this point—that the amount of the tariff shall be equal to the difference in the cost of production in America and elsewhere. We believe this position to be absolutely impregnable, and have no doubt that the national Republican convention next year will take substantially this position.

Correlated with the tariff, our chief means of providing for the ordinary expenses of the federal government and of paying the principal and interest of the war debt, is the question of the treasury surplus. The Democratic plea that the tariff shall be cut down in order to reduce the revenue and prevent the accumulation of the surplus, is not tenable on any sound business principle, for this reason: Just now there are no bonds that can be called until September 1, 1891, when the 4½s become due. If this Democratic policy were adopted, when that time comes we will have no means of raising money to pay the debt. It will become a permanent burden upon the country, drawing millions of interest yearly. The tariff must be preserved, if for no other reason, in order to provide means for wiping it out. The treasury policy, recently inaugurated, of going on the market, purchasing bonds and retiring them, with the payment of future interest with rebate, and possibly other of the measures which are available but have not yet been employed, will prevent any undue accumulation of money in the hands of the government, until the bonds again become subject to call.

The second great issue is that of administrative reform—or "civil service reform," if that phrase be more easily understood. The present administration went into power upon the pledge of GROVER CLEVELAND that this reform should be carried out. That he has failed, utterly and completely, to carry out this pledge, is a matter of history. That the great bulk of the Democratic leaders are hostile to it, is well known. They know that their own political careers will be ended as soon as the power of providing for the party hacks, the blowers and strikers, is taken away from them. Hence the Democratic party is hostile to this reform, and there is no hope of its being carried out so long as that party remains in power. CLEVELAND is almost alone in his advocacy of it, even if he be sincere. His party is stronger than himself, and he could do nothing, even it so disposed.

Hence the friends of administrative reform are turning to the Republican party—the party of progress and reform—with the hope that through its triumph it may be firmly established. It is to be remembered that the civil service act was passed and put in force under a Republican administration—and, further, that it was honestly and faithfully administered. The law is openly defied by the Democratic chiefs at Washington. Its execution is a roaring farce. There is no hope of reform from the corrupt Democracy; the Republican party must do the work, if it is to be done.

This fact is to be remembered that the vast majority of the people—outside of the fellows who want positions—do not care a rap whether the subordinate offices are filled by Democrats or Republicans. All the interest they have is that the work shall be honestly, properly and economically done. It is absurd to say that these offices should be filled by men "in sympathy with the political principles of the administration," in order that those principles shall be carried out. What can a clerk at his desk do for or against the tariff, for instance? His task is as definite as that of a book keeper in a wholesale grocery, and he has no more influence, one way or the other, than has the latter. What possible power can be exerted over the government by a fourth-class postmaster, sorting letters in his little office; a revenue clerk behind his desk; a postal route clerk, busy in his car with the mails; by any government employe, or official, outside of the chief executive officers, in whose hands is placed the real power?

None, of course; and the people know it. The vicious plan of making the offices the spoils of the victors leads to incompetent officials, corruption of all imaginable kinds, and the dominance of the worst element of the country. The masses are tired of all this, and will have no more of it. The spoilsmen may clamor, but they are outnumbered, ten to one, by the people who do not want office, but who desire efficient and economical public service. Civil service reform has come to stay, and the Republican party, already pledged to administrative reform, must reaffirm in the most sweeping and earnest manner, its sincere determination to accomplish it. It will be returned to power upon that issue in 1888, if it does so.

We repeat the assertion that the Presidential campaign will turn upon these two issues. All others will be but incidents in the campaign. Planted firmly upon a platform which unequivocally declares for a protective tariff, the measure of whose protection shall be the difference in actual cost of production between America and Europe, and also a sincere pledge to carry out the principles of civil service reform, the Republican party can not only elect the next President, but a majority of the Congress to be chosen on the same day.

THERE are something like 10,000 of the men who fought to crush the rebellion in the poor-houses of the country, eating the bread of paupers. The Republican party can demand nothing less than that this wrong shall be righted. We want legislation that will take these men out of the poor-houses.

THE old Abraham Lincoln homestead at Springfield, Ill., has been deeded by ROBERT L. LINCOLN to a board of trustees, and it will be kept as a memorial, filled with relics of the martyr President, in charge of a proper custodian. It will be a Mecca for all who love liberty, the world over.

THE NEW NAVY.

The September number of the *American Magazine* contains a timely illustrated article, entitled, "Our New Navy," describing in detail the vessels, complete and incomplete, belonging to what may be termed the new navy of the United States. The initial legislation was the act of Congress of March 3, 1883, authorizing the construction of four steel ships—the cruisers Chicago, Boston and Atlanta, and the dispatch boat Dolphin. The Chicago is of 4,000 tons displacement; the two other cruisers 3,000 tons each, and the Dolphin 1,500 tons. The latter is in service, the Chicago practically finished, and the others in progress. They are not iron-clads, but are built of American steel, about ½-inch thick.

In March, 1885, an act received Presidential signature authorizing the construction of five more unarmored steel cruisers. Three have been named—the Charleston, Baltimore and Newark—and the others are designated upon the naval list as gunboats Nos. 1 and 2. They are all under construction except the Newark, which has not yet been begun. The Charleston is building at San Francisco; the Baltimore and gunboat No. 1 at CRAMP's shipyard, Philadelphia; gunboat No. 2 at Baltimore. The Charleston will be a duplicate of the Naniwa-Kan, built for the Japanese navy in England, and which has proved the fastest vessel of her class in the world.

Besides these, the new navy will contain the five double-turreted monitors—the Terror, Puritan, Amphitrite, Miantonomoh and Monadnock—which were begun in 1874-5 and launched in 1883, before their turrets were built, and which have been waiting for further appropriations, which have lately been made.

In August, 1886, Congress authorized the building of five additional war vessels—two sea-going armored vessels of about 6,000 tons displacement; one partially-armored cruiser, of between 3,500 and 5,000 tons; one torpedo boat, and a pneumatic, dynamite gun cruiser. The designs have been drawn for the latter, and so far nothing has been done in the building of the other four.

On March 3, 1887, Congress passed an act making appropriations for the building of four more new vessels. Two are to be steel cruisers of about 5,000 tons each, and the other two gunboats of 1,700 tons each. The same act authorized the purchase of the famous fast steam yacht, Stiletto, to be converted into a torpedo boat. The purchase has been made, at $25,000.

This ends the muster-roll. Below we give the list of vessels in tabulated form, compiled from the official tables of the bureau of Naval Construction:

ARMORED VESSELS.

Vessels.	Material.	Displacement, tons.	Length, feet.	Knots per hour.	Horse power of engines.	Estimated cost.
Puritan	Iron	6,000	280	13¾	4,100	$2,300,970
Miantonomoh	"	3,887	250	10⅝	1,426	1,637,110
Amphitrite	"	3,887	250	10	1,600	1,590,930
Monadnock	"	3,887	250	10	1,600	1,592,849
Terror	"	3,887	250	10	1,600	1,891,077
Cruiser No.1	Steel	6,000	....	17	....	2,500,000
Cruiser No.2	"	6,000	....	17	....	2,500,000

UNARMORED VESSELS.

Vessels.	Material.	Displacem'nt, tons.	Length, feet.	Knots per hour.	Horse power of engines.	Estimated cost.
Chicago	Steel	4,500	315	15	5,000	$1,576,854
Boston	"	3,000	270	14	3,500	1,031,225
Atlanta	"	3,000	270	14	3,500	1,031,225
Dolphin	"	1,485	240	15	2,300	460,000
Charleston	"	3,730	300	18	7,500	1,017,500
Baltimore	"	4,413	315	19	10,500	1,325,000
Newark	"	4,083	310	18	8,500	$1,300,000
Gunboat No. 1	"	1,700	230	16	3,300	455,000
Gunboat No. 2	"	870	175	13	1,300	247,000
Cruiser No.1	"	5,000	....	19	....	1,500,000
" " 2	"	5,000	....	19	....	1,500,000
Gunboat No. 3	"	1,700	....	16	....	550,000
Gunboat No. 4	"	1,700	....	16	....	550,000
Torpedo boat	"	108	....	....	....	100,000
Stiletto	wood	356	94	26	....	25,000
Dynamite cruiser	steel	....	239	20	3,200	350,000

That this navy, even when completed, will be but a beginning, as shown clearly by the table given below, wherein our new armada is compared with the navies of the Great Powers of Europe:

	Armored Complete.	Armored Building.	Cruisers Complete.	Cruisers Building.	Torpedo Complete.	Torpedo Building.	Total.
Gt. Britain	51	12	62	13	84	74	296
France	49	13	64	10	70	70	276
Russia	25	4	26	3	124	15	197
Germany	23	..	23	6	61	33	146
Italy	15	7	8	4	56	38	128
Austria	12	2	10	..	33	12	69
Unit'd States	0	7	3	11	1	1	23

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

THE Pennsylvania Democratic state convention bestrides the fence on the tariff question. The RANDALL and the free trade wings can both stand on a plank as wide as the first one of the platform adopted at Allentown. It embraces the whole Democratic national platform of 1884, and adds thereto a demand that the surplus shall be used to pay the public debt—which nobody opposes to our knowledge; and then guardedly asks that whatever increase is going on "beyond the needs of the government" shall be prevented by a "wise and prudent reduction of internal taxation and of duties on imports." The plank means anything that any protectionist or free trader may wish to make it mean.

EX-SENATOR McMILLAN, of Minnesota, in discussing the feeling in the Northwest over the Presidential question, thinks it doubtful whether Mr. BLAINE would accept the nomination if it were offered to him. He says:

> Mr. Blaine is nobody's fool. He was beaten last time and he is not the man to put himself in the way of another defeat. You may be sure he will look the ground over very carefully before he makes up his mind whether he wants the nomination. If he thinks he can win, I believe he will want it, but if he sees serious doubt of that, or becomes aware that any other man is more likely to carry the fight to victory than he, you may be sure he will take himself out of the way.

THE report of the appointment division of the first assistant postmaster-general's office for the year ending June 30, 1887, shows that 13,079 postmasters of all grades have been appointed during the year. In 1886 the number of appointments was 22,747, and in 1885, 9,547—a total of 45,373. The total number of post-offices of all grades July 1, 1887, was 55,157. This exceeds every previous record in the line of making the offices spoils for the victors.

RETURNS from 143 out of 228 Grand Army posts in Wisconsin, give 4,467 votes in favor of the national pensions committee's new bill, which is regarded as practically the same as the dependent pensions bill, and but 112 votes against it, 110 posts voting unanimously for the bill. This proportion will run through the vote in all the states.

THE GLENN BILL.

There is the possibility of the infamous GLENN bill in Georgia proving a boomerang to its promoters. It provides, in brief, that no school for colored people shall receive a white pupil; no school for whites shall receive a colored pupil; nor shall any school receive both white and colored pupils. Its violation is to be punished "as prescribed in Section 4310 of the code." This section says:

> Accessories after the fact shall be punished by a fine not to exceed $1,000; imprisonment not to exceed six months; to work in a chaingang on the public works not to exceed twelve months; and any one or more of these punishments may be ordered in the discretion of the judge.

The boomerang quality of this mediæval bit of intolerance comes in when the legal definition of a colored person is considered. The Georgia code thus defines such:

> All negroes, mulattoes, mestizoes and their descendants having one-eighth negro or African blood within their veins shall be known as persons of color.

All persons with less than one-eighth negro blood are thus defined by the law as whites; but popular prejudice does not accept the definition. No matter how infinitesimal may be the taint of negro blood, the person in whose veins that taint is known to be is rated with the colored people, and such children are relegated to the colored schools. Now it only remains for some one to object, and these children must, under the law, be taught in the white schools. The teachers of colored schools are liable to the chain-gang if they allow them to attend their schools.

The bill is a most infamous measure. It is aimed at Atlanta University, an institution for the higher education of colored youth, which has about 500 students. There are seven white pupils, all told, in the institution. They are the children of the white professors and instructors, whose parents find it cheaper to instruct them under their own eyes than to pay for their instruction elsewhere. There is no other mixed school in Georgia. All the commotion that is stirring the state from one end to the other is over these seven children. The trustees of the institution are powerless to exclude these seven, even if they wished to do so. They dare not refuse admission to any one on account of color.

The Atlanta university stands for benefactions from the North amounting to half a million of dollars. As much as $50,000 has been given by a single person. Accompanying some of the largest gifts has been the stipulation that no one shall be excluded on account of race. And here a curious result is noted. A great educational institution is founded with a view of affording advantages of higher education to the negroes. The very condition inserted to prevent the exclusion of negroes from these advantages comes in time to stand against the exclusion of whites from what has grown to be one of the best institutions of the South.

The Georgians mix up the question of social equality and intermarriage of the races with the question of co-education. There are plenty of enlightened and liberal men who are above this silly prejudice. Rev. Dr. ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, one of the leading lights of the Methodist church South, and one of the ablest men of the South, says:

> The social fabric of Georgia is not in danger; it does not need to be buttressed by a new school law with a chain-gang penalty. Certainly, Georgia is not afraid of anybody. She will manage her affairs to suit herself, no matter what the world says. But "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind" is neither weakness nor cowardice.
>
> It seems to me, as I have often heretofore tried to teach, that the best interests of both races require them to keep their blood pure. There is no hope for either in miscegenation. There is a Georgia law against intermarriages, a law more violated, ten to one, if not in the letter, in the reality and spirit of it, than the law against mixed schools. If now the legislature will give us a law placing the parents of mulatto children in the chain-gang, it will be worth while.

The reverend doctor here touches a matter which should be the shame of the South. The white men have a horror of the intermarriage of the races, but they are responsible for the mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons, and other mixed blood children. Colored women are made the ministers to their vices. Dr. HAYGOOD's advice to the legislature, that it shall "place the parents of mulatto children on the chain-gang," would set many a blue-blooded Georgian, who holds his head proudly among the elect, to working the roads of the state with a ball and chain to his leg.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

OUR PO ULATION.

The statistician at Washington has his figures on the present population of the United States disputed. He concludes that our population on June 30 last was 59,893,000. By the census of 1880 the population was then 50,152,886. Now, during the decade beginning with 1870, the natural increase of population by reproduction is known to have been 22.78 per cent., or at the average rate of 2.28 per cent. a year. Even on the principle that the ratio of natural increase is decreasing, as, in point of fact, it probably is, it would still seem safe to place the ratio during the present decade as high as 21 per cent. or 2.1 per cent. each year.

At this rate the increase for the past seven years would be 7,371,471. Meanwhile, without counting the immigrants from Canada during the past two years, the gain from immigration has been 3,793,002. These figures, added to the population of 1880, give a present total of 61,318,389. Even if the annual increase is considered as only 2 per cent. the population would be a million more than the actuary's estimate. It is safe to say, therefore, that our population is at present more than 60,000,000. It is in any even growing so rapidly that there is no need of a low class of foreign accessions.

THE debt statement for September 1 shows that $5,749,000 of the 4½ bonds have been bought in by the treasury. If this rate of purchase and retirement be kept up, by January 1 there will have been redeemed $26,000,000 of these bonds. This will be sufficient to meet the requirements of the sinking fund until July 1, 1888, and diminish that dreaded surplus sufficiently until Congress makes new appropriations.

BY the death of Bishop HARRIS, there arises a third vacancy in the Methodist Episcopal board of bishops, to be filled by the General conference at its quadrennial session next year. Already there are a number of prominent clergymen of that church mentioned for these places. There will be no difficulty in finding competent men. The church has an abundance of them.

AN unidentified exchange voices an axiom when it remarks:

> Republicans love Foraker for the enemies he has made.

LINCOLN AND THE PRESIDENCY.

The BLADE's interview with Hon. ROBERT T. LINCOLN has been widely republished and commented upon by the daily press in all sections of the country. We reproduce below a number of these expressions of opinion, selected with a view to showing the sentiment of newspapers of all political shades. The first is from the Boston *Traveller*, the sterling organ of New England Republicanism, and expresses exactly the views of the BLADE. It is published under the caption, "The Question for the Next Republican Convention":

> The sincerity of Robert T. Lincoln is not to be questioned, when he says that he regrets the use of his name with any public office whatever, that if there was any way in which he could stop it he would only be too happy to do so. Any man who fully appreciates the responsibilities of office, especially of the high office of the presidency, must have some of the same feeling. He feels also that his nomination to the presidency is most unlikely, and if for no other reason, at least for this, that he would not make pledges, and pledges would be required by men who make nominations.
>
> All of this is to the credit of Mr. Lincoln, and will hardly serve to repress a growing feeling that he would not only make a most available, but a most worthy and fitting Republican standard-bearer for the coming national campaign. The statesman who is anxious for a presidential nomination, who is suffering from an attack of the Presidential fever, whose ears are filled with the buzzing of the presidential bee, is not always the fittest man for the presidency; and the American people have not been slow to recognize this. "The office of President is one to be neither sought nor declined."
>
> Mr. Lincoln may not be the choice of the Republicans next year for the presidency; his name may not even be presented to the convention; the candidate may be one who has not yet been named, but whoever is tendered the nomination will have imposed on him a duty to his party, and, above all, to his country, which, as Mr. Lincoln well says, he "cannot honorably avoid." The question for the Republican party to settle is not which one of its leaders most desires the nomination, but under which one can it most surely win, and, winning, give the country a safe, sound and wise administration of its affairs. Whom does the party, all things considered, want to nominate? This is the one question for the next national convention.

The next utterance is from the editorial columns of the Boston *Transcript*, which is mugwump in politics:

> Ex-Secretary of War Lincoln has been interviewed with regard to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, and evinces so little of an office-seeking disposition that the people will think of him more and more for the first office. He emphatically declines to have his name used for the second position, but he says nothing that would preclude his acceptance of the first office if the candidacy came to him so that he might accept it, and not abandon his self-respect.
>
> Mr. Lincoln's true Republicanism cannot be questioned. His name coupled with that of Governor Hawley for Vice-President would make a winning ticket, in the judgment of not a few sagacious politicians.

The Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, which is also mugwumpian politically, comments as follows:

> The interview with Robert T. Lincoln, elsewhere reprinted from the Toledo BLADE, is interesting as enlarging upon his well-known repugnance to being in office and as giving his views upon current topics. As will be observed, he avows himself a strict protectionist. In regard to the South, he was not asked whether he subscribed to the John Sherman policy (for campaign purposes) of congressional legislation to recover the Republican vote in the South. His declaration of personal independence of pledges in case of his nomination is characteristic. No man wants to say that if nominated for the Presidency he would refuse to be a candidate; neither does Mr. Lincoln, although he does say he would not be a candidate for Vice President.

We take next the opinion of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, an uncompromising Democratic sheet:

> Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, who has figured more or less prominently before the country as the possible candidate for the Republican party either for the Presidency or the Vice Presidency, has at last seen fit to present to the public a positive statement regarding his position. The substance of the lengthy interview with him is, that under no circumstances would he accept a nomination for the Vice Presidency, and that he does not want the Presidency.
>
> Mr. Lincoln is to be credited with candor, for it would be an injustice to him to suppose that, like many of the more prominent men of the day, he says one thing while meaning another. Nor is it altogether just to him to declare, as many Democratic newspapers have done, that he owes his prominence solely to his distinguished parentage. Mr. Lincoln made a good secretary of War during the comparatively brief period that he held the office.
>
> That he is entitled, however, to foremost rank among the statesmen of the period is an assumption in his favor hardly justified by the facts. As in the cases of the sons of most great men, his personality has paled in the brighter glow of a father's memory, but for this Mr. Lincoln is not to be blamed. The ridicule which has been thrust at him on this score is vulgar. With a name calculated to inspire enthusiasm, more than ordinary ability, and some but not much force of character, it remains to be said that Mr. Lincoln has combined the elements which would render him by any means an ideal Presidential candidate. Yet this is the man who waves aside the chief office in the gift of the people as though it were an empty bauble, unworthy his attention.
>
> In this his position is unique, to say the least, especially when it is considered that men of infinitely greater ability such as Blaine and Sherman are credited with the practice of the most adroit arts of the politician in order to bring about their preferment. The scramble for the Presidential nomination in both parties during recent years has not been an edifying spectacle. There has been much about it which appealed only to the selfish side of human nature, and it has not been in accord with an elevated or healthy public taste. It has besmirched the Presidency with the mud of low intrigue, and it has steeped its honors in the trough of spoliation and barter. Pre-eminently it is the office which should seek the man rather than that the man should seek it.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Republican, in its editorial discussion of Mr. LINCOLN's interview in the BLADE, says:

> Nobody ever did, we believe, decline the nomination for President of the United States when it was tendered by a party assured of success, and it is easily to be understand that even Mr. Lincoln, with his decided distaste for official life, would not refuse the honors and powers of the chief magistracy of this great nation. Stranger things than Mr. Lincoln's nomination as a Presidential candidate next year have happened. The compromise candidate has not most infrequently been the ultimate choice of his party.
>
> If next year the respective forces of Blaine and Sherman should prove so strong in the convention as to neutralize each other's efforts to achieve the success of the favorite, the chances of a compromise candidate would be excellent, and Mr. Lincoln in such an emergency would make as good a dark horse in the running as another. He is popular in the West, and more so than any other Republican in the South for being the son of his father, and would not be opposed in the North by his party. But it is only as a dark horse that Mr. Lincoln can be considered.

The Detroit *Evening News*, independent Democratic, has the following expression of opinion:

> Robert T. Lincoln is very emphatic in saying that he would not accept a nomination to the vice presidency. When it comes to the head of the ticket, that is different. "A duty might be imposed upon a man," says Mr. Lincoln, "which he could not avoid." It is hard to put the crown aside, even with all its trials and sacrifices, with which Mr. Lincoln's life in Washington has made him familiar, and there is no evidence in Mr. Lincoln's interview that he would not consent to become an inmate of the "gilded prison" of the White House, if the people should demand that he make the sacrifice.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, a strong Republican sheet, but committed to a certain chronic candidate for the Presidency, remarks:

> Robert T. Lincoln shows his good sense again in the frank and manly statement which he has just made, that he will not be a possible Presidential candidate under any circumstances. Cheap notoriety has no attraction for the ex-Secretary of War. If duty calls, Mr. Lincoln will be one of the first to respond; but he has too much sense to allow the use of an honored name to be made a bone of contention among unscrupulous politicians. He is the worthy descendant of a great man.

The Chicago *Mail*, Republican, says editorially:

> An interview with the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln is very widely published throughout the country, in which he very positively says he does not want to be President, and could not under any circumstances accept a nomination for Vice President. He speaks very earnestly, and those who know him best know best how thoroughly he means what he says. Mr. Lincoln has seen much of official life and has little taste for it. But this fact would not make him a less desirable candidate.

The Democratic New York *World* tersely sums up the view it takes thus:

> Ex-Secretary of War Lincoln takes three columns of interview to let it be known that though not anxious for a Presidential nomination Robert is willin'.

The Dayton, O., *Journal*, a Republican and SHERMAN paper, speaks thus from personal acquaintance:

> Bob Lincoln says that he wouldn't be Vice President, and don't want to be President. As Mr. Lincoln is known to be a frank man, his declarations may be accepted as sincere. We know Mr. Lincoln personally, and have met him in the cordial ranks of the anglers of Lake Erie, and we know that when he speaks seriously he means what he says.

We next give the editorial article of the Detroit *Tribune*, the leading Republican paper of Michigan. Under the heading, "LINCOLN as a Candidate," it says:

> Whether the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln is to become a conspicuous figure in the coming national political contest, or otherwise, his views on the political situation and his utterances regarding the wishes of many Republicans as to his own candidacy for President will be read with great interest by the people of the country. The Toledo BLADE's interview with the distinguised son of the martyr President, published in to-day's *Tribune*, is, therefore, an important contribution to the public. It certainly shows that he is a Republican in the highest and best sense of the term. He is a "thorough protectionist," firm in the conviction that the industrial interests of the country and the welfare of American labor demand the continuance of the present tariff policy. On the Southern question he speaks frankly and his views are in entire accord with the best sentiment of his party and the intelligence of all fair-minded people everywhere.
>
> Regarding himself as a prospective candidate for the Presidency, none will doubt his sincerity in declaring his aversion to re-entering political life. He frankly tells the reporter that he does not think he is likely to be nominated, and as frankly expresses the hope that some other man will be chosen as the party's standard-bearer. When pressed to answer the question: "Would he accept if the nomination were forced upon him?" he replies, as a patriotic American should, that "a duty might be imposed upon a man which he could not honorably avoid," again protesting that his ambition is to follow his chosen profession and keep entirely out of the field of politics.
>
> It may be considered as definitely settled that Mr. Lincoln would not, under any circumstances, accept the nomination for Vice President. It will be entirely useless to bring him out in that connection. And it is evidently not the desire of his friends that he should accept the second place. If his name goes into the national Republican convention at all, it will be for the first place on the ticket.
>
> There is a good deal of Lincoln sentiment in the country and it is scattered over a wide scope of territory, North and South. Whether it will become sufficiently contageous to spread over a much larger area, remains to be seen. There are two other candidates who to-day appear to be in the lead and other candidates not far in the rear. What changes may be wrought in party sentiment during the intervening months before the national Republican convention only time will disclose. But certain it appears that at least up to that time the friends of Robert T. Lincoln will regard him as a candidate, and it is perfectly safe to say that his following will be strong and eminently respectable.

The Pittsburg *Chronicle Telegraph*, Republican, expresses itself editorially as follows:

> The talk about giving Col. Robert T. Lincoln second place on the Republican national ticket next year might as well be stopped, since he says positively that he would not accept the Vice Presidency. He goes even further, saying he is not seeking a Presidential nomination, but under certain circumstances might accept it. Such circumstances, he thinks, are not likely to arise, and if he could do so he would stop all use of his name in connection with the matter. A considerable element in the Republican party, however, would like to have an opportunity to vote for Mr. Lincoln, and say that his nomination would heal whatever dissensions there may be in the ranks and present an unbroken front to the enemy.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin*, Republican, states a patent fact concisely thus:

> Ex-Secretary Lincoln's protest against the consideration of his name for a place on the Republican national ticket next year has had just the opposite effect. It has elicited a good deal of comment all over the country in the Republican press, and very much of it is in high praise of Mr. Lincoln's merits and availability as a candidate for President.

Under the heading, "The Desire for Public Life," the Chicago *Mail* thus discusses the LINCOLN interview:

> Robert Lincoln, in his late interview, well said that it is difficult for the average American to understand that a man really might dislike to accept the office of President, even if it were offered to him. There are so many men who madly seek public office that everybody has come to believe that everybody else would accept an office if he could get it. It is worth while, however, to remember that the struggle for public position is in most cases for the wealth or power it gives. However, all men do not have this same desire for power, and if they have a comfortable income, many really prefer private life.
>
> After all, men have only once to live, and a man's happiness does not depend upon the exact position he holds, but upon the satisfaction he has in his avocation or employment. An artist or an inspired musician would find little real satisfaction in successful business pursuits which make others happy. Many regret their choice of occupation, thinking they might have succeeded better at something else. But success as measured by money or public notice is of little value to others.
>
> Given a certain amount of the means of procuring the comforts of life, social position, and the respect of one's fellows, and most men can find the very best satisfaction in private life. There must be public men, of course, and circumstances and the demands of his party may yet bring Mr. Lincoln to the front. He is perfectly sincere, however, understanding as he does the burdens and perplexities of public life, in perferring a position in society where he can find really more happiness. This, of course, has nothing to do with the political aspects of the question.

WHY SO SILENT?

Quite a change has come over the spirit of the dreams of our Democratic contemporaries. They were wont, in years gone by, to affect great anxiety lest the constitution were violated every time the President left Washington for rest and relaxation. They abused GRANT whenever he took a trip to Long Branch. They even howled because the dying GARFIELD was taken to Elberon, in the futile hope that he might be benefited by the change. They descanted long and eloquently whenever one of the Cabinet absented himself from the capital on business or pleasure. Now CLEVELAND can go fishing for a month, in the wilderness of Northern New York, beyond the reach of the telegraph, and not one of the servile boot lickers dare to raise his voice in protest. All the summer the majority of the Cabinet have been taking outings of considerable length, but our estimable fault-finders are quiescent. GARLAND spends two months in the wilds of Arkansas without rebuke. LAMAR goes to the South, and the constitution stands the strain. VILAS hides himself in Wisconsin, and these public censors do not say him nay. ENDICOTT is rusticating in Massachusetts, probably holding spiritual communion with his Puritan ancestors, and the voice of these eloquent mouthpieces of public opinion are silent. DAN LAMONT and Secretary FAIRCHILD have held the government up by the tail for weeks at a time, and our Democratic brethren are silent. Why is this so? Were they merely acting the part of barking curs in previous cases, or do they not dare to open their mouths at the Buffalo sheriff who now holds down the executive chair. Who can tell?

THE present year bids fair to be made remarkable by the largest amount of railroad building ever seen in the United States. The total will be nearly, if not quite 12,000 miles. This figure has never been excelled. Except in 1882, it has never been approached. Then the total was 11,568 miles. Track laying up to September 1 aggregated 6,462 miles. When the vast amount of capital brought into requisition is contemplated, and the long time that must elapse before any returns can reasonably be expected from it, there is no cause for wonder that money should be scarce, or that it should command stiff rates.

THE Ohio campaign is to be no child's play. There is work, hard work, to be done. The Republican party not only must carry Ohio this fall, but it must carry it by so decisive, so sweeping a majority that the seal of condemnation shall be put upon the free trade nonsense, for the first time made an issue in the state campaign. A big Republican majority in Ohio this fall will have a most wholesome effect upon the country. There is a great victory for the Republicans in the state and nation, if we make a good fight.

IF the Democrats want to keep the Grand Army from being a partisan organization, why don't they stop offending the veterans by insultingly suspending portraits of their bitterest enemy, GROVER CLEVELAND, before them? Keep politics out of their way, and they will not annoy you.

THE corn crop of the South, according to a Baltimore trade paper, will exceed that of 1886 by over 50,000,000 bushels. The South will this year, the above sheet thinks, will be nearly self-supporting in the matter of corn, and "many millions of dollars that have heretofore gone West for corn will be saved to Southern farmers."

THE following is the official of Kentucky at the August state election. Cut it out and paste it in your political scrap-book:

S. B. Buckner, Democrat	143,270
W. O. Bradley, Republican	126,473
F. T. Fox, Prohibition	8,394
A. H. Candin, Labor	4,434

THE proposition, made some time ago by the New York Republican club, for a national convention of such organizations, has met with such favor that it has been determined to hold that convention shortly after the November elections. It will probably be held in New York city.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Prince Bismarck has taken to wearing spectacles.

It is said there are 97,158 widows in Massachusetts.

Ten thousand women in New York City are Knights of Labor.

The dread of war is causing much of the emigration from Europe.

All Poles whose names end in "sky" claim to be of royal descent.

Audram county, Missouri, has a base ball club composed of nine brothers.

There's a constant stream of visitors to Mt. McGregor and Grant's cottage.

The bite of a rat proved fatal to a four-months-old baby at Decatur, Ill., recently.

In the export of breadstuffs for July San Francisco was the second port in the Union.

Ex-Senator Bruce of Mississippi has been lecturing for a year with gratifying success.

Eight "War Governors" have agreed to attend the G. A. R. encampment at St. Louis.

Get your trade dollars ready for exchange; after September 3 they simply become silver bullion.

American twine-binders have taken the first prize in an international contest held in France, near Paris.

Bronze statues of Grant and Logan and ex-Senator Trumbull are being made for the new Illinois state house.

Miss Anna Dickinson, who has been very ill at Honesdale, Pa., has so far recovered as to be able to take short walks.

Miss Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of the poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," is going to California to live.

New Orleans asks the building of a hospital for her lepers. She wants the next generation free from the horrid taint.

Eastern Oregon will this year have the largest wheat yield ever known. They talk of over 70 bushels per acre along Snake River.

The Cologne *Gazette* says that large quantities of pig iron are being exported from Sweden to Pennsylvania for railway bridges.

Mrs. Cleveland is now undergoing a severe ordeal at the hands of dressmakers and milliners preparatory to her coming Western trip.

Ex-Senator Ferry, of Michigan, who failed in business for $1,500,000, in 1872, has worked hard, and paid off over $1,200,000 of debts.

New Jersey is losing many valuable horses by a disease unknown, though some attribute the loss to local impurities and improper care.

Rabbits are eating out the ranches in Steptoe Valley, White Pine county, Nevada. At night they come in whole armies and devour the growing crops.

It is rather an odd thing that the Princess of Wales is usually considered to be a tall woman, while in truth she is of less than average stature.

The recent English elections must have had a stimulating effect on Gladstone. It is said he looks younger, brighter and more hopeful than for years past.

Machines are used in California which cut, thresh and sack grain all at one operation. Twenty-two horses are reported to operate these harvesting machines.

The old battered silk hat worn by Mr. Blaine on his trip through Pennsylvania during the last campaign, is kept in a glass case by the Republican committee of that state.

An Oconee, Ga., man has a gander that follows him around like a dog, and will sound the alarm when a stranger enters the yard, and attacks the intruder with wings and beak.

Sixty veterans of the state Soldiers' Home in Michigan have been pronounced able to support themselves, and will probably be dismissed at the next meeting of the board.

Akron, Ohio, not only grinds out oats for our breakfast, but it furnishes matches to light the fire with. Sixty millions of the latter are said to be made there every day except Sunday.

By means of an airgun Prof. C. L. Mees has found that to drive straws into pine boards and hickory bark, as is often done by tornadoes, a velocity of 120 to 175 miles an hour is necessary.

It is reported on good authority that Victoria Morosini-Schilling-Hulskamp is now in a convent in Italy, where she will remain for some years, "the world forgetting, and by the world forgot."

It is not likely that there is truth in the story that the two sons of the Prince of Wales are to be made dukes. Their father does not want them to enter the House of Peers until he gets to be king.

The first Christian church bell ever heard in the City of Mexico was rung by Mr. Sloan on the first Sunday in July. It was presented to the Baptist church by an Episcopal woman of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Hendricks says the late Vice President did not keep the letters he received on political subjects and seldom wrote any himself. He was a wiser politician than a good many others.

Camp-meeting John Allen was once chaplain of the Maine legislature, and one day prayed that the legislators might be enabled to "condense their deliberations and stop when they had got through."

Seats on the New York Stock Exchange now sell at $20,000—the lowest price in many years. All because speculators fail and the value of their vacant seats are frequently the only valuable assets.

Not every fellow knows what a spinaker boom is, but all tars, amateur and professional, will be interested in knowing that the spinaker boom of the Thistle is only about a foot shorter than the mainmast itself.

There is a watch in a Swiss museum only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil case. Its little dial not only indicates hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month.

Mrs. Cleveland is a much wealthier woman than is generally known. Congressman McShane says the Omaha property in which she and her mother each have an eighth interest is worth $800,000.

Mrs. Langtry is negotiating for a lease of the Bijou Opera House, New York, with the view of converting it into a first-class comedy theater. Does the Lily begin to think her own stage days are nearly numbered?

John Woods, a Saginaw City barber, who has not seen his mother nor known her whereabouts since sold away from her in Virginia 30 years ago, has just learned that she is in Rinton, W. Va., and has gone to look her up.

C. H. Nelson, of Waterville, Me., the owner of several good trotting horses, has a ten-weeks-old colt that can trot a quarter of a mile in a minute, and he will bet much money with any one who thinks the statement is not true.

William L. Miller, of Charleston, S. C., has at his office two immense iron shells, said to be the first two shots fired at Battery Wagner, at the beginning of the war. The shells were never exploded, and weighed 200 pounds each.

Good progress is reported in the movement for a monument to John Sevier, the first governor of Tennessee. His grave is in a lonely spot on the plantation of Mr. J. W. Walker, near the south bend of the Tallapoosa river, in Alabama.

Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, is on his way home from Europe. He will find on his return that his Presidential boom has been somewhat injured by the unexpected growth of a sentiment in favor of Robert Lincoln.—*New York World.*

William Milan, a merchant of St. Joseph, Mo., has gone to Australia to marry a young lady whom he has never seen, but with whom the engagement was brought about by correspondence. The lady is a handsome heiress, and Milan is also rich.

A man was riding on the footboard of a switch engine near Arkansas City when a cow came out of the woods on to the track just ahead of the engine, and before the rider could change his position his limbs were crushed between the engine and the cow.

An English premier does all his business with the Queen at Windsor, he never follows her to Balmoral. Her Majesty returns earlier this season, moving south in October, since a little stranger grandchild is expected, and Princess Beatrice will be its mother.

Addison Cammack is reported to have made $300,000, Deacon White $200,000, Harvey Durand and A. E. Bateman $300,000 each, and Jay Gould an indefinite sum, by recent "bear" deals on the New York Stock Exchange. The Wall street gamblers don't "monkey" for nothing.

Clayton Nixon, a colored waiter at the Prospect House, Blue Mountain Lake, is almost a fac simile of Henry Irving. He is ambitious to resemble the great actor in other respects, and made considerable reputation last winter in Hamlet. He may become the colored edition of Irving.

Norman L. Munro, the wealthy publisher, is not more than 43 years of age. He has a pretty wife, an interesting family, lands, houses, boats and, above all, good health. He is a dark-haired man, with ruddy complexion, gray eyes, tall figure, inclined to stoutness, and a nervous, active manner.

J. M. Bailey, once known to fame as the "Danbury *News* Man," is a large, handsome man, with black eyes and dark hair, and lives very quietly, never spending any evening away from home. His wife is insane, and requires him to do everything for her, even to putting up her hair. Could it have been reading the Danbury *News* that made the poor woman crazy?

Robert Tirrell, for many years a resident of Rhode Island, deserted from the British army 72 years ago, when George III. was King. A few days ago Tirrell, who is now 93 years old, received a royal pardon for his offense from the hands of his offended monarch's granddaughter, Queen Victoria, and now, after an absence of nearly three-quarters of a century, he is about to return to his native land that he may die among his kin and again see the places he was before compelled to go into exile.

Gen. Sherman defends his attack on Kenesaw Mountain with more vigor than the men who were in his command at the time. When Kenesaw is mentioned it is his habit to tell what might have been if he had succeeded in capturing Johnston's army as he had anticipated doing. He was talking in this strain the other day when he pulled up quickly, and, with something on his lips that sounded like "Pshaw," he said; "But, after all, the 'Rebs' have got us now." It was evidently on the old general's mind that ancient history is a poverty-stricken subject under such circumstances.

THE SECOND COMING

OF CHRIST TO OCCUR A. D. 1913–14.

Col. Blanton Duncan Interprets the Prophetic Numbers—The Error of the Millerites Made Plain—The Seventh Vial Opened From 1897 to 1903.

EDITOR BLADE:—Some weeks since the writer met Mr. D. R. Locke, and induced him to read a little work on the culmination of prophecy in the very near future—the next decade. That work, "The Near Approach of Christ's Second Advent," was written for the purpose of presenting, in terse and comprehensive form, to the common reader, an elucidation of the prophecies, *and without intent to make a profit*, as they were put on sale simply to cover cost, by Bradley & Gilbert, Louisville, Ky., at 12 cents—the greater portion of the edition being distributed, gratis, to clergymen. There are facts shown which scarcely anybody in the United States is aware of; and it is evident that from these the truth of prophecy can be maintained, and that it will be vastly difficult for the ablest agnostic to controvert or refute them. Mr. Locke has seen that this opens up a question of vast interest to his myriads of readers; and as my studies have impressed me with a conviction that other events are soon to happen which hitherto have escaped the attention of theologians, or others versed in the mysteries of the prophecies, the desire is now expressed to me to make the BLADE the medium of communication to impart the new version and elicit proper thought and discussion from those who may acknowledge its usefulness or interest. Mr. Locke writes to me:

Please remember, in writing this article, that you are going into 115,000 families, the great majority of whom have some, though not a thorough, knowledge of the subject. Have the beginning so explanatory of the fundamental principles that they will comprehend. You will awaken an enormous interest in it at once.

It is necessary, therefore, as the readers will not have before them the subjects which I have previously discussed, that I should write a preliminary article, and condense therein the chief heads of my conjectures and my interpretations of the Old and New Testaments. I was gratified to receive from Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo, a copy of his views, which accord almost precisely with mine on such points as were discussed by both, and proved, contrary to the existence of so many hundreds of sects, that two persons can read the Scriptures and interpret them alike.

The conclusions arrived at by me have been that:

First—The general wickedness, materialism, unbelief and general derision of holy subjects—indicate the near fulfilment of the prophecies, as foretold by the old prophets and by Christ and His Apostles.

Second—That the greatest sources of information on the approaching events are to be found in Matthew xxiv, Mark xiii, Luke xvii and xxi, Revelations xiii, xiv, xvi, xvii, xviii, xix and xx, Ezekiel xxxviii, xxxix, and Daniel viii, ix, x, xi, xii.

Third—That the previous centuries have shown the fulfilment of prophecy *literally*, from the year 606 before Christ, when Nebuchadnezzar first defiled the temple at Jerusalem.

Fourth—That as we can trace down each event, which was foretold so many hundreds of years prior to its occurrence, so we can now, from the greater progress in knowledge, the more easily read what has been so long a sealed book; which it was not even given to Daniel to know, nor to John when he wrote the Apocalypse.

Fifth—Daniel as well as Christ foretold the signs, by which Christians should know when the great calamities would precede, by a very short period, the second advent of Christ—as he said, "For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world—no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened."

So Daniel foretold that, notwithstanding these fearful forerunners—both physical phenomena, in lightning, earthquakes, cyclones, huge hail, leveling of mountains, destruction of cities, sinking of islands, and the pestilences, famine, assembling of all nations in gigantic battle and bloodshed—and the signs and portents in the sun, moon and stars, there was still to be an utter rejection of the truth. Daniel says: "None of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand." And Christ says that it shall be precisely as in the days of Noah, only a few believing and seeing what is to come. Nearly all the present population is to be destroyed—possibly not a remnant of more than twenty millions out of 1,400 millions.

Sixth—Although Christ has said that nobody, not even the angels in heaven, shall know the day and hour of His coming—*the year and season*—still he has given to the *wise* proofs, by which they can approximate coming events. For example, one great condition precedent must be fulfilled: "The gospel must be preached to all nations." That has never yet been done, but is near at hand, as soon as Central Africa can be pierced by civilization. The preaching will not convey conversion; but the nations must all have knowledge, whatever may be their action. And what ensues, according to Christ? "*Then shall the end come*"—the culmination of calamities, prior to the second advent.

Seventh—It has been vouchsafed to one learned man more than all others to throw the greatest light into the most mysterious recesses of the prophetical writings. It may be said that God gave to Mr. Fleming, of London, in 1698, an inspiration to interpret correctly, certain verses of the Apocalypse at the far distant dates of 1793, 1848, 1853 and subsequent years of this century. It is easy for any man to force conclusions; and from certain data, after the occurrence of an event, to say that was the prophetical culmination. The impossibility of foretelling in any year the happening of any physical or political phenomena in any designated country, is of itself a proof that the reading of certain verses is not the work of man, but of God. We find, that this noted Presbyterian clergyman did, on January 1, 1701, publish his interpretation of past events—four sermons, which he delivered in 1698 and subsequently—and that he stated the world was then under the epoch designated in verses 8, 9 of Revelations xvi, the pouring out of the fourth vial; and he read therefrom, in the year 1793, the destruction of the French monarchy, a terrific blow to the Papal power, and that France would be a terror and a scourge to Europe for 16 years. His reading was verified to the letter, though he died May 24, 1716.

He read again from the 10th and 11th verses—the pouring out of the fifth vial—another terrible blow to the Papacy in 1848, which would not destroy it. And that came, with the universal war and revolution throughout all Europe. He read from the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th verses—the sixth vial—a great war to begin soon after 1848 (it came in 1853), over the Turkish question; and that successive wars would ensue, up to the end of this century, in which Turkey would be completely dismembered and destroyed. The Balkan war occurred in 1877, and the Bulgarian imbroglio looms up to-day, as the powder magazine to blow all Europe into atoms. The seventh vial is to be poured out soon, and the reader can see in the verses what is to be the finality. The hail, of a talent's weight, is to be 56 pounds. And as these are to be the great final destructive elements, their frequent occurrence now, in marvelous number, is a sign to the wise. Full quotations from Mr. Fleming will be found in the little book.

Eighth—The Jews are to play the chief role in the grand drama of the end, as the prophecies are full of details. For hundreds of years an erroneous translation has been used of the Greek word *genea*, in the utterance by Christ, which foretold, just as the prophecy by Moses, that the Jewish race should endure forever, just as we find it to-day, distinct and undying, living through 2,500 years of persecution and massacre, while not a vestige of the contemporaneous nations or races can to-day be found upon the habitable globe. Christ, in Matthew xxiv, used a word, in Aramaic, the language of the Jews in that day, which was translated into Greek, and the Apostle used a word meaning both *generation* and *race*. The priests handed it down to us with the former meaning, when he really said "This *race* shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled."

Ninth—We have now light to see when certain events will happen. In the Revelation, and in Daniel, a period of 1,260 years is given as between a first and second occurrence—the month being used in prophecy to mean 30 years. "The holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months." Jerusalem was taken by Omar, successor of Mahomet, in A. D. 637, and it has been in Saracen, Moslem and Turkish possession ever since. Adding the 1,260 years, we have 1897 as the date of its release, which will come with the destruction of the Turkish empire. Daniel uses the period of 1,290 years in his prophecy, "from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days." Mahomet raised his standard in 607, and the addition of this number gives us the same date—1897.

Singularly, the rise of the Papacy dates from the same year, and the desecration by Nebuchadnezzar was in 606-7 before Christ. The latter is the date from which the "time of the Gentile" should run. And Daniel gave the number of the years, as being the "seven times" during which the king "did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of Heaven, till his hair was grown like eagle's feathers and his nails like birds' claws." These seven times means seven years of 360 years, or 2,520 years, from which deducting 606-7, the deduction is made that the second advent of Christ may be at or about 1913-14. There is another prophetic period of "2,300 days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed," given by Daniel. In 397 B. C., the prophets spoke for the last time, through Malachi. Since then no prophet has appeared. Deducting the 397 from 2,300, A. D. 1903 is foreshadowed as a period of wondrous events; and the literal happening of 2,300 days prior thereto, of calamity and trouble, would be six years 110 days, beginning in 1897 and ending in 1903.

Tenth—The anti-Christ is to come, endowed with marvelous powers, through Satan performing such miracles, as described by John in Revelations xiii, that all the world may be deceived; or as Christ expresses it, "insomuch that, *if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect*."

"Fire is to be brought down from heaven." For what purpose? To re-establish the Jewish religion and to deceive the Jews into belief that it is their Messiah who relights the sacred God given fire upon their sacrificial altars, and which no priest would dare to kindle now from profane flames.

The final conclusions which I propose to discuss, are that the belief by so many thousands for hundreds of years is incorrect, viz.: that a future Pope is to be the anti-Christ, and that that persecuting church was the "beast," and that Rome is the "great Babylon" of Apocalypse. I read on the contrary that

First—Russia will furnish the *person* of the anti-Christ, and that power will be the great conqueror of the latter days.

Second—That the Greek church will be the persecutor; and the head thereof, a Czar, will have absolute power of life and death over hundreds of millions of subjects.

Third—That Constantinople is the "Great City," and that but few years will elapse until Russia makes her capital therein; and that around the Byzantine capital will be enacted the wondrous scenes of the final drama.

BLANTON DUNCAN, Louisville, Ky.

THE LAND OF THE "DARNED MOUNSEER."

BY MAX O'RELL.

II.—THE FRENCH AT WORK: PEASANTS AND WORKPEOPLE.

Jacques Bonhomme in the Good Old Times—His Position To-day—His Industrious Habits and Peaceful Disposition—Militarism and Prosperity—The Real Pretender in France—The Paris Workman: What He Is and What He Ought To Be—The Politics of the Peasant and of the Paris Workman—The Anarchists: What and Who They Are—All Candidates—Why So Many Stand for Parliament and So Few Sit In It—The Shopkeepers—Their Ways—Their Aim—French Industry—French Officials and How They Work—International Anecdotes.

Things have greatly changed since that exact and and most impartial observer, La Bruyere, drew the following picture of the French peasantry two hundred years ago. "You see," said he, "certain wild animals, males and females, about the land, dark, livid, naked, and all burnt with the sun, bound to the soil which they dig and stir with an unflagging patience. They seem to articulate words, and when they stand up they show a human face, and, indeed, they are none other than men; at night they retire to their dens, where they feed on black bread, water, and roots. They save other men the trouble of sowing, digging, and reaping; and deserve not to lack of that bread which they have grown."

To-day the French peasant lives in his own cottage, cultivates his own field, and demands nothing beyond peace and fine weather. No doubt this cottage of his would appear to an English tourist to be lacking many comforts. It is carpetless, it is true, but it belongs to him, and that makes up for many drawbacks. He is contented and rich like the rest of us, not in the things which he possesses, but in those which he knows how to do without. He is peaceful, simple, sober, and laborious. His ideal of life is the independence which is the fruit of labor and economy; he is satisfied with very little in the days of his strength, because the prospect of eating his own bread near the door of his own cottage when his strength is gone makes him happy. So he works steadily, unceasingly, with a wife who is a true helpmate. He is no fire-eater, no dreamer of new worlds to conquer. The surging passions of great towns, bred and fed by vice and improvidence, are horrible to him. He wants to be left alone, and cries for peace at the top of his voice. So eager is he after this blessing that, in 1881, his first representatives in Parliament upset the first Ferry ministry by a majority of 355 to 68 on account of the expedition to Tunis, although that expedition had been highly successful from a military point of view. In 1882 the Freycinet ministry was defeated on the vote of credit which they asked to enable France to join with England in an armed intervention in Egypt. In 1885 the second Ferry ministry was upset by a majority of 306 to 149 on account of the Tonquin expedition. So much to show how aggressive the French nation is! The permanently aggressive nations are the nations where the people are oppressed and wretched. Militarism is not compatible with national prosperity and happiness. The prosperity of the common people and the use they are learning to make of liberty, are the great facts which will tend to make France a nation more and more peaceful. The French peasant might well express a wish that the government should still improve his position; but he is quiet, and no government thinks of him particularly. If he were to make as much noise as the Paris workman, he might be listened to.

The real pretender in France is not the Comte de Paris or Prince Victor Napoleon, not the Duc d'Aumale or Prince Jerome; the real pretender is the Paris workman. If you speak to him of "the people," it is he, and he alone, whom he supposes you mean. The millions of quiet peasants, laborers, and other rural toilers, he totally ignores; he is the "sovereign people." The Parisian workman is not satisfied with the old cry, "What is the capitalist? Everything. What ought he to be? Nothing." His new cry is, "What is the workman? Nothing. What ought he to be? Everything." A member of the commission appointed by the late French Parliament to inquire into the Paris workman's life asked one of them to get up the budget of his family expenses. After describing minutely all the necessaries, the workman put down, "For music halls, theatres, distractions — three hundred francs." And on the member of Parliament suggesting that the last item might, perhaps, be reduced, the Paris workman indignantly retorted, "Do you think that we are going to live like brutes?" The present House of Deputies is all occupied with the question of employers and employed, granting one by one all the demands of the latter. Nobody seems concerned about the rural population, by far the most interesting of all. How is that? Simply because the peasants do not hold stormy meetings, do not speak of erecting barricades, and are quiet, peaceful, industrious, sober, and law-abiding people. The peasant has the sun, and if his harvest is destroyed by the frost, the hail, or the drought, it is for him to make the best of it, while the Paris workman goes to the music halls, smokes cigars, and talks politics. Suppose the country engages in war, the Paris workman dons a uniform and sings war songs, but the peasant sees his land laid waste and his cottage burnt down; and this is why you will understand that he feels it his duty to hate the Germans in a theoretical way, but hopes and trusts that he may not see the day when he or his sons may be called upon to avenge the disasters of that terrible year 1870.

A great prejudice imposed upon England on the subject of France, and one which I should very much like to destroy, is the belief in the importance of our Anarchists. This belief is kept alive by a few English journalists, who love to fill their columns with the sayings and doings of French Anarchists. The Anarchists! Well, we keep the articles, as the English do, and ours are about as important as theirs. France, honest, economical, hardworking, ignores them. They are no party, no power, in the state. They are not represented in our Parliament. I believe that the German Anarchists alone, of all the parties owning that generic name in Europe, have a true representation in the legislature.

The most amusing feature at the last elections in Paris and a few other large towns was the appearance of the workingmen candidates. They had resolved to be represented in parliament by their own set—that is to say, not by the real, industrious working man, but by the heroes of a few platforms. So far there was no difficulty, but there was a formidable, an insurmountable one about the choice. I was present at one of their meetings. It was most amusing to see that as soon as a candidate had been duly proposed and seconded, he was immediately sat upon by the rest of the congregation. I asked my neighbor to explain such proceedings to me. His answer was satisfactory. "Why should it be *he*?" he said to me. You will understand what he meant when I have told you that on the day of the election they were all candidates. Each had one vote—his own. Each thought that he was as good as his neighbor, of course, and they would not pledge themselves to vote for one in particular, and finally they voted for journalists who advocated their claims, or even for manufacturers and landowners. As I said elsewhere, to imagine that a nation of six millions of proprietors and twenty millions of workers is revolutionary is the height of absurdity. A nation of industrious men, who naturally wish to protect the fruits of their industry, is necessarily an eminently pacific and conservative nation, and that is just what France is.

If the French are industrious, they are not so in the same way as the English. The French never, or very seldom, allow themselves to be completely absorbed by business. They always set apart a certain portion of time to the amenities of life. They are as serious as you like at work, but in a moment they will exhibit any amount of good humour at play, and again will resume the harness as quickly as it was thrown off. If you go into a shop at dinner time—I speak now of the small provincial towns—you may run the risk of receiving very little attention, or even none at all. I remember once—it was at St. Malo, in the summer—I entered a hatter's shop at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. A well-dressed, lady-like girl came out of the back parlor, and inquired what I wanted.

"I want a straw hat, mademoiselle," I said.

"Oh! that's very awkward just now."

"Is it?"

"Well, you see," she said, "my brother is at dinner;" and, after a pause of a few seconds, she added, "Would you mind calling again in an hour's time?"

"Not at all," I replied; "I shall be delighted to do so."

I was not only amused, but struck with admiration for the independence of that worthy hatter. After a few years' residence in England a little scene of that description was a great treat.

An hour later I called again. The young girl made her second appearance.

"My brother waited for you for quite ten minutes," she said to me; "he has gone to the cafe with a friend now."

"I am sorry for that," I said; "when can I see him?"

"If you will step across to the cafe, I am sure he will be happy to come back and attend to to you."

I thanked the young lady, went to the cafe, and introduced myself to the hatter, who was enjoying a cup of coffee and having a game of dominoes with a friend. He asked me to allow him to finish the game, which, of course, I was only too glad to do, and we returned to the shop together.

In business, the Frenchman is probity itself as a rule, and his punctuality would almost make an Englishman smile. He may rather hamper his commerce by attention to trifles, but when he sells you something, you may take it for granted it is what he represents it, for he is jealous of his good name as a tradesman or manufacturer, and likes to hear compliments of his goods. He likes the money made out of them, of course, but that is not an absorbing point with him, as it so often is in England. He is satisfied when he has made a modest fortune, and moves on to make room for another man. So that if he has enough to give his never very numerous children a sound education and a good start in life and procure the modest comforts of life, he is content. And this is how in France you see the good things of this world more equally divided than in England. There are few colossal fortunes, but in the provincial towns pauperism is not known as an institution, which makes up for it. I do not hesitate to affirm that not only does the small *bourgeois* not covet wealth, but that he is almost afraid of it. He prefers comfort to luxury. He considers £300 a year as a very snug income. When his government securities secure him this sum, he knocks off work and prepares to make himself happy and comfortable for the rest of his life.

You may well imagine how amusing it is to hear sometimes that the good fellow has the reputation of being unmanageable and revolutionary. He is so easily manageable that every time we have a new Ministry he says to his neighbor, "I see Mr. So-and So is made Prime Minister; do you know who he is?" "Not I," answers his neighbor, "I never heard his name before." And both seem to be concerned about the new Ministry about as much as I am concerned about the Ministerial crisis in the Sandwich Islands. He is so easily manageable that for peace's sake he will endure things that would arouse an Englishman to rebellion. He has the good fortune to live under a government that looks after him and sees to all his little wants, that makes and sells him fireproof cigars, matches which have "struck"—that is to say, which obstinately refuse to strike—and a government that keeps his public accounts and carries them to the fourth decimal, a luxury which costs him a good fourth of his revenue in *personnel* and red tape, but which saves the treasury at least half a crown per annum. The centimes column is guaranteed correct by every government clerk in France, and thus it is that Frenchmen get consoled for the little errors which occasionally occur in the columns of the millions. The Frenchman is kept in order by a legion of civilians in uniform, from the prefect down to the omnibus conductor who takes him under his protection, demands his fare with an air of command, and sets him down at his destination as if he were a parcel. Whatever his government is, he is constantly complaining of it, but the dear man ought to know that nations have the governments they deserve. He generally accuses his administration of doing too much for him. Well, he is quite right; but he does not attempt to do anything himself. As a clever writer on French manners said, "He is taken charge of, bag and baggage, by the government on his travels, and carefully looked after in his domicile as if he were a child." The man clothed in government uniform assumes that laconic, not-to-be-questioned air, which would send an Englishman into fits. When you English appoint a new government official it is another servant that you add to your household. When we French appoint a new government official, it is a new master that we give to ourselves to snub us, or to bully us. I have an interesting illustration of this. Two young chemists (one English, the other French) were in partnership in Paris, and one day made up their minds to start afresh in Egypt. Each wrote to his consul in Cairo. The Englishman's letter ran thus: "Dear sir,—I am about to open business as a chemist in Cairo. Will you be good enough to tell me what are my chances of success in Egypt, and what formalities, if any, I should have to comply with before entering upon the undertaking?—Yours truly, JOHN." By return of post he received a most polite letter, containing all the detailed information he wanted. The young Frenchman wrote:—"Monsieur le Consul-general,—I am desirous of setting up as a chemist in Cairo. Dare I hope that you will spare a few minutes of your valuable time to give me such information and advice as you may consider likely to be of use to me?—With many apologies for intruding upon you, I have the honor to be, Monsieur le Consul-General, with greatest respect, your most obedient and humble servant, JACQUES." This letter was written four years ago. The dear fellow is still waiting for that consul's reply. Of course his English friend is now established in Cairo, comfortable and prosperous, doing a roaring trade in pills with the new proteges of her Britannic Majesty.

You may well imagine, I repeat it, how amused we French are when we hear certain English people speak of the "revolutionary Frenchman." One hears curious stories about the French in this country, and personally I may say that I have greatly improved my "knowledge" of France and her people since I have resided in England.

Not long ago I was told the following anecdote: A Frenchman and an Englishman, having to settle a quarrel, were locked up in a dark room. The whole night the Englishman sought to discover his French foe, but failed to do so. It appears that the Frenchman had retreated inside the chimney. Well, I am bound to say that I heard this very same anecdote in France when I was a young boy; but then, dear reader, it was the Englishman who went up the chimney.

So much for the international anecdotes.

To be continued.

Let the Punishment Fit the Crime.

"A boy assassin hanged," read Mrs. Bascom from a newspaper. "Well," she remarked, "a sassin' boy is a great trial, but I don't think he ought to be hanged for it."—*Albany Argus.*

Harvest Excursions

will be run by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway to points in Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota. Tickets will be sold Tuesdays, September 20th and October 11th, at one fare for the round trip, good to return within thirty days from date. For full particulars apply to any ticket agent or address E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

SOME PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCES

Expressed by Blade Readers—They Give Reasons for the Faith That is Within Them — Letters Worth Reading.

We give below the views of a number of the readers of the BLADE on the Republican nomination for the Presidency next year. We have been compelled for lack of room, to abridge them somewhat:

HUTCHINSON, KAN.—We give you our reasons why Lincoln ought to be nominated for President in 1888: 1.—He is not a chronic office-seeker. 2.—He is a man of unimpeachable moral character. 3.—As a cabinet officer he made no mistakes; having proven himself to be fully capable as an executive officer. 4.—He has had more executive experience than his father, or Grant, or Hayes, or Garfield, or Cleveland, had prior to their election to the Presidency. 5.—He is a temperate man, and believes in civil service reform. 6.—He is an available man, because of the above reasons, and no man in America asks his nomination because he is the son of Abraham Lincoln. No other man spoken of fills the bill or can combine all Republican forces as can Robert T. Lincoln.

[The above is signed by 20 citizens of Hutchinson. We suggest that they organize the first Lincoln club for the campaign of 1888.—ED. BLADE.]

METOMEN, WIS.—Robert T. Lincoln is the most available man to place in nomination. Blaine and Sherman are first-class men, but, like Clay, Seward and Webster, also Cass, Benton and Calhoun, they have been before the people too long to be available.—E. REYNOLDS.

BROWNSVILLE, O.—While John Sherman has been my first choice, on account of his great services to the country, and because I believe he would be an available candidate and a most excellent Chief Magistrate, yet I believe that *no* man mentioned for President would receive a larger vote than Robert T. Lincoln, he being the son of that grand, immortal man, Abraham Lincoln, and having filled the office of secretary of War with honor to himself and the country. He having made no enemies in his own party, and not seeking any office, he would unite all the elements of the Republican party and most assuredly defeat old "Veto" or any other Democrat.—C. A. COOK, late Co. C, 76th O. V. I.

TRENTON, MO.—Give us Lincoln and Hawley, and we will sweep the country. Many admirers of Blaine, and Sherman, and many here who supported Blaine at the last election, are for Lincoln first, and think Hawley would make a good second. Boom Lincoln and Hawley!—P. C. STEPP.

WAVERLY, N. Y.—Mr. Blaine failed to carry New York once, and those who voted against him then would do so again in increased numbers, and, though I am a Republican, I would hate very much to have to vote for him again. While Sherman might carry the state, it would be too close a contest for much enjoyment. Foraker is one a great many like, and so far as I know none seem to dislike. But Robert T. Lincoln is the man. My father, who is extremely pronounced in his third-party Prohibition views, has said he would vote for the son as he did for the father. So I have heard many remark—some Democrats even. Many would vote for him because of his father; but their votes would count, and very many would vote for him for his own honest merit.—CHARLES D. PENDELL.

REW, PA.—Why should Bob Lincoln be President? Because he is one of God's most noble works—an honest man. He is not a political trickster, wire-puller, etc. He is an honorable, upright man, and would make a President of the people, by the people and for the people, that the people would not be ashamed of.—R. M. DUNN.

CASEY, ILL.—Robert T. Lincoln has been and will continue to be my choice until after the national convention. I have went to the trouble to sound the feelings of Republicans and Democrats in this neighborhood, and find he is the decided choice of Republicans and the constant dread of the Democrats.

If you want to please the readers of the BLADE in this section, give them all the news you can get in regard to Robert T. Lincoln's prospects for being our next candidate for the Presidency.—CHAS. W. LAFFERTY.

GRATIOT, WIS.—In an editorial you say that "the Republicans must carry New York if they wish to elect their President." I would say that I consider it of far more importance to carry Indiana and Connecticut. This would give them 203 electoral votes, and the prize is ours. I hardly think our chances for carrying New York as promising as they were in 1884. Through the patronage of the present Democratic administration, New York may increase her Democratic vote. The foreign immigration will also strengthen the same. If Robert T. Lincoln is as strong in Indiana as any other candidate, and Gen. Hawley can carry Connecticut for Lincoln and himself, then by all means let Lincoln and Hawley be the nominees. If Sherman is stronger in Indiana than Lincoln, and can unite with Hawley and give us the states referred to, then they are men we should take as our standard-bearers for 1888; and the same may be said of Mr. Blaine. We have faith in Hawley, and believe if united with the right man that the next President will be a Republican.—ALFRED COOK.

THEY WANT ROBERT LINCOLN.

Republicans of New York Wish to Put Him at the Head of the National Ticket.

An Albany, N. Y., special says: Although not apparent on the surface, a strong movement is on foot throughout this state to bring about the nomination of Robert T. Lincoln on the Republican ticket next year for the Presidency. Mr. Lincoln's correspondents at this time are said to be largely composed of prominent Republican politicians of this state whose policy is to drop all the standing candidates of the last generation and to take up with fresh blood and elect it, not upon any record it may have made, but upon sympathy. In the movement are many old-time Stalwarts. One of the most prominent and active Republicans in this section of the state received a letter from Mr. Lincoln the other day from which this extract is taken:

Of course I do not fail to see occasional mention of my name with public affairs, but I never fail when there's a fitting opportunity to stop all talk of myself. I am perfectly conscious that I have never done anything on which I could base a claim for political preferment if I wished it, and in seeking for a cause for the kindly feeling extended to me by many outside the circle of personal friends I can find it only a public affection for my father so great that a part comes to me as an undeserved inheritance. While I may rightly have filial pride in this there is nothing in it with which to plume myself as, or justify me in accepting a position of political leadership.

"Mr. Lincoln is taking the surest course to have the nomination come to him," said the gentleman who received the letter. "That is his great strength. He does not seek the office. We must take it to him."

—Do not be induced to take some other preparation when you call for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's, which is peculiar.

Bad Luck With His Expected Brides.

The remarks of men in relation to the women who have consented to marry them are often more self-betraying than the speakers can possibly realize; and often, too, they might constitute a fair ground for breaking the engagement. Mr. A. was engaged to one lady, and a short time before the day set for the wedding her sudden death disappointed his hopes. A second lady to whom he was engaged jilted him cruelly. He is now engaged for a third time, and recently a friend to whom he presented his fiancee said:

"You are going to marry Miss X., are you not?"

"Yes," he replied, "I hope so; but you know I've had beastly luck in women, and I can't tell what will happen."

The Niagara Route.

The Michigan Central is "*The Niagara Falls Route*" to Buffalo, New York, Boston and New England, as well as to the St. Lawrence, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Adirondack, Catskill and White Mountains, Lakes George, Champlain, Memphremagog, Saratoga, Richfield, Massena, and other springs and watering-places of the East. It is also the direct route to Mackinac Island, the lakes and trout and grayling streams of Northern Michigan, the famous Muskoka Lake region of Canada, Toronto and Ottawa, Sister Lakes, Diamond Lake, St. Clair and other summer resorts. These are described in a little book, "In Summer Days," which will be sent to any address, on receipt of two stamps for postage.

WM. J. SEINWERTH,
Southern Passenger Agent, Toledo, Ohio.

Does He Wear Trousers?

Hunter—"Can you tell me what is the funniest part of a dog?"

Farmer—"His tail, I guess. It's such a wag."

"No. The funniest part of a dog is his lungs."

"How do you make that out?"

"They are the seat of his pants, don't you see?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Regulates by the "Red Ball."

There is a man who brags of having a timepiece that keeps correct time. He was heard to remark, not long ago, upon pulling out his watch, "If the sun isn't over the hill in a minute and a half he will be late."

PATTERN FREE.

By special arrangement with Demorest's Monthly, the great family magazine, we are enabled to make all of our lady readers a handsome present. Cut out this slip and enclose it (with a two-cent stamp for return postage) to W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East Fourteenth st., New York, and you will receive, by return mail, a full-size pattern of this Jacket (worth 25 cts.) Cross out with pencil the size desired. Bust, 34, 36, 38, 40.

L.S.L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"*We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.*"

G. T. Beauregard

J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
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By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

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A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS I, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, **September 13, 1887.—208th** Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$30,000
100 " "	200	20,000
100 " "	100	10,000
1,000 Terminal "	50	50,000
2,179 Prizes, amounting to		$535,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.
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REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER that the payment of all Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

Publishers' Column.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We call attention to our new advertisement of the Blade Sewing Machine. Every particular is fully set forth in the advertisement. We desire to add, however, that we are prepared to ship machines at once, the very day we receive the order, and we are preparing to take care of heavy orders during the coming fall months.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons — To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?
No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?
No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?
No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?
No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare. No. I of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1887, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published nine different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of nine	1 25

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

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I wish to put you on your guard, as there are numerous irresponsible firms advertising cheap watches that are worthless as time-keepers. A printed form or fac-simile of certificate of guarantee accompanying every watch purchased from me: "The watch purchased from me by .... is a 14-k. solid rolled gold plate case, warranted to stand all acid test, No. .... genuine Rockford stem-wind works, No. .... and a valuable time-keeper, which I hereby guarantee and agree to keep in good order for one year without charge. Price, $8.00. William Williams." This certificate is binding upon me, being an absolute guarantee, and for which I at all times hold myself responsible.

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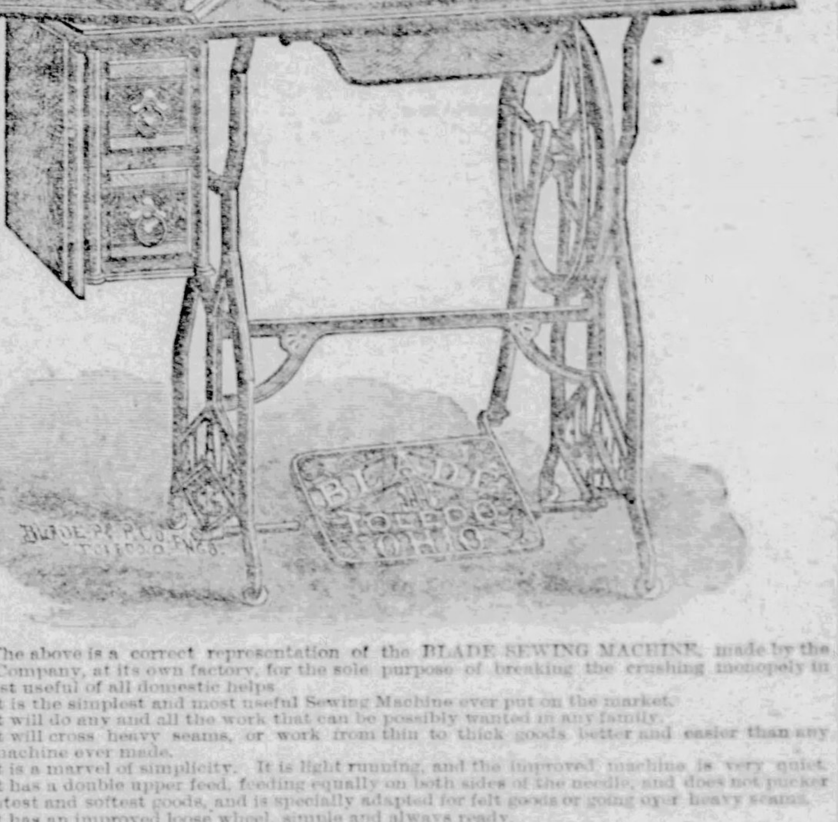

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Thanking you for the kindness which you have shown in looking up our machines and forwarding them, I am, yours respectfully,

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By MYRA S. YOUNG.

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The machine now does nicely, will sew through ten thicknesses of muslin as easily as through four. I am well pleased and can heartily recommend the machine.

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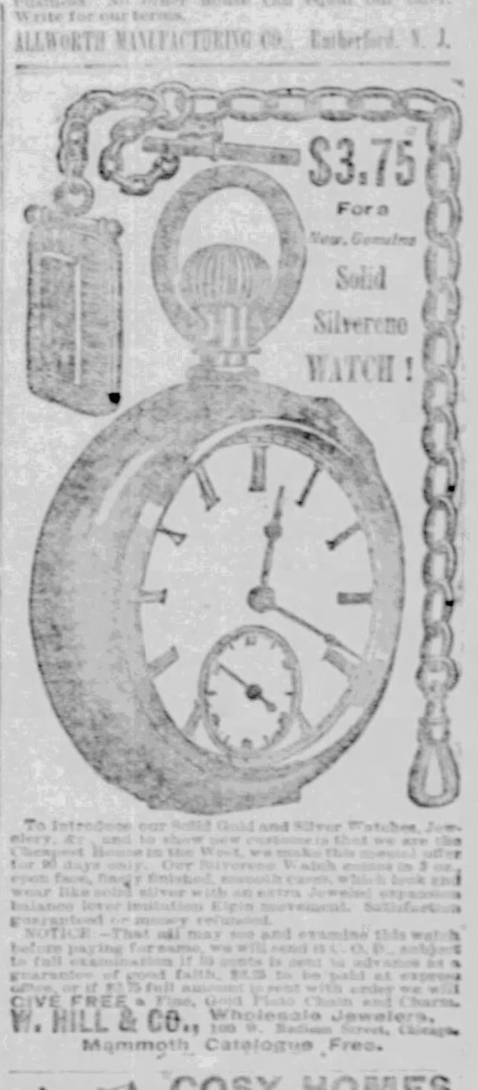

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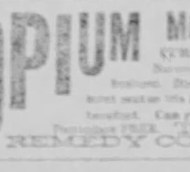

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

"BIDE A WEE AND DINNA FRET."

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

"She is very pretty. Don't you think so?" I turned to look at her. A well-poised head upon shapely shoulders; clear-cut features framed in masses of dark brown hair, large hazel colored eyes, a delicate but colorless complexion, were what met my gaze, and I answered quickly:

"She is more than pretty. She is beautiful."

I saw the same face ten years afterward. You have most of you heard of the two pictures in the painter's studio, the one of an angelic-looking child, lovelier and purer than a new-fallen snow flake, seeming indeed like a visitant from a radiant sphere beyond mortality; the other repulsive beyond power of expression, a man's face upon which everything vile had left its impress, sensual, cruel, loathsome, and yet both child and man were one and the same individual with the lapse of years between them.

I do not mean to say that there was any such difference in the two faces which I saw at times separated by ten years. But there was a marked change that the lapse of the years did not explain, and while I looked at her, the question of its cause was rife in my mind. "She must have met with some terrible misfortune" I said to myself, "to have made these lines,"—lines which were ploughed, not pencilled, in the delicate features.

Subsequent inquiry developed nothing of the kind in her life, which seemed to be as fair and smooth as that of most mortals. She had a good husband, two bright children and a pretty home with a reasonable share of comforts as the world considers them.

Coming to know her later, I began to suspect the hand which had traced the lines, and the suspicion afterwards became certainty. You wonder what it was that had no mercy upon such beauty? It was simply and solely the habit of fretting.

Now I do not mean just fault finding, the kind which finds nothing right, that because something *is*, is reason enough for believing it all wrong. There are enough of that sort of people and to spare, but this one rare woman—and she was rare in loveliness of character, as well as of person, except for the single drawback I am speaking of—found no fault with others, but she was constantly fretting, or call it worrying, if you will, about what might happen in the near or distant future. Upon the clearest, brightest day she saw clouds gathering, which would possibly bring the tempest; hours of exceptional enjoyment were to her always precursors of some sad happening; unusually high spirits portended the subsequent falling into the depths, and so on to the end of the chapter. She could not enjoy one of God's good or beautiful gifts without feeling that she was to suffer in a corresponding degree. It never appeared to occur to her that she was thus casting the strongest doubt upon His goodness and mercy. She seemed to believe—for that was what it amounted to—that He only gave happiness in order to make despair the blacker.

The result of this worry, this fretting about possibilities was written, as I have said, in her face, and the writing was growing deeper with every year that passed. Her anxieties multiplied constantly, for it is a peculiarity of these imps of apprehension that there is no limit as to numbers and they flock wherever they are bidden a welcome, but if the back is turned resolutely they soon retire abashed, no matter how persistent they may seem at first. She never turned her back and they ran triumphant riot through her days and many of her nights.

She was only a type of a large class of people. You who read this will no doubt immediately bring to mind some one who answers to this description, so far as the fretting is concerned, and perhaps—mind, I only say perhaps,—you are growing into this habit yourself. A little self-examination will very quickly tell whether it be so or not, whether you are prone to look at the dark side, to accept all pleasure with a reservation as to what may follow, to imagine evil where none exists, to be afraid that the future holds more of sadness than of gladness for you and yours, though its skies seem bright to you now. If that is the way, then be sure that you are inviting a permanent state of mind which can only be described as "fretting," that will make you utterly miserable and have its influence upon all around you, and which will be sure to write itself in unlovely lines upon your face, sooner or later.

This constant worrying about present things and fear for the future does more than this—it brings actual disease to the body as well as to the mind. You can not digest your food properly if you are thinking uncomfortable thoughts while you are eating. If to-day you take on the burdens of to-morrow, you are bearing them twice over, which is not necessary.

Says Prentice Mulford in his "Your Forces and How To Use Them," a little book by the way, that everybody ought to read: "Exactly as the unburdened, unfretted, unworried lily attracts power to grow and clothe itself with beauty from the elements about it, exactly so does the unworried, unfretted human mind attract to itself a thousand times more of what is necessary to carry out its plans and renew its happiness. You lose that power the moment you commence to fret."

And further on:

"It is all nonsense too, to say you can't stop worrying, at least for the present. But that makes no difference as to the result, the loss of power through fretting, the actual damage to health, the weakening of mind through worry, the ageing of the body, and, worse than all, the loss or cutting off from yourself of the mind's attractive power, which, if allowed free operation like the lily's, would give you all that you can enjoy for the day, because you can enjoy but just so much for the day, though you have, or think you have, ten thousand times more."

He does not mean to say, any more than I do, that you can dismiss all thought, and all anxiety for the morrow. It would be strange if you or any one could, for "the habit is born with us. Our ancestors for generations have worried before us," but we can do a great deal to overcome the habit, and be so much the better and happier for it.

The more you fret, the more you worry, the less power you will have to ward off trouble. In one sense, if you take care of to-day the morrow will take care of itself. It is necessary to exercise some provision for the future, it is true, but it is that which is without the element of fear. Certainly the brooding over sorrows and misfortunes that are past, and imagining that worse is to come will not help you. It weakens your forces, destroys your powers.

Women are not the only "fretters" in the world. Many a man renders himself and those he loves best in the world, miserable, by looking persistently upon the dark side of things, fretting about this, worrying about that, full of foreboding of evils which multiply and grow strong as they find themselves well entertained. The man who does that is never successful in business. He carries through no great enterprises in which there are large gains, because he is afraid to venture. One failure will be enough to scatter all his courage to the four winds, and he goes on with a never ending fret about what has been and what may be, instead of putting yesterday's disappointment behind him, and girding himself up with the experience gained, going on with faith and hope into some new undertaking.

I came across some lines a day or two ago, which expresses so much and so well in this same line of thought that I must give them to my readers who have not seen them. They are entitled "Bide a Wee and Dinna Fret," and were published in *Every Other Saturday*, but without the name of the author:

Is the road very dreary?
Patience yet!
Rest will be sweeter if thou art aweary,
And after night cometh the morning cheery,
Then bide a wee, and dinna fret.

The clouds have silver lining,
Don't forget;
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining;
Courage! instead of tears and vain repining,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

With toil and cares unending
Art beset?
Bethink thee how the storms from heaven descending
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending,
And bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Grief sharper sting doth borrow
From regret;
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and the morrow?
Nay; bide a wee, and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding
Doth beget
A host of fears and fantasies deluding;
Then, brother, lest these torments be intruding,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Mantel Banner and Screen.—Get one of the brass rods that comes for the purpose, one end of which screws to the mantel piece, and fasten it where it may swing out and be used as a screen. Have one side of the banner of a light bluish green satin, and the other of a dark green plush. Upon the satin have some pretty design painted or embroidered, and upon the plush put a conventional pattern in tinsels. Sew the edges together and put a cord made of the same colors as the banner around the whole. Across the bottom hang at intervals handsome tassels. Suspend this to the rod, and you have a very handsome ornament, as well as a very useful one.

A pretty hand screen may be made by covering a piece of card-board, which is shaped like a leaf of some kind with some handsome material, having the two sides different. Where they meet at the edges, a pretty card must be sewed to cover the meeting line. Get a wooden rod and cover it with satin, and then fasten the leaf to it with bows of ribbon. This will be a dainty thing to lie upon the center table or upon the mantel, to be used when needed.

Screens of all kinds are very useful as well as ornamental. One standing upon the table to shade the eyes of a person from the light when not desiring to read or work, is never out of place. Standards of all kinds can be purchased, and then it depends upon the taste of the maker as to the beauty of the screen itself.

Now is the time to begin to think about the fancy work to be done this fall and winter. A great help in suggesting things will be found in "Fancy Work and Household Decoration," which can be had by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—ED.

Embroidery of all kinds, instead of decreasing, rapidly gains in favor, such a multitude of pretty trifles can be made by the addition of a small spray or flower embroidered in arrasene, crewels or silks. Cut-out flowers are effective; the easiest way is to cut them out of old brocades, or even cretonne, and transfer them to plain materials; working round the pattern with gold thread, in chain, feather or any fancy stitch. A tiny braid or a row of iridescent beads, also makes a pretty edge for the transferred pattern. Velvet, plush, satin and net are all effective braided in chenille, gilt cord, silver, or steel; such a border edges a table scarf of plush very effectively.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Wide Lace.—Cast on 30 stitches—1st row—slip 1—k 1—o—n—slip 4 stitches over first stitch on the left hand needle—thread over 4 times—k 4—o—n—slip 4 stitches over first stitch on the left hand needle—thread o 4 times—k 4—o—n—k 1—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 1; 2d row—slip 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o—n k 4—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—o—n—k 1; 3d row—slip 1—k 1—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 8; 4th row—slip 1—k 8—o—n—slip 4 stitches o first stitch on left hand needle—thread o 4 times—k 4—o—n—slip 4 stitches o first stitch on left hand needle—thread o 4 times—k 4—o—n—slip 4 stitches o first stitch on left hand needle—thread o 4 times—k 4—o—n—k 1; 5th row—slip 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—o—n—k 1—o twice—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 1; 6th row—slip 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 1; 7th row—slip 1—k 1—o—n—slip 4 stitches o first stitch on left hand needle—thread o 4 times—k 4—o—n—slip 4 stitches o first stitch on left hand needle—thread o 4 times—k 4—o—n—k 11; 8th row—slip 1—k 11—o—n—k 4—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—o—n—k 1; 9th row—slip 1—k 1—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 4—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 3; 10th row—slip 1—k 4—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 5—o—n—slip 4 stitches o first stitch on left hand needle—thread o 4 times—k 4—o—n—slip 4 stitches o first stitch on left hand needle—thread o 4 times—k 4—o—n—k 1; 11th row—slip 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—o—n—k 4—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—o—n—k 13; 12th row—bind off 7—k 6—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 8—o—n—k 1—BLANCHE CLAIR.

Pointed Lambrequin.—With No. 16 twine make a chain of 18 loops. 1st row—miss 3 and into the fourth work 3 trebles; then 2 ch, 3 trebles into the next, (or fifth); these form a shell—9 ch—miss 11—3 trebles into the next loop—2 ch—3 trebles into the last stitch; these form the second shell—1 ch—1 long treble into the last stitch also—6 ch—turn. 2d row—3 trebles under the 1 ch—2 ch—3 trebles—2 ch—3 trebles, all under the 2 ch of shell—9 ch—3 trebles—2 ch—3 trebles, all under treble of of next shell—1 d c on outside treble of shell—4 ch, and turn. 3d row—3 trebles—2 ch—3 trebles, all under 2 ch of first shell—8 ch—3 trebles—2 ch—3 trebles, all under 2 ch of next shell—2 ch—3 trebles under 2 ch—2 ch—3 trebles under 6 ch—1 ch—1 long treble in the 5th of the 6 ch, and turn. 4th row—3 trebles under the 1 ch—*2 ch—3 trebles under 2 ch—repeat from star once—2 ch—"shell," that is, 3 trebles—2 ch—3 trebles, all under 2 ch of previous shell—4 ch—1 d c under the 8th and 9th of two previous rows—4 ch—"shell"—1 d c in outside treble of "shell"—4 ch, and turn. 5th row—"shell"—8 ch—"shell"—*2 ch—3 trebles—repeat from star three times—1 ch—1 long treble in 5th of 6 ch, and turn. 6th row—3 trebles under 1 ch—*2 ch—3 trebles—repeat from star three times—2 ch—"shell"—9 ch—"shell"—1 d c in last treble of "shell"—4 ch, and turn. 7th row—"shell"—8 ch—"shell"—*2 ch—3 trebles—repeat from star five times—1 ch—1 long treble into the 5th of the 6th ch—6 ch, and turn. 8th row—3 trebles under 1 ch—*2 ch—3 trebles—repeat from star five times—2 ch—"shell"—4 ch—1 d c under the long chain of two previous rows—4 ch—"shell"—1 d c on last treble of "shell—4 ch, and turn; this will make the point long enough, and to begin the second point thus: 9th row—"shell"—8 ch—shell—1 ch—1 long treble under the same 2 ch, under which the shell is worked—6 ch, and turn—repeat from second row. A fringe is added along the edges of the points, and ribbon put through in the usual way. Join the twine at the end of the upper edge and work scallops of 6 or 8 trebles under the 4 ch with a d c, which ran along the "shells" in the same place as the d c made at the end of the even row.—STELLA.

Correspondence.

FROM THE HUSBAND'S SIDE.—The suggestions in your "Home Talks," etc., form a complete answer to the letter (August 18) from "A Cross, Ugly Woman," who is probably much less cross than she appears.

In brief, the argument may be stated thus: A weak, sickly woman has no right to get married unless with the understanding that no more is to be expected of her than her strength is equal to, and the certainty that her husband is well able to support her, so that she will not become a burden to him. This is no more than could fairly be required of anyone assuming any position of similar responsibility, and one who assumes the duties under false pretences or fails to perform her part through her own fault has no right to complain of the consequences.

An energetic, capable woman, and any woman in good health may become such, who takes a real interest in her husband's business, and is willing to help him to success, realizing that his success is also her's, can make her own terms with her husband, if he is not a brute, and she should leave him instantly if he is. If she is required to assume family or other cares beyond her strength, or if she is not treated with due consideration, in nine cases out of ten it is because she either fails egregiously in her duties, or does not demand what she has the right and the power to claim. In either case, whining will not mend the matter.

May I be permitted to present the case from the men's point of view? The wife who takes an interest in her husband's affairs as if they were her own, who is willing to work and save, and make sacrifices for his success is the exception rather than the rule. Usually she has plans and wishes and ambitions of her own, innocent enough if indulged at her own expense, but ruinous if paid for out of the slender income of a young man trying to get a start in life. She does not intend to be extravagant, and does not believe she is so, but she cannot be coaxed or driven to keep an accurate account of receipts and expenses, she takes no interest in what she is doing, she begrudges time and money spent in business, as so much taken from her requirements, she draws freely upon his money and strength as long as he has either left to give, and is surprised and grieved, and indignant perhaps, when the supply begins to fail. Unaccustomed, in most cases, to earning money, and valuing her own time and strength lightly, she does not realize that her demands upon her husband are often excessive and unreasonable, and is disposed to complain bitterly if refused.

In fairness be it said, men themselves are often unaware of this domestic tyranny, and would be offended if told that their wives were robbing them and destroying their chances of success. I have seen a man driven first to failure, and then to suicide, in the belief that his own inefficiency had caused the gradual disappearance of his own and his wife's little property, not realizing that she was all the time spending more than three ordinary men could earn, and that nothing less than extraordinary ability and success could keep him from bankruptcy. And he was not more sublimely unconscious of the cause of his failure than she was.

The fact being that the great power which the law gives a woman over a man's time and income is often unintentionally used unscrupulously, what is the remedy?

If the man and wife are both industrious and economical, and willing to work in the same line for the same end no remedy is needed, and a fair degree of happiness and success is almost certain. Examples of such success, both in public and private life, are familiar to every one.

If the woman is thrifty and capable and the man a dead beat, though she may and should repent deeply of making such choice, still by making it always very evident to him that his comfort and happiness depend on doing his part, and showing his wife proper attention, something may be done towards reformation. Nor is the power of wise Christian influence to be despised. If he prove incorrigible, she should consider well whether it is her duty to continue to live with him, and bring up a large family of children in his idle or evil habits.

If the husband be industrious, and his wife a spendthrift, happiness may perhaps be secured by giving her an allowance, as large as his income will permit or her necessities require, and let her pay from it every cent of the family expenses, giving her the privilege of keeping all she can save, and earning more if she has time and opportunity, but not of running in debt. Any man worthy of the name would make this allowance as liberal as possible. If robbery results, it will at least be regular in time and definite in amount, and not necessarily fatal to success in life.

If both husband and wife are shiftless—well, the town authorities kindly provide for such cases.

Other and wiser suggestions will no doubt be offered by the fair readers of the HOUSEHOLD.—A HORRID MAN.

FLIES.—Try darkness and cleanliness—the dining-room and kitchen is where they most do congregate; keep both scrupulously clean. After meals are over and the work done up, close the outside blinds tightly. "I have no outside blinds," say you. Well, inside shades then; pull them down to the bottom of the window, close the door, being careful, however, to leave the windows open just sufficiently at the top and bottom to admit the air. Did you ever notice, by the way, how cool and inviting a darkened room will appear, even on the hottest day? Door and window screens I abhor. They give to an otherwise nice appearing house, the look of a fifth rate restaurant. Where there are children you will find screens almost, if not absolutely, useless, besides the window screen is objectionable. "Pray why?" Because it is an obstacle, it prevents my poking my nose out of the window to admire the swing of Fannie Bell's butterfly drapery; when I hear the band tooting down street, I'm undecided whether its the circus come to town or a whalebone hawker having a birth-day party, and I want to investigate—see. A green bough, sprinkled with buttermilk and hung up in the kitchen, will attract flies by the million. Well, and what of that? Let the flies go to roost, provide yourself with a stout bag, draw a bench or table under the bough, envelop without disturbing your intended victims, gather up the mouth of bag, immerse in tub of water, and behold you have slain your thousands—aye, your tens of thousands. God be with the good old days when I was appointed a committee of one to reconnoitre and report on the movements of the enemy, and awful and solemn were the warnings, whispered in the dark, of the fate which awaited me should I, by a clumsy touch, set the bough in motion before the mouth of the bag had closed around it.—NANCY SUSAN.

ARTIFICIAL FOOD FOR INFANTS.—I feel it my duty to say a few words to the thousands of mothers who are raising infants upon artificial food, hoping to save them, as well as the mothers, from much suffering.

First, have fresh cow's milk for the new baby, and do not make it half water, no odds who advises it. Twenty-one years ago I, a young ignorant mother, under the doctor's orders, almost starved my first baby to death on the watery mixture. The utmost care, together with the fact that she began eating solid food at a very early age, kept her alive, but she is a very weak woman, due, no doubt, to the semi-starvation endured in infancy. Her first child, as fat and healthy a child as I ever saw, was bottle-fed. The authorities on such matters, poured in the water and the baby began to grow poor and cross. She would overload her stomach with the unnutritious mixture, then vomit, and drink to excess again with the same result. The mother then began giving pure milk and an immediate change for the better took place. After a few days the milk of another cow, also fresh, but the milk much richer, was substituted. At three months of age the child was the marvel of the neighborhood, so large and fat was she. She got her teeth with very little difficulty and is to-day a healthy child. The next babe, a puny little creature, was at once put upon pure, rich milk, with now and then a change to a Swiss prepared food, and has never had a sick day in her brief life. Is fat, and rosy, and good tempered. As one of your contributors said a short time since, "Sometimes the milk is sour, sometimes cold." I do not believe the milk has been warmed since the weather grew warm. These two children were well cared for, bathed, etc., and had all the cold water they wanted, from birth. The youngest one does not drink much water, but the oldest would drink several tablespoonfuls every day when two weeks old, to the horror of her other grandma, who shrieked that we would kill the child.

When your baby is fretful give him cold water, and he will soon learn to drink frequently. I ought to say that these babies have no colic or other ailment.—SUBSCRIBER.

FOR BALDNESS.—Since my letter appeared in these columns, about a year ago, in regard to hickory nut oil being a remedy for grayness and baldness, I have received thousands of inquiries about it, many of which I have answered by mail, but finding it rather expensive, as not half of them enclosed a stamp for return postage, I thought I would take this method of answering all of them at once, providing you would kindly allow me the space. Hickory nut oil, I think, is the best remedy for baldness, grayness, or falling out of the hair. I permanently cured my grandfather in 1876 with it, who was almost totally bald, and he being at that time 76 years of age. Now, I do not believe that it will cure every case at that age, but I do believe it will cure every case that is curable; where the glands which supply the roots of the hair with nourishment, are not really absorbed or dead. I think there are few cases that will not yield to its restorative forces.

If the glands are only torpid, the oil is sure to awaken them to new activity, and cause a fresh growth of hair.

Hickory nut oil strengthens the hair roots, cures tetter, sores and humors of the scalp; prevents the formation of dandruff; renders the hair pliant, soft and glossy; stimulates it to a vigorous growth; prevents the hair from falling out, and where it has already fallen causes a new growth. It also preserves the hair from growing gray, and where its natural color has been lost, restores it even when whitened by old age, to the natural hue and lustre of youth. It is agreeable to use, and is the cleanest of anything for toilet use.

For toilet use it will keep the hair soft and pliant, give it a beautifully lustrous gloss, and cause it to grow luxuriantly. It will also preserve the hair in all the freshness of youth even to old age.

Faded, gray, red, or dull flaxen hair will be gradually changed to a rich, glossy brown color, and even to black, by the continued use of the oil, through its power of stimulating the secretion of the natural coloring pigment in the hair, and not by the chemical action of a dye. Occasional use will preserve the shade of color once attained that may be desired.—J. D. L., Lansing, Mich.

Inquiries.

"Young Widow's" inquiry cannot be inserted, because she writes upon both sides of the paper, and also directs the answer to be sent to the BLADE, to be forwarded, which we could not undertake to do. In all cases some address must be given which will allow letters to go directly to the person addressed, *unless* we have otherwise requested.—ED.

I would like a recipe to make elderberry wine.—G. H. H.

Can any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what to do for a diseased spine; also for dropsy?—A SUBSCRIBER'S MOTHER.

Will some one send me a recipe for putting up grapes on stems for winter use?—L. K.

Will some kind reader tell me what is the cause of a white matter rising in my throat? It is very hard to dislodge.—ANON.

I would like very much to have directions for crocheting a head-covering, called "the fascinator." Will you ask for it in the columns of the BLADE?—A SUBSCRIBER.

I write to ask the advice of our HOUSEHOLD sisters in regard to a rag carpet. I want one of 30 yards with a light center and dark border. I want it very pretty and stylish. Some one please tell me all about it, as I know nothing whatever about rag carpets.—MRS. M. JOHNSON, Trinidad, Col.

Will some one give me a way by which I can remove a large grass stain from a white dress? If so, please delay not.—FAITHFUL READER.

Will some one please tell me the prettiest way to arrange sea-shells?

Will the lady who sent me the sateen and silk pieces please send me her address?—MRS FRANCES WIGHT, Round Grove, Lawrence Co., Mo.

Will some one kindly name some respectable employment for young ladies? I am compelled to earn my own living; have a good education, but do not know what to do, or where to go for employment. Am willing to go away from home if necessary, and to learn anything necessary to know to get employment. Would like advice from any one.—A FAITHFUL READER.

Will "Mair," the lady that wrote the letter from Northern California, please send her address to—S. A. MCKENZIE, Bozeman, Montana?

Can some of the BLADE readers tell me how to fasten the rubber on my Eureka wringer? It has come loose on the shaft.—MRS. H. A. TURNER.

I wish some member of the HOUSEHOLD would give a few gymnastic exercises, suitable for small children, or give the name of some good book on Calisthenics.—STELLA.

Answers to Inquiries.

Will some one please tell me how to get gilding for frames? We have no artist store here, would like to know all about it?—AUGUST.

Any druggist could send for the liquid gilding for you. Or you can write to the "Art Interchange" New York City, and receive the name of some house where you can get it. Any art paper will have advertisements of such materials.

Will some sister please tell me how to cut my Canton flannel jacket for underwear? So it will not be bulky. I am one of the unhappy fat ones and would like my clothing as snug as possible.—SUBSCRIBER, Box 73, Broken Bow, Neb.

Better get the Jersey fitting union undergarment such as has been frequently recommended in the BLADE. Most large stores keep them now. They fit closely and are warm. If you want to make them of Canton flannel send 15 cents to Gallison and Hobron Co. 696 Broadway, for a number of Anne Jenness Miller's Magazine, "Dress" and you will find out all about the chemilette pattern and where to get it.—ED.

Will Miss Bouton kindly give the name of a firm selling the corset waist, the kind Mrs. Jenness Miller recommends in the BLADE, and oblige many of her portly friends?—MRS. H. M. WOOD, Jonesburg, Mo.

Write to the same firm mentioned above, and in that magazine you will find out all that you want to know.—ED.

M. O. R.: We cannot give you the names of business firms in these columns unless they are advertisers. Get a Chicago paper and you will find what you ask for.—ED.

To "W. T." who asks in the last BLADE how to rid sod houses of fleas I will say that I have tried every method without success until within the last two years. For that time we have had no trouble with them. My mode is this, (and it takes work to do it, but work is preferable to torture): When one of the numerous class who whine that they "can't get rid of fleas," visits me, immediately upon their departure, I carry out bedding, clothing, etc., and lay them on the grass. The ants will explore everything and take both fleas and their eggs, though the latter are usually deposited in cracks of flooring. I then take a pailful of water with enough washing soda to make water slippery and scrub every inch of the floor. Rinse well with cold water and then take a pail of water with a quart of salt, and with a broom go over the floor thoroughly. I do not wipe up, but leave the doors open and it will soon dry. Now empty your chaff ticks and fill with fresh hay and bring all in doors. No egg will ever hatch in the floor after this treatment, and all the surviving fleas will at once seek your clothing. Either catch them or change clothing and scald it. I have put them in cold water and found them alive three hours later. Pursue this plan and you will have no fleas unless your neighbors bring them. Tie your dog away from the house and wash him and your cat with kerosene, at least once a week. Eternal vigilance is the price of "freedom from fleas."—Broken Bow, Neb., Box 73.

If "Jessie" will leave an armful of walnut leaves in her rooms a few weeks she will be bothered with fleas no more.—ONE WHO KNOWS.

If the lady troubled with flies will put a teaspoonful of cobalt (a cheap drug) on a plate and cover it with water, it will destroy the flies, provided other drinks are kept out of their way.

The lady annoyed by black line on the upper lip can be cured by regulating the liver and using kallodyn, prepared by the Toledo Medical Bureau, as advertised in BLADE. A few applications cured me of a case of two years' standing.—SYDNEY S.

Recipes.

Salt Rising Bread.—In answer to M. White's inquiry in the BLADE of the 11th, "Why does my salt rising bread not raise after molding into loaves?" I will give my way of making, hoping it may benefit the inquirer or some other member of the Household. For four large loaves take ½ teaspoonful sal soda and double that quantity of sugar; 1 pt. warm water; flour to make a thick batter; cover close and set in oven over night; in the morning beat thoroughly; set in kettle of warm water until light; keep kettle covered close, to keep temperature the same; when light, have your flour ready in bread bowl, about 4 qts. flour with 1 pt. boiling water; scald flour in center; cool with cold water until it will not scald, then mix in your rising, stirring thoroughly; cover over with flour until light, then add ½ teaspoonful soda and mix into a stiff dough, adding more flour if needed; knead until smooth; make into loaves, set in warm place until light; bake in moderate oven three-fourths of an hour. I hope those who have failed in getting good bread will try this recipe, for it is just splendid, and if warm and protected from the wind it will be a success always. I always have my bread baked as early as 10 o'clock, and oh! such bread! it is delicious. Please try and report.—MRS. EMMA WELLS, Lamars, Col.

Corn Oysters.—To 1 pint of grated green corn add a small teacupful of flour, 1 egg, half a cupful of butter, some salt and pepper, and mix well. Fry in butter. Do not boil the corn before grating.—MRS. L.

Fruit Cake.—1 lb. of flour; 1 lb. of sugar; ¾ lb. of butter; 10 eggs; 2 lbs. of seeded raisins; 2 lbs. of currents; 2 lbs. of citron; ¼ lb. of blanched almonds; ½ oz. of mace; ½ oz. of allspice; ½ oz. of nutmeg; ½ oz. of cloves; ½ oz. of cinnamon; 1 teaspoonful of rose water; 1 wine glassful of white wine; 1 wine glassful of brandy; 1 cupful of molasses.

How to mix it.—First beat the sugar and yolks of eggs, then the butter and flour to a cream, last the whites beat in lightly, then the spices. Add the fruit just before baking.—M. L. C., Nevada.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

DECATUR, ILL.	Blanche Miller	Evert Miller
Maud Foster	Maud Miller	SANDFORD, IND.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.	Floss Billtoft	Rozilla P Jones
Elvira M French	Pearl Billtoft	CUMMINSVILLE, NEB.
BASSETT, NEB.	Ollie Billtoft	Bertha L Staple
John H Ewing	Harry Billtoft	SUGAR GLOVE, PA.
Edward T Ewing	Effie Miller	May E Stanford
Charl'y W Ewing	Arthur Miller	

Names this week, 17. Total, 20,421.

The above embraces all names received up to September 1.

THE ROBIN.

JOHN J. WHITTIER.

My old Welch neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson playing at marbles, stopped,
And cruel in sport, as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird who hopped
From bough to bough of the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit.
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor bron ruddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like him!"

"Amen!" said I to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like him in the glory they do!"
—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A SPARROW'S NEST.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"There's no use talking, I know the rent isn't paid!"

"Now, mother, don't worry; everything will turn out all right."

"That's what you say. I don't see, myself, what's to hinder our being turned out on the street, if the rent isn't paid in two weeks."

"Why, mother, you know Mr. King wouldn't do such a thing as that. He would wait a little while. He has always been real kind."

"People can't wait forever."

"Now, mother, don't sit here and worry about that all day."

"I can't help it. It's nothing but worry all the time, as far as I can see."

"Well, there isn't any use in it. Perhaps I shall get the Elliot school, who knows?" Sarah said, laughingly.

"You wont. You might have, if Florence Benton thought as much of you as she pretended to once. Judge Benton could get the place for you by lifting his little finger. But that's always the way, the poorer any one is and the more she needs it, the less she has done for her."

"You're all discouraged this morning, mother. Now don't sit and and fret and make yourself sick. I've left everything where you can get it, and I'll come home early and bring something nice for supper. What do you want?"

"I don't want anything," sighed her mother. Sarah Mayhew stooped and kissed her, then she hurried away. It was high time that she did. She had a mile to walk to her school, and it was already half-past eight.

It was raining very hard when she stepped out-of-doors. All the green tree boughs tossed in a mist, and the grasses bent over, they were so heavy with rain-drops. The moment that she opened the door, she could hear the great roar of the river at the east. It was very high.

Sarah put up her old brown cotton umbrella and went on; the rain shifted through and came on her face in a fine mist. Sarah wore a shabby woolen waterproof cloak, too; everything about her looked forlorn and shabby, down to her leaky rubber over-shoes.

All the cheerfulness which she had kept in her face before her mother was gone, but a look of steady resolution remained. That never left Sarah Mayhew's little, thin, fair face; the wiry erectness of those slender shoulders of hers never relaxed.

She met the great gusts of rainy wind, the roar of the river was in her ears, the picture of her mother with her long, sickly, querulous face, sitting helpless with rheumatism beside the kitchen fire in the miserable little tenement, for which she owed a quarter's rent, was before her eyes, but she never wanted to turn her face away from it all.

When she came to the Elliot school house she looked at it longingly. It was a noble brick building, and accomodated several graded schools. There was shortly to be a vacancy in the crops of instructors; the assistant principal of the grammar school had resigned, the resignation to take effect at the close of the present term. Sarah had resolved to apply for the position, which meant $600 a year, and the ability to hire a pretty little tenement for herself and mother, which stood vacant near the school house.

In spite of her cheerful allusion to it, she had very little hope of success. She had been studying hard to qualify herself, but she was young, had little experience, and was not an out-of-town graduate.

She knew that all these things had influence, and that some older teacher, had a seminary graduate, had a better chance of success than she. Still she was determined to try. Sarah Mayhew was not a girl to let any good opportunity slip through weakness and despondency.

Just after she passed the Elliot school she met Florence Benton. There was a strange young lady with her, probably some school friend, she thought to herself. She knew that Florence was home on a vacation; she attended a boarding school in a neighboring city.

The two girls in their pretty gray waterproofs came tripping along, laughing and talking in the rain. They held a silk umbrella between them, airily. Florence's cheeks were a lovely pink from the damp fresh wind, her dark eyes were radiant. She nodded in a gay, careless way to Sarah, as they passed, and did not stop talking to her friend.

Sarah plodded on, damp and shabby, her resolute face pale. This was the first time she had seen Florence since her return from school; they had been gradually drifting apart for two years, but this was the farthest drift of all. Florence had always stopped and greeted her pleasantly, although she rarely visited her nowadays. Sarah had told herself, many a time, that it was all natural enough, and that Florence was not to blame. They had been almost like sisters when they attended the village school together. Sarah had been at home in Florence's house, and Florence in hers; but now, of course, it must be different. Florence was in a city boarding school. She was forming new acquaintances with girls who were of her own social standing. She could not have as much in common with Sarah Mayhew, and Sarah Mayhew ought not to expect it nor feel hurt.

She could have kept pace with Florence better before her fathers's death. They had never had any competence, and were always humble in their belongings; still they had been comfortable, and Sarah had more time and ability for the socialities which would have brought her in contact with Florence Benton. But now, when every minute had to be occupied by the struggle for bread and butter, when she had to go poorly, even scantily, clad, of course it must be different.

Sarah, hurrying along, this morning, told herself all these truths over again; still her heart was aching.

"How lovely she looked!" she thought to herself.

Sarah had always taken great pride in Florence's beauty. She remembered quarreling, when a child, with one of her schoolmates who had disparaged it. It was ridiculous, but she had never fancied the girl afterward.

It was true, as her mother had said, that a word from Judge Benton, Florence's father, could secure that coveted position in the Elliot school for her, but how could she ask for it? It would seem like trading on Florence's old, faded love for her.

The rain came down in torrents. Sarah thought to herself that she had never seen anything like it. The road was like a shallow brook, her feet were soaked.

As she went on the roar of the river grew louder; the road curved more and more in its direction. Sarah's little school-house, which was in an outlying district of the village, was peculiarly situated. It stood in a meadow in an angle formed by the junction of a brook, known as "Stony Brook," with the river. The brook was an inconsiderable stream, although it worked a grist mill, and boasted of a dam two miles above. However, the flood of to-day would swell the tiniest rill, and Sarah, as she drew near her school-house, could hear the little angry song of the brook beside the roar of the river.

She doubted if she would find a pupil there, the nearest lived half a mile away; but eight were assembled, five boys and three girls. The oldest boy was 9, the youngest girl 5. Her name was Bessie Morton; she was a pretty, black-eyed little thing. She had come under the guardianship of her older bother, but Sarah wondered how her mother had happened to let her.

Sarah built a fire in the little box-stove, so the children could dry their wet clothes, then she began the regular exercises of the school. It seemed almost a farce with this number of pupils, but Sarah was punctilious in the discharge of her duties; and, moreover, the school committee and the parents of this district were somewhat exacting. Sarah knew that, if thay sent their children to school, they would expect them to be regularly and faithfully taught.

However, the discipline on a day like this was inevitably somewhat lax, and the routine more or less irregular.

There was a certain excitement about the flood-rain which affected the children. They seemed nervous and confused, and could not apply themselves to their lessons as usual. They listened to the roar of the river and the wrangle of the brook, and looked at each other meaningly.

"Just hear the river," they whispered, sometimes, in defiance of rules.

There was no danger from the river, although it rushed in a muddy, foaming torrent not far away, and filled the air with its terrible voice. Its channel was too many feet below the town level; the brook had a tremendous fall, before it could join it. There was danger to the bridges but never any danger to the town.

So neither the teacher nor the children felt any fear, only that vague awe and unrest, and inability of application to familiar duties, which comes of such elemental commotion.

It was half an hour before noon. Sarah was about to call the scholars out on the floor to spell when suddenly they began whispering excitedly. She thumped her ruler upon the desk but they paid no attention. A boy near the window had arisen and was looking out, and gesticulating wildly. All at once the other children left their seats and rushed toward him, pressing wildly up to the window.

Sarah brought her ruler down on her desk again.

"Children!" she cried out, sternly, "what does this mean?"

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

FREDDY'S BATH.

"Look out, Freddy!" called grandma. "Don't climb up on my milk-sink; you'll upset it. It isn't fastened to the wall, you know.

"Yes'm," answered Freddy, and he stood up on his feet again, and put his hands in his pockets. All the same he couldn't help looking with longing eyes at the old red milk-sink which stood just inside Grandma Winkle's dairy door.

Somehow, that sink had a great charm for Freddy.

You see, it was just the thing to play circus on. It was deep and wide, and there were shelves beneath, where grandma set her pans of milk after she skimmed them; and it was Freddy's delight to cling with his hands to the edge, and leaning back as hard as he could, put his feet on the lowest shelf, and go up until his heels were almost as high as his head. Wasn't that a funny performance?

Grandma Winkle thought so, and she wondered what Freddy would think of next. She was afraid he would get hurt, and tip the sink over besides.

But Freddy thought it was a wonderful feat, indeed, and he felt pretty sure that he could turn over backwards through his hands, the way he had seen circus men do.

He had not quite dared to try it yet, but some day he meant to. That is, he had meant to, until grandma told him not to climb on the sink again.

It seemed a great trial to Freddy. He stood very still, watching grandma lift her pans from the milk shelves to the sink, and take off the thick, yellow cream, and then set them on the shelves under the sink, two rows of them, with a little road up the middle between.

"Aint they heavy, grandma?" he asked.

"Pretty heavy," answered grandma; "but Jonas will empty 'em in the pigs' tub." Jonas was the boy who did the chores.

Just then Freddy heard mamma calling from the stairs:

"Freddy! Freddy! I'm going to drive over to the village, to see if there's a letter from papa. If you want to go, come and put on your linen suit."

By the way Freddy's face brightened, you would have felt sure he did want to go. A ride to the village with mamma was a real treat any day. For one thing, she was pretty sure to stop at Miss Crabtree's on the way, and Miss Crabtree never failed to bring out a most delicious little luncheon for Freddy.

So upstairs he went, two steps at a time, and in less than five minutes he was down again, "sweet as a rose-bud," grandma said, in his pretty gray linen blouse and knee-pants.

Grandma had her sunbonnet on.

"Can't you take me up to Deacon Griggs' and back, now that the team's harnessed?" she asked Freddy's mamma. "I want to borrow a cup o' yeast. We needn't be gone five minutes."

Freddy's mamma said, "Oh yes, indeed;" and then she and grandma got into the carriage and drove off.

And Freddy wondered if Jonas had taken away the pigs' milk yet, and went into the dairy to see, while he was waiting.

No, there were the up and down rows of shining pans, with the little road between just wide enough for Freddy's feet. He measured them on the lowest shelf to see.

"And my shoes are clean 's can be," said he. "And that whole lot of milk is real heavy—grandma said so. I know I couldn't tip all that over. And I'm going to try that somerset over backwards, so now!"

So up the naughty little feet went slowly, from one shelf to another. But somehow it didn't begin to be so easy to turn over backwards as it had seemed to Freddy. His feet wouldn't leave the shelf, and all at once he heard the carriage-wheels.

"I'll just try once more," he said, "'fore gramma gets here. Who-op! over I go."

And over he did go, sure enough, poor foolish, little Fred, milk-sink and all, with a dreadful bumping and clatter.

Mamma and grandma heard the noise, and hurried in, forgetting to hitch old Dobbin, who trotted off to the barn. Mamma was frightened but grandma knew pretty well what it meant. She went straight to the dairy.

"Why, Frederic Sweetser Allen!" she said. Why, why!"

Poor Fred! he hard hardly time to catch his breath yet. There he sat, drenched and dripping, in a little ocean of milk, with the pans all around him. Jonas laughed right out. He had left his hoeing, and ran to see what the matter was, too.

"Well, well," said he; "I guess I won't have to empty that milk. You've saved me one job, young man."

"He's made me one," said grandma, frowning.

Mamma didn't laugh. She didn't say a word, either; but her sorry, surprised look went right to Freddy's heart. His chin began to quiver.

"I—I didn't mean to to," he burst forth. "I mean, I'm sorry I—I didn't mind gramma. And you—you needn't take me to the village, to pay, mamma; for—for a 'pentance, you know."

"Bless his dear heart!" said grandma, picking Freddy up. "There, there! what say we forgive him, daughter?"

And I suppose mamma did forgive him, mammas always do. But he didn't go to the village, all the same.—*Youth's Companion.*

OUR LEGION CORNER.

The following letter comes as one of the first replies to the BLADE'S request that the members would tell what they are doing in their respective towns. This one is good, but not all that was desired. We want to know how many Legion members there are in each place; whether they are combined in a society; how often they meet, and what is done at their meetings. Possibly the whole of all the letters might not be published for lack of room, but enough of them to show how the work is progressing. Send them in—the more the better:

Having seen in your last issue that you wished the members of the Temperance Legion to write to the BLADE, I will try my hand.

I am glad to see over 20,000 enroll their names to fight the great battle against the demon Rum. There is great excitement in our state over Prohibition. I hope we will win the day. I am a boy only 12 years old, but I can see the evil of alcohol as a beverage. I intend to be a sober, industrious man. I go to school every day and study history, grammar, arithmetic and algebra. I would like to hear from the boys of the Legion, particularly those from Iowa, Kansas and Maine, as the whisky men say Prohibition does no good in those states. I would like to know how it is. I will answer all I can.—ALBERT L. SEALS, Box 26, McErven, Penn.

The Sunday School.

Solemn Warnings.

LESSON 12, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1887.

Golden Text: Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.—Matt. 7:19.

(Matt. 7: 13-29.)

COMMON VERSION.

13. Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

14. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

15. Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

16. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

17. Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

18. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

19. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

20. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

21. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

22. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

23. And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

24. Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

25. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

26. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

27. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it.

28. And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine:

29. For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Enter ye in by the narrow gate (v. 13). Whatever way others take, do you take the right way. And since the narrow gate is the heavenward gate, that is the gate for you to enter. In other words, if you want to be in heaven by and by, you would do well to be on the road toward heaven now, while you can choose your own course. Even if the great majority of those whom you know are on another road, do you stick to this one. Companionship has its attractions and its advantages, but when it comes to choosing a road, the direction of the road itself a great deal more important than the company which is to be found on it.

Few be they that find it (v. 14.) A man isn't likely to find a thing that he has once turned his back on, and is persistently walking away from. The story is told of a traveler on a Massachusetts country road, who asked a man whom he met how far it was to Taunton. "Well, neighbor," was the quaint reply, "in the way you are headed now its right on to twenty-five thousand miles; but if you turn square about and go t'other way, it'll be about six miles." The trouble is not that the path of duty and of safety is so difficult to find; it is that men prefer darkness rather than light, and are determined to go in any other direction than where Jesus leads. So it is that we may say of "the way that leadeth unto life" that "few be they that find it."

Beware of false prophets * * * in sheep's clothing (v. 15). If bad men made no pretense of decency, they'd do a great deal less harm in a decent community. A man who openly declared himself to be utterly unprincipled, who said squarely that he was in favor of murder, robbery, licentiousness, would have a very small following as a leader in social morals. It's the man who claims to be "as good as the rest of 'em," who calls himself "a friend of virtue," yet who slyly suggests that there is "no need of being Puritanical" in order to show yourself honest and upright, who is most likely to lead others astray by his word and example. The blatant infidel lecturer does nothing to shake popular faith in the Bible, in comparison with the editor of a religious paper, or the pastor of an evangelical church, who is seeking to undermine that faith by his indirect efforts to show inspired history a myth, and evil only a variety of absolute good. It is when "the devil is drest in his Sunday's best," not when he comes out with horns, tails, and hoofs in full sight, that you must look out for mischief. What a tribute all this is to the beauty of holiness and the attractiveness of truth! When you find a young man asking for employment in a bank on the ground that he is a thief; when you find a young woman trying to win admiration and confidence from a good man by letting her bad temper and untrustworthiness of character be known to him; when you find a religious teacher asking to be accepted by an orthodox church as its spiritual guide because he believes the Bible in whole or in part, then you may look out for wolves in wolves' clothing; but until then "beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves."

By their fruits ye shall know them (v. 16). It is fair to judge men by their conduct. "It makes very little difference what a man believes, if he doesn't act right." A man's creed may be as sound as the soundest, but if he is uncharitable in defense of it, and if he is a bad citizen and a worse neighbor, his profession is all "sound." Words have their part in evidencing a man's spirit; but no form of verbal declaration is to settle the question of his real character. His speech and looks and acts, the trend and current of his daily life, must be taken together, to show what a man is. The test of a people's patriotism is not found in Fourth of July orations, but in the readiness to do anything, or to give up everything, rather than have the nation die or do wrong. The proof of one's sacred friendship rests not on any personal assurances of fidelity which have been spoken or written to another, but rather on one's unswerving devotedness to the other's truest welfare shown in times of misunderstanding or separation. A man's high manhood evidences itself not in his putting his hand to a needed plow, but in sticking at that job until it is finished, or until he lies dead in the furrow; not in his good-natured approval of the right so long as everything goes well, but in his fearless defying and opposing of evil at every cost to his comfort or safety when things are going wrong. That which comes out of men's hearts in times of greatest emergency, and which shows itself under the severest pressure of practical life, is the real evidence of what was in those hearts before they came out. "By their fruits ye shall know them!"

Neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit (v. 18). In the long run, men will show what they are, in spite of their best efforts to conceal their character. Ill-nature will be off its guard sometimes. Selfishness will crop out in most unexpected ways. One who is in the habit of lying cannot be sure of telling the truth when he intends to. An affected or artificial person will prove his or her dissemblance in the very endeavor to appear natural. It is useless for any man to suppose he can get along as well as an honest man while he is dishonest. He can never have the results of honesty as a "policy," while he makes the practice of honesty a mere question of expediency. And it is one of the greatest follies in the world for any of us to suppose that we can make a real gain by the services of a dishonest clerk, or tradesman, or lawyer, or politician, or minister, by having his interests and ours for the time being identical. He will fail us sooner or later, whether he means to or not. The sharper he is, the worse it will prove for us. His moral rottenness forbids his healthy service of any sort. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear;" "neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

Lord, Lord, did we not by Thy name do many mighty works? (v. 22.) The test of a man's character is found in his conduct; but a man's conduct does not make nor change his character. A man of a bad character may do some very good deeds without becoming a good man. A pirate might build a new church after every guilty cruise made by him, and still deserve hanging in spite of that. A capitalist may hoard up money by refusing the calls of just charity for a series of years, and then make a reputation as a glorious giver by a few judicious and magnificent benefactions, without being either godly or truly generous. A man may run a first-class Sunday-school, which does a great deal of good in its way and sphere, and yet be known in his home and among his neighbors as lacking in Christian consistency—perhaps in common honesty. A minister whose inner life God knows to be corrupt, may preach sermons which are the means of bringing souls to an acceptance of the truth; but he will not be saved merely for this result of his labors. What people say of our writings or of our preaching, what they think of our zeal and fidelity, may deceive us, but it will never deceive God. It is not the "mighty works" which are done by us, but it is the man or woman who does those things, that God looks at. There's where the trouble may be, even while we are making a capital show in the world!

Built upon the rock, the rain descended and the floods came. Built upon the sand, the rain descended and the floods came (v. 24-27). Wherever a man builds, the storm will find him. Temptation, bereavement, disappointment, will come upon saint and sinner alike. It's of no use trying to dodge trouble by dodging duty. The man who lives for pleasure, and who has no thought of any enjoyment beyond the present life, has got to have a hard time of it sooner or later. He must know sickness, he must know sorrow, he must meet death, he must give account of every deed done in the body, and of every word spoken, and every thought indulged, also. There is no escaping this. Nor can a child of God expect his Father to preserve him from the times of testing. He who spared not his own Son from the temptations of the wilderness, from the struggle of Gethsemane, from the betrayal by a chosen disciple, from the agonies of Calvary, will not consent that any follower of that Son shall reign with that Son in glory without having been a partaker of his sufferings. Wherever a man's spiritual house is builded, the thunders will burst above it, the rains will descend upon it, and the floods will surge about it. The only question is, How can a house be built so as to weather the storm? There is no such thing as being out of the tempest's track. The region of bad weather is traversed by both the broad and narrow way.

He taught them as one having authority (v. 29). A conviction of the right to command, give overwhelming power to a leader. It inspires confidence in all whom he addresses. A thousand soldiers will stand in hesitation on the eve of a battle, not knowing whither to move, when life and death hinge on their action. They ask each other doubtingly, "Where do suppose we are going?" but they gain nothing by such questioning. Presently a clear voice rings out sharply on the air, "Attention, battalion! Forward—march!" And without a doubt or hesitation every soldier of that thousand straightens up, gathers his nerves for the onset, and moves forward steadily, at the risk of limb or life, into the face of the enemy's fire. Yet perhaps those men have never heard that voice before; it may be the voice of a new commander. How come they to heed it so promptly? It is used in the confidence of "one having authority;" that is enough for them. It's of little use for any one to try to lead or to teach in religious matters unless he can speak confidently. He can never speak thus unless he believes what he utters, believes it with all his heart, and wants his hearers to do the same. The minister who *argues* God's truth with his congregation can never have the power of the minister who *declares* God's truth to his people. The preacher or the teacher who says, "I think so;" or, "I guess so;" or, "it seems to me;" or, "Well, well, I don't know," is not the man to win converts, or to give help and comfort to the doubting. If he isn't quite sure of a thing, he cannot expect his hearers to be any more so, for all that he has to say to them. Until a man is one with Christ in his confidence in God's truth, he can never be one with Christ in his power as a herald of God's truth. He, however, who acts under the commission of Him to whom is given all power in heaven and in earth, ought to speak in the name and words of his principal, "as one having authority, and not as their scribes."—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

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The Farm.

Information Wanted.

J. J. S., Delphos, O.: For your mare that was overheated and has small eruptions on her, give first, powdered aloes, three and a half drachms; bicarbonate of soda, one ounce. Give as a drench in a pint of warm water. After this has operated feed on bran mashes for two days. Then give, in the food, a tablespoonful of the following mixture night and morning: Two ounces nitrate of potash, two ounces rosin, two ounces linseed meal, powder and mix. For your horse that is sprained in the hip joint, foment the part well with hot water and vinegar, in which there is a little salt. Do this for two days. Then rub this in twice a day: Liquor of ammonia, one ounce; tincture arnica, one ounce; tincture of opium, one ounce; oil of turpentine, one ounce; alcohol, one ounce; water to make a pint. Give a month's rest.

C. L. Hewitt, Minn.: Black Leg is known by several names, as black leg, black quarter, charbon, anthrax, etc. It is characterized by high fever, plethoric engorgement of the spleen and internal organs; colicky pains; redness and often purple spots are seen on the mucous membranes; bloody, frothy mucous comes from the nose and eyes; the dung is streaked with blood, and great exhaustion ensues, resulting in death in about twelve hours. Many writers say that the contagious principle of charbon or anthrax consists in certain extremely minute vegetables organisms which are found in the blood in vast quantities. They are in the shape of rods, and have been called anthrax bacillus, and bacillis anthracis. Eight or ten millions of them may exist in a single drop of blood. No very successful method of treatment has been discovered. Certain writers think that when the patient can bear it, bleeding and purgations (a pound of salt to full grown cattle) should be given as a preliminary to other medicine; but it may be premised that bleeding, purging and lowering medicines of any kind are hurtful. Prof. Williams believes the following is superior to all other medicines: Chlorate of potash, one pint; water, ond pint. Mix, and give three times a day.

E. Ferguson, Pa.: For the swelling in your horse's legs, first give this: Venice turpentine, 1½ ozs.; oil of juniper, one drachm; powdered resin, 4½ ounces; nitre, 3 ounces; hard, dried soap, 3 ounces. For 24 boluses, one or two for a dose. Melt the resin, soap and turpentine together, and when cooling stir in the juniper and nitre. Half a drachm of citrate of iron and ammonia should be given three times a day in the drinking water, or sprinkled on the feed. For that, "which looks like scratches, poultice the parts with any kind of soft application, linseed meal or bran will do, mixed with hot water. Do this for a couple of days, then wash the cracks well with this: Powdered alum (burnt), 2 drs.; sulphate of zinc, 20 grs.; water, 1 pt. After washing, dress with vaseline. Give gentle exercise daily, and groom carefully.

F. M. Vaters, Michigan: Animals of mixed lineage, interbred for a long time without further admixture, thus becoming a true type, are thoroughbreds. High grade animals are the product of pure stock, upon common stock. When pure stock is time and again bred to the progeny of such unions, the progeny after some generations becomes almost the same as the pure race, thus making what is known as "full blood" stock. These questions were fully discussed some time since in this department of the Blade. Your other question has been referred to the question bureau.

Wind-Puff, Kendall Creek, Pa.: The best thing you can do for the puffs on your horse's legs, will be to make frequent applications of cold water. Then take pieces of cork and lay them over the puffs, and bandage over them. The horse should be given a rest. A dose of raw linseed oil should be given to begin the treatment. Sixteen ounces, with an ounce of spirits of sweet nitre, is sufficient. Sometimes it becomes necessary to blister the puffs. This may be done by touching the enlargement with powdered cantharides, half an ounce; lard, two ounces. Rub well in. These puffs are known as bursal enlargements; that is, a distended condition of the bursæ, or synoval sacs, which contain the synova, or joint oil. It is seldom that treatment is resorted to. The puffs generally return again after they are seemingly got rid of, as soon as the horse does hard work. They cause a horse no pain, nor does he suffer inconvenience from them.

C. O. D., Kemper, Ill., asks: "Will some of the many readers of the Blade Farm, living near Toledo, Ohio, inform me in regard to procuring some of their pure amber wheat, as there is none in this part of Illinois? I think it will do well here."

Chess.

Editor Blade Farm:—After seeing so much discussion in the Blade concerning wheat making cheat—being a man now 62 years old, raised by a farmer, have farmed all my life, have exprimented in many things in way of farming—will speak whereof I know, and know whereof I speak. I will say first, that wheat does make cheat. That I know, and will tell you how I know it. I have sowed wheat where there never had been wheat or cheat sowed, broad-cast. In harrowing around trees and stumps the wheat would not get touched, but would finally sprout and grow, but having so little root, the main germ that makes the wheat would die, but still a little of the root would be alive enough to start succors. Every stalk would be cheat, and away from the tree or stump all pure, good wheat. What makes the cheat is the main germ or heart being frozen out or killed, it becomes the same nature of corn. Where a stalk gets broken off at the root, it will succor out and form a kind of tassel and silk on top, with a few grains of half-shaped corn. I have many instances, but will give one more.

One season my wife had a cotton patch in one corner of a field where I sowed wheat. The cotton was not ripe when I sowed my wheat. The crab grass among the cotton was about knee high, and as I had known of one or two pieces of wheat being sown in the same way without being plowed in, I thought I would try the experiment. I sowed in cotton and crab grass. It came up finely, but at harvest time it was about seven-eighths cheat, the ground being gravelly and of loose black soil. Most of it was hanging by one and two little roots. Where I had put in the wheat well there was not a spear of cheat to be seen. Many other tests of proof I could mention, but think this will do. Yes, meadows will turn to cheat, also, by being pastured all winter and till late in the spring. My son-in-law, J. H. Baker, has a meadow that was every bit cheat one year. He thought he would plow it up, but some one told him it would be all right next year, and it was. There has been no cheat since as he quit pasturing so much and so late in the spring. Prove the cheat business brother farmers, as I have, and you will all be convinced.—Chas. L. Gough, Rock Spring, Mo.

Farm Notes.

Florida claims to have extensive phosphate beds, equaling if not surpassing those of South Carolina.

The government of Victoria, Australia, is spending at the rate of $100,000 a year to keep in check the increase of rabbits on crown lands.

In curing hay and planting corn for fodder have in mind our long winters, and when you think you have enough, secure or prepare for a little more.

In several localities on the Hudson river, N. Y., Concord grape growers report that phylloxera are gnawing at the roots of the grape vines.

The annual consumption of feathers in this country for bedding purposes amounts to 3,000,000 pounds, or 375 carloads. To furnish this 3,000,000 healthy geese must give up their feathers every year.

A Putnam county, N. Y., farmer gives a new remedy for the cabbage worm in the use of water in which ground cloves have been stirred. Use three tablespoonfuls in as many quarts of water, stir well and sprinkle with a brush broom.

Few farmers realize the value of ashes, otherwise one would see them spreading the same on their grass lands or applying ashes to their cultivated crops, instead of selling them to the soapmen or allowing them to go to waste.

Leg weakness in fowls is the result of rapid growth and is best met with animal food and tonics. A little meet or worms should be added to the food every day and a little tincture of iron dropped in the drinking water.

There are still 20,000,000 acres of government land in Dakota open to settlement, but it is being taken up so fast that the whole will be gone within the next three years, it is said, and the best of it within the next year or year and a half.

When any of us finds a new or easier way of doing anything than what we have been accustomed to, or has unusual success in any particular branch of our work, it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to let our brother farmers know about it that they may also have the benefit.

The ideal soil in which to set a plant is one that is moist without being water-soaked, neither too dry nor too wet. In such soil even a poor plant will take root. The plant will make its own root just as a cutting does. For setting in dry soil the plant should be well rooted and soaky, as it must depend on the roots it already has for a start.

When flies and gnats are troublesome in the house, shut up doors and windows and blow a little fresh and pure buhach through the cheap bellows that can be had anywhere. "Pure and fresh," remember, and then sweep up and burn the corpses. Keeping the powder in close tin cans is essential, as it soon loses its virtue when exposed.

A Florida company, engaged in the manufacture of perfumery, has built a factory at Jacksonville, and next spring will start a 200 acre flower plantation. They now have one plantation at San Mateo, and are putting seven acres at Jacksonuille in flowers. They have 5,000,000 flowering tuberose bulbs, and a good many—100,000—rose geraniums, in addition to which they buy all the roses, yellow jasmines, orange blossoms, etc., that they can secure.

Cuttings folded in wet moss, with waxed or oiled paper around them, will go a week or more in condition if done up as soon as out. It is well to water and sprinkle the whole plant thoroughly the evening before taking off slips, and cut in the dew. At least water and shade an hour before cutting, so that the plant may be in fullest vigor. Keep the pan of water, wet sand or moist cloth at hand to receive the cuttings as made.

England probably consumes more wheat per capita than any other country in the world except France, notwithstanding its comparatively small wheat crop. It has not room to grow the wheat it consumes, but it has the money and goods to buy it with, and English stomachs do not go hungry for want of good palatable bread.

Any land can be put to better use than the production of weeds, and of all places in the world, the garden is the last in which their presence should be tolerated. Besides looking badly, they prevent the growth of useful plants by appropriating to themselves fertilizing matter which a crop of useful vegetables would otherwise appropriate. But the worst of all is, they become a permanent evil which perpetuates itself from year to year with increased intensity.

THE CROPS.

How the Grain and Cotton Has Progressed and What They Promise.

Chicago, Sept. 5.—The crop summary of the *Farmers Review* is as follows: Reports from our correspondents in several of the corn states indicate that corn has been more benefitted by the late rains than was supposed possible. Only Missouri, Indiana and Dakota report a lower percentage of condition than last week.

Reports by states in percentage of condition of corn crop, as compared with the average crop, are as follows: Seventeen Illinois counties, 55-5; nine Indiana counties, 50-5; nineteen Iowa counties, 74-4; seven Kansas counties, 61-4; eight Kentuckey counties, 67; eight Minnesota counties, 91-8; thirteen Missouri counties, 66-6; six Nebraska counties, 83-3; sixteen Ohio counties, 70-1, and twelve Dakota counties, 100.

The average yield of winter and spring wheat and oats as shown by threshing is reported as follows: Illinois—winter wheat, 16 bushels per acre; oats, 29 bushels. Indiana—winter wheat, 15 bushels; oats, 36½ bushels. Iowa—winter wheat, 18 bushels; spring wheat, 13½ bushels; oats, 36 bushels. Kansas—winter wheat, 10½ bushels; oats, 25¾ bushels. Kentucky—winter wheat, 10 bushels; oats, 22 1-6 bushels. Minnesota—spring wheat, 14 bushels; oats, 35 bushels. Two counties report a failure of spring wheat. Missouri—spring wheat, 13 bushels; oats, 35 bushels. Nebraska—spring wheat, 14 bushels; winter wheat, 22¼ bushels; oats, 32 bushels. Ohio—winter wheat, 14 bushels; oats, 33 bushels.

Dakota—spring wheat, 14½ bushels; oats, 35 bushels. Pasture continues to show improvement in condition. Live stock reported from many localities healthy, but in poor condition on account of short pasture in July and August.

Apples and potatoes will be about half a crop. Wells and streams in most localities are still low, and require rains to put them in condition for supplying stock water during the coming winter.

Memphis, Sept. 5.—The regular monthly cotton crop report for the Memphis district which embraces West Tennessee, North Mississippi, North Arkansas and North Alabama, shows that the flattering prospects which were shown in our July report have been dispelled. The drouth which prevailed in all four states extending from the middle of July up to the present time has been most disastrous. The cotton crop which promised six weeks ago to be the largest yield ever known within the district has been cut short by drouth, rust and worms to below the average crop.

In many sections the yield will fall short of last year. This is particularly true in Tennessee and a portion of Arkansas, Mississippi and Alabama. It is only 25 per cent., making the average for the district 30¾ per cent. The great damage that has been sustained is best shown when stated that there is raised annually within the Memphis district 1,350,000 bales of cotton, and the promise yield is cut short 415,000 bales alone within this district.

Picking commenced in every section will be general throughout the district by the 10th inst. The season is nearly two weeks early, which together with the premature opening of bales was caused by drouth. The receipts up to date are largely in excess of any previous year. Corn has suffered, but not to the extent of cotton. Good crops are reported from Mississippi and Alabama.

A PITTSBURG DEMON.

A Drunken Peddler Murderously Assaults His Wife and Daughter.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 1.—Thomas Joyce, a vegetable peddler living on Olds avenue, fatally shot his wife and seriously wounded his daughter, aged 18 years, shortly after 1 o'clock this afternoon.

Joyce had been drinking hard for several months, and was frequently before the mayor for abusing his family.

This morning he started out to sell his horse and wagon, but failing to do so returned home at noon. His wife and daughter were washing clothes when he came in and no particular attention was paid to him. Without any warning he drew a revolver and fired four shots in quick succession.

Two of the bullets struck Mrs. Joyce and the other two entered the body of the daughter. Both fell bleeding to the floor and the would-be murderer turned cooly from the house and started down street.

Before he had gone far, however, he was captured and taken to the Central station. He was somewhat under the influence of liquor, but did not appear much concerned at the terrible crime.

He stated that as he couldn't sell his horse and wagon, he had determined to exterminate his family and then kill himself.

Mrs. Joyce is unconcious and will die, one ball entered her brain and the other lodged in her thigh. The daughter has an ugly wound in her side but may recover.

W. H. W. MARKHAM.

The English Forger on His Way Back to the Scene of His Crime.

Chicago, Sept 1.—An English officer has arrived here from Kong Kong, China, to take charge of the extradited forger, William Hogg Wolsley Markham, and escort him back to the scene of his crime. Markham has been confined in Cook county jail since July 15, on which date he was committed to await the action of the secretary of state.

The extradition papers were received by the British consul about two weeks ago, and were turned over with the prisoner to an officer from Hong Kong. Markham was formerly assistant paymaster on the British ship of war Espoir. While his vessel was in Chinese waters he forged requisitions amounting to $13,000 on Her Majesty's treasury chest at Hong Kong.

He fled to the United States but the British consul for this district employed detectives to find him. He was arrested at Kansas City after being in this country only a few months. The officer and prisoner left for San Francisco and will take the next steamer for Hong Kong.

POISONED BY A POTATO BUG.

A Peculiar Case Reported from a Farm Near Sandusky.

Sandusky, O., Sept. 1.—The facts concerning a singular case of death from poisoning were learned yesterday. A boy named Charles Barnes, aged ten years, son of a tenant on Thomas Welsh's farm near the Crane school house in Vermillion township, while walking bare-footed through a field, stepped on and crushed a potato bug—one of the long, black species, not the ordinary striped Colorado beetle.

A blister came on the boy's foot soon afterwards, and the next day or two he experienced slight pains in his foot and leg.

Three days later the foot and leg began to swell and become discolored, blood-poisoning having set in, which speedily extended throughout the system, and, despite all efforts to save his life, the boy died about a week after having stepped on the bug.

He suffered the most intense agony, and towards the last became delirious from the pain, and was unconscious when he died.

TALMAGE TALKS OF THE WOMEN.

Some of the God-Given Rights Which They Have and Enjoy—How They Bring to Mankind the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Hamptons, Sept. 4.—The Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's text to-day was from Solomon's Song, chapter vi, v. 8: "There are threescore queens." Following is the sermon in full:—

So Solomon, by one stroke, set forth the imperial character of a true Christian woman. She is not a slave, not a hireling, not a subordinate, but a queen; and in my text Solomon sees 60 of these helping to make up the royal pageant of Jesus. In a former sermon I showed you that crown and courtly attendants, and imperial wardrobe were not necessary to make a queen, but that graces of the heart and life will give coronation to any woman. I showed you at some length that woman's position was higher in the world than man's, and that although she had often been denied the right of suffrage, she always did vote and always would vote by her influence, and that her chief desire ought to be that she should have grace rightly to rule in the dominion which she has already won. I began an enumeration of some of her rights, and this morning I resume the subject.

In the first place, woman has the special and the superlative right—not again going back to what I have already said—woman has the special and superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick.

What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of sick-beds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hands and clumsy foot, go stumbling around the sick-room trying to soothe the distracted nerves, and alleviate the pains of the tossing patient? The young man at college may scoff at the idea of being under maternal influences; but at the first blast of the typhoid fever on his cheek, he says: "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment when he said:

> "O, woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest-field of Shunem and got sunstruck—throwing his hands on his temples and crying out: "Oh, my head! my head!" and they said: "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while men coming in to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed. How loudly they talk. How you long for the ministries of home. I knew one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes, for several weeks' business absence at the West. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his death-bed, far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters went westward; but they went too late. He feared not to die, but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said: "I am willing to die but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, the eyes closed, and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight; the wife and daughters going westward—lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful overwhelming spectacle! When we are sick we want to be sick at home.

When the time comes for us to die, we want to die at home. The room may be very humble, and the faces that looked into ours may be very plain; but who cares for that? Loving hands to bathe the temples. Loving voices to speak good cheer. Loving lips to read the comforting promises of Jesus. In our last dreadful war, men cast the cannon; men fashioned the musketry; men cried to the hosts: "Forward, march!" men hurled their battalions on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying: "Charge, charge!" but woman scraped the lint; woman administered the cordials; woman watched the dying couch; woman wrote the last message to the home circle; woman wept at the solitary burial attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the general home with brass bands, and triumphal arches, and wild huzzas; but the story is too good to be written anywhere, save in the cronicles of heaven, of Mrs. Brady, who came down among the sick in the swamps of the Chickahominy; of Annie Ross, in the cooper-shop hospital; of Margaret Breckinridge, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed—some of them frozen to the ground, and when she turned them over those that had an arm left waved it and filled the air with their "hurrah!" of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago with blankets and with pillows, until the men shouted: "Three cheers for the Christian Commission! God bless the women at home," then sitting down to take the last message: "Tell my wife not to fret about me, but to meet me in heaven; tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well; tell her we shall meet again in the good land; tell her to bear my loss like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier"—and of Mrs. Shelton, into whose face the convalescent soldier looked and said: "Your grapes and cologne cured me." Men did their work with shot, and shell, and carbine, and howitzer; women did their work with socks and slippers, and bandages, and warm drinks, and scripture texts, and gentle strokings of the hot temples, and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men knelt down over the wounded and said: "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down over the wounded and said: "Where are you hurt? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" To-night, while we men are sound asleep in our beds, there will be groaning down that dark alley; there will be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will sleep and women will watch.

Again, woman has a superlative right to take care of the poor. There are hundreds and thousands of them all over the land. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little bare foot children to the door of the Dorcas society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Men sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the East, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides so softly into the house of destitution, and finds out all the sorrows of the place, and puts so quietly the donation on the table, that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaven, from whence she seems to have come down. O Christian young woman! If you would make yourself happy and win the blessings of Christ go out among the destitute. A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry, but the angels of God will come out to watch and the Lord Almighty will give his messenger hosts a charge, saying: "Look after that woman. Canopy her with your wings and shelter her from all harm," and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering the little ones around the room will whisper: "Who is she? Ain't she beautiful?" and if you will listen right sharply you will hear dripping down through the leaky roof and rolling over the rotten stairs the angel chant that shook Bethelem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Can you tell me why a Christian woman going down among the haunts of iniquity on a Christian errand, never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburg, and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of that place: "Do you come here nights to hold a service?" "O, yes," she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?" "Never," she said, "never." That young woman who has her father by her side walking down the street, and armed police at each corner, is not so well defended as that Christian woman who goes forth on gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the red right arm of his wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces any one who should offer indignity. He would smite him with lightnings, and drown him with floods, and swallow him with earthquakes and damn him with eternal indignations. Some one said: "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the Mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another man, "I am afraid, too." Said the first: "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is that if any of those boys should use a bad word in that presence, the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot." That woman is the best sheltered who is sheltered by the Lord God Almighty, and you need never fear going anywhere where God tells you to go.

It seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the solicitation of charities. Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and by wardrobes in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible; passing on her errand, God says to her: "You go into that bank, or store, or shop, and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear; you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting you time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your check-book, mark the number of the check, fill up the blank, sign your name, and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a hard-fisted man, and I say: "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says, "I got the money; that's what I went for. The Lord told me to go in and get it, and he never sends me on a fool's errand."

Again: I have to tell you that it is a woman's specific right to comfort under the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel; but all profane, as well as sacred history attests that when the crisis comes she is better prepared than man to meet the emergency. How often you have seen a woman who seemed to be a disciple of frivolity and indolence who, under one stroke of calamity, changed to a heroine. Oh, what a great mistake those business men make who never tell their business troubles to their wives! There comes some great loss to their store, or some of their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked in the household again and again: What is the matter? But he believes it a sort of Christian duty to keep all that trouble within his own soul. Oh, sir! your first duty was to tell your wife all about it. She, perhaps, might not have disentangled your finances or extended your credit, but she would have helped you to bear misfortune. You have no right to carry on one shoulder that which is intended for two. There are business men here who know what I mean. There came a crisis in your affairs. You struggled bravely and long, but after a while there came a day when you said: "Here I shall have to stop," and you called in your partners, and you called in the most prominent men in your employ, and you said: "We have got to stop. You left the store suddenly. You could hardly make up your mind to pass through the street and over on the ferry-boat. You felt everybody would be looking at you. You hastened home. You told your wife all about the affair. What did she say? Did she play the butterfly? Did she talk about the silks, and the ribbons, and the fashions? No. She came up to the emergency. She quailed not under the stroke. She helped you to begin to plan right away. She offered to go out of the comfortable house into a smaller one, and wear the old cloak another winter. She was one who understood your affairs without blaming you. You looked upon what you thought was a thin, weak woman's arm holding you up; but while you looked at that arm, there came into the feeble muscles of it the strength of the eternal God. No chiding. No fretting. No telling you about the beautiful house of her father, from which you brought her, ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. You said: "Well, this is the happiest day of my life. I am glad I have got from under my burden. My wife don't care, I don't care." At the moment you were utterly exhausted, God sent a Deborah to meet the host of the Amalekites and scatter them like chaff over the plain. There are sometimes women who sit reading sentimental novels, and who wish that they had some grand field in which to display their Christian powers. Oh, what grand and glorious things they could do if they only had an opportunity! My sister, you need not wait for any such time. A crisis will come in your affairs. There will be a Thermopylae in your household, where God will tell you to stand. There are scores and hundreds of households to-day where as much bravery and courage are demanded of woman as was exhibited by Grace Darling, or Marie Antoinette, or Joan of Arc.

Again, I remarked, it is woman's right to bring to us the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the pleadings of divine love. She is in vast majority. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian, I prove by the statement that three fourths of the members of the churches in all Christendom are women. So God appoints them to be the chief agencies for bringing this world back to God. I may stand here and say the soul is immortal. There is a man who will refute it. I may stand here and say we are lost and undone without Christ. There is a man who will refute it. I may stand here and say there will be a Judgment Day after a while. Yonder is some one who will refute it. But a Christian woman in a Christian household, living in the faith and the consistency of Christian gospel—nobody can refute that. The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms; they are preached with an audience of two or three, and in private home life. A consistent, consecrated Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth. A sailor came slipping down the ratline one night, as though something had happened, and the sailors cried: "What is the matter?" He said: "My mother's prayers haunt me like a ghost." Home influences, consecrated Christian home influences, are the mightiest of all influences upon the soul. There are men here to-day who have maintained their integrity, not because they were any better naturaly than some other people, but because there were home influences praying for them all the time. They got a good start. They were launched on the world with the benedictions of a Christian mother. They may track Siberian snows, they may plunge in African jungles, they may fly to the earth's end—they cannot go so far and so fast but the prayers will keep up with them.

I stand before women to-day who have the eternal salvation of their husbands in their right hand. On the marriage day you took an oath before men and angels that you would be faithful and kind until death did you part, and I believe you are going to keep that oath; but after the parting at the door of the grave will it be an eternal separation? Is there any such thing as an immortal marriage, making the flowers that grow on the top of the sepulcher brighter than the garlands which at the marriage banquet flooded the air with aroma? Yes; I stand here as a priest of the most high God, to proclaim the bands of an immortal union for all those who join hands in the grace of Christ. O woman, is your husband, your father, your son, away from God? The Lord demands their redemption at your hands. There are prayers for you to offer, there are exhortations for you to give, there are examples for you to set, and I say now, as Paul said to the Corinthian woman: "What knowest thou, O, woman, but thou canst save thy husband?"

A man was dying; and he said to his wife: "Rebecca, you wouldn't let me have family prayers; and you laughed about all that, and you got me away into worldliness; and now I am going to die, and my fate is sealed, and you are the cause of my ruin!" O woman what knowest thou but thou canst destroy thy husband? Are there not some here who have kindly influences at home? Are there not some here who have wandered far away from God, who can remember the Christian influences in their early home? Do not despise those influences, my brother. If you die without Christ, what will you do with your mother's prayers, with your wife's importunities, with your sister's entreaties? What will you do with the letters they used to write to you, with the memory of those days when they attended you so kindly in times of sickness. Oh, if there be just one strand holding you from floating off on that sea, I would just like this morning to take hold of that strand and pull you to the beach. For the sake of your wife's God, for the sake of your mother's God, for the sake of your daughter's God, for the sake of your sister's God, come this day and be saved.

Lastly, I wish to say that one of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother in heaven; Elizabeth Fry in heaven; Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven; the mother of Augustine in heaven; the Countess of Huntingdon—who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels—in heaven; while a great many others who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with one fire and one window, the glass broken out, and the aching side, and worn-out eyes, to the "house of many mansions." No more stitching until 12 o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work to show it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last. Heaven for aching heads. Heaven for broken hearts. Heaven for anguish-bitten frames. No more sitting up until midnight for the coming of staggering steps. No more rough blows across the temples. No more sharp, keen, bitter curses. Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil, and struggle, and suffering, all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand, red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want to realize this morning that he is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear he sets another gem in that crown, until, after awhile, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to his angel: "The crown is done; let her up that she may wear it." And as the Lord of righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, "Who is she?" and Christ will say, "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the lamb." And then God will spread a banquet, and he will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast; and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God, and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of Life; and waters from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards; and the old harpers from heaven will sit there making music with their harps; and Christ will point you out amid the celebrities of heaven, saying: "She suffered with me on earth, now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulations: "Hail, hail!" And there will be handwritings on the wall—not such as struck the Persian nobleman with horror, but fire-tipped fingers, writing in blazing copitals of light, and love, and victory; "God has wiped away all tears from all faces."

News of the Week.

ANOTHER BANK PLUNDERED.

A Handsome Young Man Makes Away With Money and Securities to More Than a Quarter of a Million.

Saco, Me., Aug. 31.—The biggest sensation Saco has ever experienced developed this morning, when it was learned that the Saco & Biddeford Savings' institution had seriously suffered financially through a young clerk who has absconded.

Frank C. McNeilly, 19 years old, who has been employed in the bank about one year, has mysteriously disappeared, taking with him $3,500 in cash, United States registered 4 per cent. bonds, payable in 1807, to the amount of $185,000, and railroad, municipal and other bonds amounting as near as can now be determined, to about $91,000.

Though he left town Monday afternoon, yet the bank officers and family have kept the matter so quiet that the news did not leak out until this morning. Great excitement prevails here, as McNeilly was considered one of the most trustworthy young men in the city.

President, trustees and cashier placed the greatest confidence in him. He was acquainted with the combination of every lock in the bank vaults. Cashier Melville H. Kelley is also treasurer of the Mutual Fire Insurance company. Monday afternoon a loss was reported by fire at Kennebunk. Kelley went to view the ruins, leaving Frank McNeilly to finish up the day's accounts.

When Kelley opened the bank Tuesday morning he found Monday's accounts were not completed. President Goodale was notified, and the entire afternoon was spent examining the contents of the safe. Considerable time had been consumed before the theft was discovered.

A large amount of gold and currency, which McNeilly could easily have stolen, was unmolested. President Goodale was interviewed by a reporter this morning. He says the loss is so much less than the surplus that the bank will be perfectly safe even if the amount taken by the absconding clerk is never recovered.

The $185,000 in U. S. registered bonds cannot possibly be used by the thief. The bank statement last May places the surplus a little over $63,000.

Treasurer Kelley has posted a notice outside of the bank stating that the bank is safe and that depositors need feel no alarm.

Bank Examiner Richards is expected to arrive to-day. Detectives have been engaged and sent in all directions.

A dozen of McNeilly's photographs have been found in a bank drawer, and have been placed in the hands of detectives.

McNeilly is 5 feet 11 inches; weighs 145 pounds; dark hair, smooth face, fair complexion; stands very erect when walking, is of good figure, and would be called handsome.

When he left he had on a light mixed coat, dark worsted pants and Congress shoes. The ticket agent at the Boston & Maine station at Biddeford, is positive that McNeilly bought a ticket there Monday but does not remember the distination.

FUSION IN IOWA.

The Greenbackers Adopt the Union Labor Ticket, and Want Coalition.

Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 1.—The Greenback conventon has closed its labors by the adoption of an address, of which the following are extracts:

To the farmers and laboring people of Iowa:

The Union Labor and Greenback parties of Iowa, in convention assembled, submit the following address and resolutions for your consideration:

We are about again to choose members of the legislature, governor and other officials, and the legislature chosen will select a United States Senator. The Republican party has controlled the legislature of Iowa for a quarter of a century. They gerrymandered state into Congressional, Senatorial and legislative districts, and have given the minority of the voters control of the legislature and the election of a United States Senator.

That party is again before the people making seductive pledges, but those who annually violated their word must not be longer trusted.

The financial system of contraction and money hoarding is producing its natural and inevitable result in first mortgaging, then bankrupting the country.

Resolved, That we endorse, ratify and adopt the Union Labor platform adopted at Cincinnati and Marshalltown.

We recommend to farmers and other industrial classes of Iowa to at once call a state convention, which shall be independent and nonpartisan, for the purpose of nominating an independent ticket to be followed by a similar movement in the senatorial districts. In the event such a ticket is placed before the people, which shall be satisfactory to state committee selected by the convention, we pledge it our hearty support, respectfully urge the Union Labor, Greenback voters, farmers and business men to earnestly support the action of such independent convention.

In accordance with this address, which was adopted after a short discussion, the convention adjourned without naming a ticket for state officers.

ROSS'S VICTIM'S.

Crimes Piling Up on a Criminal Who is About to Die on the Scaffold.

Washington, Sept 1.—[Special wire.]—A clue has come to light within the past 24 hours, which may clear up a mystery that has puzzled the police of this city for more than a year, and at the same time added another crime to the list of those for which Ross the burker, is to be hanged in Baltimore. A year ago last spring a farmer by the name of Haviland started for home after disposing of his produce in the city.

He was seen in the suburbs, but an hour or so afterward his team trotted into his yard, a few miles outside of the limits, with no one on the driver's seat. Despite the efforts of the police, Haviland has never been heard of from that day. About a month or so ago the remains of a white man were found buried in the sandy bed of a creek on the Woody Lake road, in the neighborhood of the President's country.

It was at first thought that the body of Haviland had been found, but a few nights since an ex-police officer overheard a drunken negro, who bears a very bad reputation, make admissions, while under the influence of liquor, connecting both himself and Ross with the probable murder of the old farmer. This man is now under surveillance, and will be used in the effort to extort a confession from Ross, who, it is thought, will make a clean breast of the whole affair in the hope of securing a commutation of his death sentence.

AMERICANS IN CHINA.

More Evidence That the Country Will Be Opened Up by Yankee Push.

Washington, Sept. 1.—[Special wire.]—The concessions which Count Mitkiecwicz has obtained from the Chinese government are much more important than they are supposed to be, if the gentlemen who are associated with the count are to be believed. It seems from the statements that these gentlemen make, that he went to China for the purpose of securing the telegraph and railroad rights of the empire.

While there the project of the bank, of which so much has been said, was developed and he saw his opportunity and he seized it. Count Mitkiecwicz is one of the most shrewd financiers in the United States, but he lacks the necessary secretiveness which is so essential to a good diplomat.

It is said that the Chinese government has appointed seven commissioners to represent the empire in America, and that the count has been appointed one of the seven.

It is said to be the purpose of the envoys to make a thorough study of the American system of banking and coinage, as well as the postal system in the United States.

Some years ago Japan sent a similar commistion to this country, and the result has been the adoption of many of the American customs in the Japanese empire.

TROUBLE IN THE OIL FIELDS.

The Ruin Wrought to Thousands Charged to the Standard Oil Company.

Pittsburg, Sept. 3.—In a few days the Pennsylvania oil fields will be virtually idle.

The producers are bankrupt, and will shut off production as a last and desperate chance of relief.

The regions that have produced millions upon millions of dollars worth of petroleum are to-day little better off than if the golden fluid had never been discovered. Sheriffs' sales are the most conspicuous signs everywhere.

Splendid residences that were built by the lucky oil seeker in the palmy days before '85 are the only indications that prosperity once abided with the oil producer.

Even these are sadly out of repair, and the once fortunate owner who found the roomy mansion too small for his swollen wealth, now discovers that he has a white elephant on his hands and is content to occupy two or three rooms of the dwelling, letting out the remainder to lodgers.

Men who formerly had an income of $25, $100, $200 a day from their wells now get a laborer's wages.

Many of the larger producers are running their wells at a loss. Hundreds of drillers, tool dressers, pumpers and rig-carpenters are out of work because almost no new wells are going down and those now in operation are worked in the most economical manner possible. Wages have not been so low since oil was discovered. If this depression continues for another six months those still engaged in the oil business will quit it, as many hundreds have already done.

Speculation, too, is paralyzed.

Speculators have learned by sad experience that, owing to the excessive storage charges, they must clear 25 per cent. on their trades to come out even. With the operator and driller they are engaging in other persuits. The magnificent Western Pennsylvania Exchanges erected in the halcyon days of "dollar" oil are now little attended, and in the vast emptiness, the occasional bidder is startled at the sound of his own voice.

The consumer for years has been paying to the Standard Oil company for refined oil one third more than it would cost if the production and manufacture of oil followed natural laws.

The consumer has really enriched the great oil monopoly more than the producer, but because the hand of extortion is laid lightly upon him individually he does not feel it.

A few cents a week from each consumer makes millions of dollars for the Standard.

With no excuse whatever the Standard in 1876 put up the price of refined oil from 16 to 32 cents a gallon, and in 1880 it raised the price from 8 to 12 cents. In both instances the purchasing price of the crude oil remained the same.

The Standard buys at its own price and sells at its own price. Other commodities are "cornered" *occasionally*, but oil is in a chronic state of "corner."

Should the Standard so desire there is nothing to prevent its putting the price of oil up to 50 cents a gallon for at least six months, as it would be that time before competiton could be developed to cut down the price.

It rules the home and foreign trade alike.

The Russian companies, about which so much has lately been written, will not be serious competitors of the American monopoly for several years, even supposing that the quality of the oil is equal to the Pennsylvania product, as the cost of production and transportation in Russia by present methods is too great to make the oil business in that country profitable.

THE SACO BANK.

A Report that Young McNeilly was Insane—The Money is Gone Nevertheless.

Saco, Me., Sept. 1.—Some of the friends of Frank C McNeilly, the absconding clerk of the Saco saving's bank, think he is deranged. They say he has been acting very queerly and has complained of head trouble. When Treasurer Kelley left the bank in charge of the clerk, the inner vault, where the cash and securities were kept, was locked. No one but the treasurer and president was supposed to know how to open the safe, but McNeilly must hove studied the combination when the vault was open some time during the treasurer's absence and found it an easy task to carry out his plans. He has been living beyond his means ever since he worked in the bank.

He wore fine clothes, often hired livery stable teams, and always had plenty of spending money. Some bills he has left unpaid, together with sundry amounts borrowed from friends.

A few days ago when talking with a friend about his future plans he said he expected to be thousands of miles away from here in September. His mother is completely prostrated by the shock.

His brother, Harry, who holds a responsible position in the American Express office has gone to Montreal in search of the absconder. Bank Examiner Richards will begin work on the books to-day.

Saco, Me., Sept. 1.—[Press.]—The excitement over the robbery of the Saco and Biddeford Savings Institution has shown no signs of abatement. No clue to McNeilley's hiding place has been obtained. Bank Examiner Richards will arrive today and make an official investigation into the losses of the institution.

From the facts that have been learned Treasurer Kelly and other bank officers are led to accept an entirely new theory regarding the robbery.

It was thought yesterday that McNeilly must have studied the combination to the steel chest inside the inner safe at some previous time while the treasurer was absent, and has kept his secret until his plans were fully developed.

To-day the bank officials think McNeilly confiscated the bonds on the first of August while engaged in cutting coupons, and that he did not get access to the security vault on the day he left the bank.

What disposal he has made of the negotiable bonds since August 1st is not known, but he has been making frequent trips to Portland of late, and it is supposed he has been taking steps towards selling them.

The $3,500 which he stole was all the cash drawer in the safe contained. But had he succeeded in working the combination of the steel chest he could have taken millions of money and negotiable securities.

This makes it seem all the more probable that he didn't open the chest, but had stolen the bonds on the 1st of August, when the coupons were cut. In place of the package of bonds stolen, he left a dummy in the shape of a package of old letters, so that at a glance absence of the pile of bonds would not have awakened suspicion.

THE POOR HOOSIER.

Robbed and Plundered by the Democratic Party He Is Now Made the Victim of Grave-Yard Insurance.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 31.—[Special wire.]—The Grave-yard Insurance companies which were driven out of Michigan by the law passed last winter have found a secure lodgment in this state, and have already begun to cause trouble, the auditor of state being daily in receipt of letters concerning their methods.

They have filed the necessary articles of incorporation and made the statements required under the law, and this, in the present condition of legislation in this state, appears to be all that is required.

The report of the American Mutual, of Elkhart, shows that 607 persons have been insured, and more than one-half of these are over 70 years of age; 38 persons thus insured are 84 years old or over that age.

The report further shows that a large number of policies have matured, but on none of them was the full amount paid. One woman writes to the auditor and complains of the swindling companies, saying that she paid in about $350, and when the policy matured she received but $50, instead of $1,000.

From reports received at the auditor's office, it is plain that a large number of people are being victimized by the companies.

GROVER AND THE G. A. R.

The Wheeling Incident Will Doubtless Be Repeated at St. Louis.

St. Louis, Aug. 31.—[Special wire.]—Trouble is breaking out here over the recent Cleveland picture excitement at Wheeling and it now seems probable that the scenes will be re-enacted during the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

A great many Democrats have expressed an intention to hang the President's picture over the streets in front of their buildings, and doubtless the G. A. R. procession will be given opportunity enough to go under or around it. Street corner discussions over the matter are frequent and warm, and two Democratic papers of the city are having a dispute over it.

One takes the ground that the army was invited here by the city, and that the soldiers should be treated as their guests and nothing done by our citizens to cause them to regret their visit and expsessed the hope that no Cleveland pictures will be flung to the breeze during the encampment.

The other claims that the Grand Army invited itself here; that it has treated the city shamefully in the Cleveland invitation trouble, and that in asking the citizens to haul down their Cleveland banners upon the arrival of the veterans it is asking what cannot and should not be granted.

PURE WINES.

The Law Against Adulterations in Full Force in New York.

New York, Sept. 2.—[Special wire.]—The law against the adulteration of wine went into effect in this state yesterday. It absolutely forbids the manufacture or sale of any wine that has been treated with any one of the dozen different deleterious substances, and leaves water and sugar, with grape brandy, about the only things that can legally be added to the pure juice of the grape in the manufacture of wine.

The law includes carbonic acid, in the list of forbidden adulterants, and, therefore, prohibits the use of the carbonating or "new process" method of making champaign.

The difference between the new or old, or French process, is that the new way is to manufacture the carbonic acid gas separately and force it into the wine, just as it is forced into the soda water, while by the old method the gas is formed in the wine by the natural process of fermentation.

Eminent expert authority is quoted in support of the statement that it is impossible for a chemist to tell by analysis whether the gas in any sparkling wine is the natural or the artificial product.

Imprisonment for a year, $1,000 fine, and an additional fine of $1 a gallon are penalties that may be imposed for a violation of the law.

There are about a dozen firms in the state engaged in the manufacture of the "new process" wine. Most of them are in this city. They held a conference last week and decided to continue the business as usual, and to unite in making a legal fight if any attempt is made to enforce that part of the law.

They claim that the words "carbonic acid" were slipped into the bill in the interest of foreign wine men and manufacturers in this country who use the French method.

At the office of H. T. Dewey & Son, on Fulton street, it was said: "The law merely anticipates our action as we were about adopting the old process anyhow on account of the bad name some unprincipalled wine concoctors had given to the carbonating method by adulterating their product. For that reason we are not in the combination to fight the law, but believe with the other wine men that there is neither justice nor validity in the prohibition of the use of carbonic acid.

"As for the rest of the law, we heartly favor it. It is as much a safeguard for reputable manufacturers as for the public. The 'gaulizing' of wine by the stretching of it with water and sugar which is not dangerous adulteration can be continued, but the 'gaulized' production must be labelled at its true value. The law says letters half an inch high must be used in marking as containg 'pure,' 'half' or 'made' wines according as they have 25, 50 or 75 per cent. respectively, of the water and sugar in them.

"As for regular injurious adulteration, that is stopped altogether, and you have no idea how much of a stoppage that it. Why, they make wine nowadays without a particle of grape juice in it. We have just received from Portugal a proposition to supply us with secret coloring matter.

"The proposition has it all figured out for us to show that with an amount of their stuff costing $13 in our money, we can turn 1,650 gallons of white wine into claret.

"They sent a sample with the offer, just so much of it as could be taken up on the point of a knife-blade, turned a glass of water in an instant into the lovliest claret-colored liquid you ever saw."

SALT FOR SATAN.

Rev. Noah Dillard Has a New Method of Fighting the Devil.

Washington, Sept. 1.—[Special wire.]—Members of Mt. Zion Baptist church have had a falling out with their pastor, Rev. Noah Dillard, and are trying hard to get rid of him. The Rev. Doctor, however, continues to hold the fort, although the congregation has almost unanimously voted to dispose of him. The charges against him are of a rather unique character.

He is accused of preaching superstition and of fixing the scriptures to suit himself when quoting from the Bible. The complaint arraigning the pastor for diffusing superstition and believing in voodooism, has some evidence behind it. Deacon Preston was passing by the church the other night when he saw Pastor Dillard enter the building. Deacon Preston's curiosity was aroused. He wondered what mission brought the pastor to the church at such an unseemly hour.

Deacon Preston slipped into the church, and hiding behind the organ began a watch on the movements of the reverend doctor. Pastor Dillard, so Deacon Preston says, lighted a candle and walked slowly down the aisle and around the altar. Every few steps Pastor Dillard was seen to scatter something fine and white in front and around him. Deacon Preston left his perch in the organ loft and wended his way noiselessly down the stairs.

He crept softly up the isle until he came to some of the stuff Dillard had sprinkled around. Deacon Preston found out that it was salt and was creeping out when he saw Dillard returning down the center isle. "Hey, Dillard," shouted Preston and the deacon slid under a pew. When he peeped from his hiding place there had been a transformation scene. The pastor had stuck the candle on the alter and was devoutly poring over the pages of the good book.

Finally Deacon Preston arose, and proceeding to the altar, asked Parson Dillard why he had sprinkled salt about the church. He raised both his hands and said, "Hush, Brother Preston, don't disturb the solemnity of this occasion. I have sprinkled salt around the church to keep out the devil. You just go way and let me alone to fight satan." Deacon Preston rushed around and told the members of the congregation how he had caught Dillard scattering salt along the aisles and around the altar.

The parson was summoned to answer the charge preferred by the deacon, but refused to do so. Pastor Dillard says he will fight the congregation. He has outstanding notes of the church for $4,000, and vows he will sell the building if he is bounced. The members are trying to raise the money to take up the notes, and if they succeed they can get rid of Parson Dillard very easily.

BLAINE AND SHERMAN.

Senator Camden Tells of the Ohio Man's Strength in the Empire State.

Washington, Sept 1.—Ex Senator Camden, of West Virginia, in an interview says: "There must be something done with the tariff this coming session of Congress. It is hard to say just what it will be but it must be in the way of a reduction. There may be a compromise by which both Internal Revenue and customs duties will be reduced. Something must be done. To abolish the Internal revenue system would not meet the demands of the country. The prevailing sentiment is against it. There are variances in both parties between the people and political leaders." The ex senator says Cleveland's renomination is universally conceded.

"Whom do you think the Republicans will nominate?"

"Blaine, beyond all doubt," was the reply. He further said that the election of the President was narrowed down to a matter of carrying New York, and he was asked how he thought the Democrats are situated in that state.

"We are certainly as well off as the Republicans," he replied. "There are elements there that no one can count on, but I think they will counterbalance each other and not affect the chances of the two great parties. I don't think Blaine can get as many Democratic votes as he did among the Irish Catholics before, and I think at the same time he will lose many Republicans who supported him before.

"If he should decide not to take the nomination it will be on account of this consideration. I think Sherman is stronger in New York than Blaine." Regarding the Grand Army row at Wheeling he said it created some excitement, but it would soon blow over. The people of West Virginia had something else to think of—business, the tariff and other important issues.

THE MICHIGAN FIRES.

No Rain Since July 4, and Even the Ground is Burning Up.

Koehler, Mich., Sept. 2.—[Special wire.]—Terrible forest fires are raging in this vicinity, and immense damage has been done to the standing timber and to logs and ties. A large crew of men is fighting a big fire two miles southwest of this place. A strong northwest wind carried the flames into a lot of logs owned by Lovel & Blane yesterday, burning about 8,000 feet of logs and 4,000 cedar ties in less than two hours, causing a loss of about $2,000.

Over 1,000,000 feet of logs and nearly 25,000 ties are now surrounded, and it is very doubtful if they will succeed in saving any in this section. The prevailing drouth is the worst known for years. Not a drop of rain has fallen since July 4, and the ground is terribly parched.

A large meadow owned by H. L. Koehler caught fire about six weeks ago, and is still burning. The soil is a rich, black muck, and holes two or three feet deep have been burned into it, and all efforts to put the fire out have been fruitless. All vegetation is scorched, and late crops are a total failure.

GOLDEN BELT KANSAS.

Lincoln County, in the center of Kansas. Richest lands in the world, "dirt" cheap; best watered county in the state; plenty of coal and building rock. Send address for circular. Correspondence solicited. WATERMAN BROS., Lincoln, Kan.

KEYSTONE DEMOCRATS.

They Present their Platform to Both Wings of the Party.

Allentown, Pa., Sept. 1.—The committee on resolutions met at once in the court house. On motion of Mr. Randall, William L. Scott was made chairman and a sub-committee of six was appointed by the chair to prepare a report for the consideration of the general committee.

The sub-committee was constituted as follows: W. L. Scott, chairman; Samuel J. Randall, ex-Governor Curtin, Robert E. Wright, S. T. Neal, and J. B. Storm.

It was nearly 4 o'clock when the convention re-assembled. The galleries and boxes were filled with spectators as at the opening session.

Mr. McFadden, of Blair, reported from the committee on Permanent Organization that the committee had agreed to report the name of S. R. Peal, of Clinton, as permanent chairman of the convention and a long list of secretaries and vice presidents.

The report was at once agreed to, and Mr. Peal escorted to the chair, upon taking which he said, among other things:

"In years gone by, the country has appealed to the Democratic party in time of public need and we are again appealed to, and we are here to proclaim that this broad domain shall not be overburdened and misruled. The Democratic party gave to us the homes and a Democratic President was here to protect them. When I contemplate that man, honest and plain Grover Cleveland, then I feel that we can say we have a President whose name is unstained, whose hands are clean. This administration is received and accepted by all people as clean, pure, brave and strong, commanding the respect of the people and the love of the country.

I have no language to express my contempt for the Republican orator who goes about with his worn-out cry of the ensanguined banner, and makes fresh appeals to sectional passions. He is like a boss pismire with the wings of a last year's fly in his jaws, a disgusting spectacle. The Republican orator seeks to parade Blaine in the cloak of Clay, but Clay had no pockets in his garments for stolen bonds, and had he found such—mark the contrast—he would have said: "Burn them,—the bonds—not the letters."

We find the business interests bending beneath the burden of undue and unequal taxation. A burden too heavy to be borne. There is being piled up in the Treasury vaults millions of dollars out of the people's pockets. It can't, and it will not be borne. There will be a reduction of this surplus. If we do not abolish it the Republican party will take up the work.

Peal then returned thanks, and announced that business was in order. After a brief discussion, the convention proceeded to name candidates for Judge of the Supreme court.

At this point the committee on Resolutions, headed by Chairman Scott and Mr. Randall, appeared in the aisle and was received with much applause. When Mr. Scott ascended the platform the convention redoubled the demonstration, and for several minutes indulged in a wild uproar of applause. As soon as quiet was restored Mr. Scott said he was directed to report the resolutions of the committee to the convention. He was pleased to state that it was agreed on and the meeting had been most harmonious. He moved that the resolutions be adopted as a whole. There was a chorus of seconds, and amid cheers the entire set of resolutions was by acclamation adopted. The resolution are as follows:

First: We renew our allegiance to the principles and declaration of the platform adopted at Chicago in 1884, which Mr. Cleveland, the nominee of the party, heartily indorsed, declaring in his letter of acceptance, "I have carefully considered the platform adopted by the convention and cordially approve of the same. So plain a statement of Democratic facts and principles upon which that party appeals to the suffrages of the people needs no supplement or explantion." To these principles he has faithfully adhered in all his public utterances.

We further affirm the platform adopted by our state convention of 1886, and in view of the existing condition of the public treasury, we demand with emphasis that the large surplus already in the treasury shall be used to pay the public debt; that current and unnecessary increase going on beyond the needs of the government shall be immediately prevented by a wise and prudent reduction of internal taxation and duties on imports in accordance with the foregoing declarations.

Second—We fully endorse the administration of President Cleveland as wise, sagacious and patriotic; he has restored confidence to the business interests of the country, in the Democratic party; has directed the financial affairs of the government with apt ability; has strengthened the public credit and thereby given us a period of great industrial and commercial prosperity.

The apprehension in the minds of some that the advent of our party to the control of the Federal government would be dangerous has been dispelled. Our people are more contented and well-to-do than in years and more respected than ever by other nations.

His period of administration has been pure, economical and fearless, and meets the approval of all fair-minded and conservative citizens.

Third—We recognize the material benefits which this country has received from immigration. We endorse the legislation of Congress against the importation of contract labor, and to compel the return of paupers and criminals. We recommend the national administration for its efforts to rigidly enforce these laws, and while we are opposed to any illiberal restrictions, we favor such additional measures of regulation as may be found necessary.

Fourth—We favor liberal pensions to deserving Union soldiers and sailors, and refer to the action of the present administration in adding to the pension rolls a larger number than was ever before placed thereon within a corresponding period, while at the same time protecting the treasury from fraudlent claims as proof of this fact.

Fifth—We point with pride to the fact that since the Democratic party has been in power in any branch of the Federal government not one acre of the public lands has been given to corporations, nor has any land grants been revived or extended.

Sixth—The failure of the state revenue bill, after it had been carefully perfected and nearly unanimously passed by both branches of the legislature, was a crime against the majority of the commonwealth, whereby the people must pay a million dollars annually in taxation that should and would have been paid by corporations, and the failure of the state administration to attempt a correction of wrong-doing or exposure of fraud and criminal neglect, condoned the crime against both authority and the people and confessed the supremacy of ring rule in Pennsylvania.

Seventh—We reaffirm our declaration in favor of the passage of such legislation as will properly enforce the provisions of article 16 of the state constitution relative to corporations, to present improper discrimination and equalize taxation.

Eighth—That we denounce the action of the last Republican legislature in the defeat of the bill for the relief of producers and refiners of oil in the oil districts of the state, known as the Billingsley bill, as being in the interest of monopoly and against the interest of the people of that large section of the state.

Ninth—The Democratic party sympathizes with the oppressed of all nations, and in all movements having for their object the attainment of the blessings of local self government such as are enjoyed by the people of the Union, as the result of the enforcement of Democratic policy. The granting of home rule to Ireland is due as an acknowledgment of sacred inherent right, and the gallant struggle for the accomplishment of this long delayed act of justice under the magnificent leadership of Gladstone and Parnell, commends itself to the moral support of the American people. It is our earnest wish that the efforts of these distinguished statesmen may soon be crowned with success.

Tenth—We still hold to the ancient doctrine of the party, that the preservation of the rights of the people demand that we should look with jealousy upon monopolies, and restrict corporate power within the proper sphere, and we heartily approve the action of the national administration in reclaiming and throwing open to the people for settlement 100,000,000 acres of land, which through artifice and fraud were wrongfully held by corporations, and having been forfeited to the people by a failure to comply with the conditions of the grants.

J. Ross Thompson was then nominated for Supreme Judge and Bernard J. McGraun for state treasurer.

WARD'S ISLAND.

A Discharged Keeper of the Insane Makes a Startling Statement.

New York, Sept 1.—[Special wire.]—Michael Butler, recently discharged from the position of keeper in the insane asylum on Ward's Island, has petitioned the Supreme court for the release of a number of patients as sane. He declares that of the 1,750 inmates, no less than 300 are perfectly sane, and that 1,000 others are entirely harmless lunatics.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Jake Sharp is better.
The Calumet fire is out.
Russians have left Kerki.
Warlike again at Honolulu.
Haddock case to be revived.
Mrs. McGarigle is in Canada.
Sullivan has quit drinking again.
Mrs. Hoyt sends $100 to Ireland.
Last day to redeem trade dollars.
Rear Admiral T. P. Green is dead.
C. M. Hovey, horticulturist, is dead.
Denied that Ruskin, the author, is dead.
Wayne Wilkes paced at Columbus in 2:25.
Large cattle receipts at the Chicago yards.

A $60,000 Jewish church dedicated in Cleveland.

Shoe manufacturers have joined a rubber-trust.

Holland elections returned the same party to power.

The prince of Wales is much improved in health.

A furious hurricane is reported to be blowing off Chili.

Chinatown (part of Los Angelos) has been burned.

Emperor William and the czar will not meet in Stettin September 12.

The Milwaukee *Labor Review* staff have been arrested for libeling the aldermen.

Jeff. Davis, following Cleveland's example, will swing round the southern fairs.

Dr. Juan Carlos Blanco has been appointed minister to Spain from Montevideo.

Willmaster, ten miles from Harrisville, Mich., has struck gas at a depth of 230 feet.

Assistant Secretary Maynard has gone to his his home, near Delhi, N. Y., for a few days.

There were £116,000 withdrawn from the Bank of England to-day for shipment to America.

The statement of the Imperial bank of Germany shows a decrease in specie of 7,920,000 marks.

Chicago court house officials object to having their salaries cut down by the new board of County commissioners.

The crown prince of Germany has left England for the Tyrol, much improved in health. Dr. Mackenzie accompanied him.

The Israelites of Cleveland are embroiled in a bitter controversy as to whether they shall wear hats or not in the synagogue.

A law has been promulgated at Buenos Ayres, which authorizes the expenditure of $20,000 in sending objects to the Paris exhibition of 1889.

The Duke Campo Solice, a millionaire who married a daughter of Singer, the sewing machine manufacturer, has died of heart disease in Paris, brought on by the earthquake at Mentone.

An anti-clerical league has been established in the city of Mexico. In a circular letter addressed to the public the league says it is opposed to bloodshed, and only desires an intellectual struggle. It is proposed immediately organize anti-clerical leagues throughout the republic.

Assistant Secretary Maynard has informed a Canadian correspondent that green apples, being perishable fruits, and not liable to duty, are not entitled to warehousing privileges upon importation into the United States. On importation they must, he says, be entered for consumption and if of a certain value, the entry must be based on a duly authenticated consular invoice.

In order to protect their interests, the holders of pure old bourbon whisky in Kentucky are forming a pool for the purpose of preventing further selling of whisky at a sacrifice. The pool will comprise not less than 50,000 barrels, of which 10,000 barrels have already been put in and a large additional quantity assured. The whisky is of the oldest, best and purest makes in the state.

At a meeting of the grain trade, held during the first call at the produce exchange, in New York, it was unanimously decided to adjourn to-morrow. This is considered a rebuke to the board of managers who recently refused to grant a ballot in relation to closing the exchange on Saturday. There may be some trading on the floor. Other branches of business are thinking of following the course taken by the grain men.

Assistant Secretary Thompson has informed the secretary of State that in cases where regularly established commission merchants in Russia ship wool to the United States on orders, they can be recognized as the shippers within the meaning of the law, and can verify the correctness of the invoice before United States consular officers without being possessed of special power of attorney from the importers.

The treasury department has issued a circular to custom officers proscribing regulations for the treatment of animals and articles specially imported for temporary exhibition, etc. Such importations will be subject to withdrawal in the same manner as other imported merchandise entered for warehousing, and the same form of entry will be used, substituting thereon the words "Entry under special bond" for the words "Entry for warehouse" in the heading.

OUR FINANCES.

Statement from the Government at the Close of the Fiscal Year.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued to-day, cents omitted:

Debt Bearing Interest.	
Four and a half per cent	$ 244,251,600
Four per cent	737,812,800
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	165,800
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000
Pacific railway bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	$1,060,853,712
Interest	10,114,336
Total	$1,070,968,048
Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.	
Principal	$ 4,397,715
Interest	186,931
Total	$ 4,584,647
Debt Bearing No Interest.	
Old demand and legal tender notes	$ 346,738,120
Certificates of deposit	7,130,000
Silver certificates	88,765,340
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,943,994
Principal	$ 597,453,840
Interest prepaid not accrued	1,075,280
Total Debt.	
Principal	$1,662,705,267
Interest	11,376,548
Total	$1,674,081,815
Deductions.	
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	$ 259,546,540
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	$ 359,546,540
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,314,535,275
Recapitulation.	
Net cash in the treasury	$44,760,908
Debt less cash in the treasury Sept. 1, 1887	$1,269,774,366
Debt less cash in the treasury August 1, 1887	1,274,583,842
Decrease of debt during month	$ 4,809,475
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1887	9,654,370
Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 88,765,340
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	147,876,385
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	7,130,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	14,698,983
Interest prepaid not accrued per department circular No. 9	1,075,280
Fractional currency	551
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 259,546,540
Reserve Fund.	
Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000
Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.	
Fractional silver coin	$ 26,148,531
Minor coin	110,799
Total	$ 26,259,331
Certificates held as cash	29,124,950
Net cash balance on hand	44,760,908
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	459,991,729

INDIANA "WHITE CAPS."

More Depredations Committed by the Hoosier Band of Outlaws.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., Sept. 1.—On Tuesday night, a gang of lawless men in Spencer township, Harrison county, calling themselves "White Caps" took from his bed John Hildebrant, a popular citizen, who last April was elected justice of the peace by a nearly unanimous vote, and tying him to a tree, beat him unmercifully with hickory switches.

They told him they were not pleased with his decisions and charged him with cruelty to his family.

The same night at Depauw they warned a saloonkeeper to stop selling liquor, and at Frenchtown they awakened the postmaster, Paul Heneriott, told him what they had been doing, and ordered him, under a penalty of 100 lashes, to spread the news quickly.

They had previously warned a widow named Dougherty that she must not marry a young man to whom she is engaged. Her friends have organized for her protection.

A special from Meeker, dated September 1, says: Conference between Governor Adams and Gen. Crook resulted in Crook agreeing to place two companies of government troops on the line between Uintah reservation and Colorado for the protection of settlers, and hereafter keep the Utes out of Colorado. The Utes are to have their horses returned, and be paid out of the surplus of their own annuity for such stock as has been lost.

THE FISHERIES.

A Talk With Secretary Bayard on the Prospects of a Settlement.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—Secretary Bayard spoke fully and freely this afternoon in regard to the new phase assumed by the Canadian fisheries question. He regarded it as a most hopeful indication of a speedy, just, and honorable adjustment of these long pending difficulties that the British government had itself taken steps to put an end to the triangular manner in which the negotiations had been carried on, which had been a source of perpetual embarrassment.

Every proposition submitted by the United States had to be referred to Canada for the views of the Dominion government, and after months of delay it would be returned with the Canadian objections and the whole routine would have to be gone over again. Secretary Bayard especially referred to the proposition made by him to Lord Iddesleigh, British secretary for foreign affairs, who subsequently died.

That proposition remained unanswered for months after Lord Iddesleigh's death, and was finally returned to the United States by Lord Salisbury with the Canadian objections.

Secretary Bayard went on to say that all the embarrassments and delays which had hampered negotiations in times past would be obviated by the appointment of royal commissioners, clothed with full authority to speak both for Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada.

The state department had not yet been officially advised who would constitute the commission on the part of Great Britain, but it was regarded as highly probable that it would consist of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir John MacDonald, or some other leading representative of the Dominion government and the British minister at Washington.

It was not correct as stated in cable dispatches from London, that the American commissioners had already been selected.

In the absence of direct authority from Congress, there could be no "United States commissioners" appointed, with full powers, such as those possessed by the commissioners designated by the British crown.

All the American representatives could do would be to agree upon an amendment or an interpretation of the treaty of 1818, which would have to be laid before the United States Senate for its action before it could take effect.

In point of fact, United States commissioners were not absolutely necessary. The secretary of State, himself, as sole representative of the United States, could negotiate a treaty, subject, of course, to ratification by the President and Senate, just as Mr. Marcy, then secretary of State, did in 1854 with Lord Elgin, then governor general of Canada.

But if great Britain wished the negotiations to be conducted by three representatives on each side that desire might very properly be complied with by the President.

Secretary Bayard intimated that in his judgment this would probably be the best course, and subsequent conversation left the impression that the President, in all probability, would designate two other able international jurists to co-operate with the secretary of State in the negotiations.

"PERNICIOUS ACTIVITY."

What Will He Do With Office-Holders Who Attend State Conventions?

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—[Special wire.]—There is considerable talk here around the hotels about the attendance of Federal officials at the Pennsylvania Democratic State convention. The general opinion appears to be that it will be difficult to prevent office-holders from going to conventions of their party, notwithstanding the fact that President Cleveland some time ago placed himself on record as being opposed to the "pernicious activity" of Government officials in politics. It will be remembered that the President had the District Attorney of St. Louis suspended for taking an active interest in party affairs. The official, however, was subsequently reinstated through the persistent efforts of Senator Vest.

What action the President will take on the Pennsylvania Democrats who left their desks to take part or look on at the Allentown convention is not known. There are very few prominent Democrats or Republicans in Washington at present, and those who happen to be here could not be seen to-night. Speaker Carlisle was not at his hotel, and Congressman Crain, of Texas, did not care to express an opinion. The Democrats who hold public offices in the various departments who were spoken to on the subject were all very anxious not to be quoted. It is likely that Federal officers will also turn up at the New York Democratic convention. The chances are that the vacation ruse will be used, and that a quorum of office-holders can be counted at Saratoga on September 27, unless an administration riot act is read previous to that date.

TARIFF TINKERS.

Carlisle and Cleveland Holding a Pow-Wow on the Subject.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.— The *Star* says: "There will be a measure brought forward by the tariff reformers as soon as Congress convenes, which will likely have the endorsement of the administration. The President, secretary of the treasury and Speaker Carlisle have been considering the matter since Congress adjourned, and it is not improbable that the present visit of Mr. Carlisle to the President at Oak View will result in a culmination of their plan.

"The result of the Allentown convention is quite satisfactory to tariff reformers. They propose to take advantage of the situation and present a plan for the reduction of revenues. The plan being prepared will conform strictly with the tariff resolution there adopted as construed by the President.

"It will abolish the tobacco tax, but leave the whisky tax where it is, and will make a large reduction in customs on the necessaries of life in accordance with the President's utterances upon the subject."

"The internal revenue feature is admitted as a compromise, and will be tolerated only in connection with a very positive reduction of customs. There will be no acknowledgment of protection.

"Mr. Scott was in Washington shortly before the Allentown convention and talked the matter over with the President and secretary of the treasury. Editor Lingerly conferred with the President likewise, it will be remembered, on his yacht on the Potomac."

THE RUSSIAN TREATY.

A Society Formed to Agitate Against its Formation.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—The Anti-Russian Treaty society was formally organized yesterday with the following officers:

President—Dr. A. P. Kadison.
Secretary—S. D. De Vorkin.
Treasurer—H. W. Levin.

The society aims to defeat the projected treaty between the United States and Russia. It will commence at once to hold mass meetings, distribute pamphlets, etc., and will try to have kindred societies formed throughout this country. The first mass meeting here will be presided over, it is said, by a prominent judge. One of the promoters of the society says:

It has been stated that the society's projectors are mainly Nihilists or Anarchists. This is emphatically not the case. A treaty between this country and Russia is in some points of view an absurdity. There already exists an understanding whereby murderers and felons are extradited, and anything more is unnecessary. With Russia it is entirely different. There the only freedom still remaining to the political offender is the freedom of flight.

FELL FROM A BALLOON.

Two Thousand Feet Above the Earth and Unable to Handle Himself—A Frightful Fall.

PRINCETON, Mo., Sept. 1.—At the Mercer County Fair yesterday afternoon Randall Blakeslee, a half-breed Indian, made a balloon ascension, hanging to a trapeze bar.

In the ascent the balloon shot up suddenly, giving Blakeslee a severe wrench, and he was unable to pull himself up on the bar, but managed to hold himself up by a loop, which he had drawn around his waist.

After traveling about a mile and a half, and reaching the altitude of 2,000 feet the balloon began to descend, but the poor fellow's strength gave out, and when within 500 feet of the earth, his grip relaxed and he fell to the earth, lighting on his feet in a corn field. His thigh bone was broken and driven into the trunk of his body.

A SINGULAR CASE.

An Absconding Treasurer Supposed to be Dead, Found Alive in Mexico.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Sept. 6.—[Special wire.]—Several years ago, Marsh T. Polk robbed the state treasury of Tennessee of several hundred thousand dollars while serving as state treasurer. He fled, but was subsequently arrested and returned to Nashville. In due time he was reported to have sickened and died.

Now comes the news that one Gamble, a prominent citizen of Anniston, Ala., has just returned home from an extended visit to the City of Mexico, and while there he met Polk on the street and talked with him. He made further investigations and found him in business in that city. The affair has created no little excitement in this part of the state. Gamble was well acquainted with Polk while he was treasurer of this state.

BISHOP HARRIS DEAD.

After Weeks of Suffering a Good Man Passes Away From Earth.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Bishop William L. Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal church, died at 5:05 o'clock Yesterday afternoon, at his residence, 33 East Eighty-first street.

The death-bed of the eminent clergyman was surrounded by his family, consisting of Mrs. Harris, Mr. William Harris, a son, Miss Harris and Mrs. Hatfield, of Chicago, another daughter.

For a number of years the bishop suffered rom time to time from heart disease, and the attack which has resulted in his death appeared August 2, while he was at Liverpool, England. He sailed for this city August 13, and when the steamer was a few hays out from England he had another very severe attack, and when he arrived in this city, on August 23, he was so weak that he could not walk without assistance.

[Bishop Harris was admitted to the ministry September, 1837, by the Michigan conference, and he was to have opened that conference on the 7th of this month, just 50 years to a day after he became a minister. He was born in Mansfield, O., November 14, 1817. He was educated at Norwalk Seminary and entered the ministry September 7, 1837. In 1848 he became principal of Baldwin Institute at Berea, O. In 1851 he went to Delaware and took charge of the academic department of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in 1852 was elected to its chair of chemistry and natural history, which position he held for eight years. In 1860 he was elected assistant corresponding secretary of the Missionary society, and was re-elected in 1864 and 1868. He was elected bishop in 1872 at Brooklyn, and soon after went on a tour around the world, occupying eighteen months, in which he visited nearly every Methodist missionary station. He was a member of every quadrennial general conference from 1856 to 1872 and was secretary of each session. In 1874 he was sent as a delegate to the British Wesleyan conference. He received his degree of D. D. from Allegheny College in 1856, and his LL.D. from Baldwin University in 1870. He has since been abroad several times visiting missionary stations. In 1874 he made his residence in Chicago and remained six years, when he came to New York, where he has since resided. He contributed largely to the periodical denominational literature.]

TRADED OFF FOR PIGS.

Sailors Devoured by the Cannibals of the South Sea Islands.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 5.—[Special wire.]—Private advices received by steamer from New Zealand and Honolulu state that there is much dissatisfaction among the better class of foreigners at Honolulu on account of the military dictatorship, which has grown up since the semi-revolution of June 30.

This has extended to complete control of the press, newspapers being even forbidden to publish ordinary court proceedings, such as the trial of Hayselden, ex-premier Gibson's son-in-law.

So great was this terrorism that not a single journal in Honolulu dared to reprint the comments of American newspapers on the revolt of Hawaii, although every one was eager to get copies and see for themselves what was said.

Business continues dull owing to a sense of insecurity and unrest. It is tacitly admitted that the new constitution is not a final settlement of the points at issue. Disfranchisement of a large section of the native, who will not swear to the constitution, and the restricted franchise, are almost certain to lead to trouble.

Information is received that on one of the outlying islands of the Sandwich group, a massacre of three boatmen belonging to the schooner May Anderson, was lately made by natives under exceptionally brutal circumstances. The boatmen were first severely wounded to render them helpless, tied hand and foot and then taken in canoes over to another island and traded for pigs. The purchasers then finished them and had a cannibal feast on their bodies.

THEY WERE COERCED.

Ten Thousand Irishmen Forced to Disperse Under the Proclamation.

DUBLIN, Sept. 5.—Ten thousand persons assembled at Ennis yesterday, to attend a meeting of the Irish National league. At 2 o'clock a procession, enlivened by twelve bands of music, and including Messrs. Timothy Sullivan, Dillon, Cox, Sheehy, William O'Brien and Philip Stanhope, all members of the House of Commons, moved towards Ballycobee hill, the approaches to which were guarded by soldiers and police. The procession halted in a field, and Messrs. Sullivan, Stanhope and O'Brien made speeches from carriages. A troop of hussars, headed by Col. Turner, a divisional magistrate, rode up to where the procession halted, and Col. Turner ordered the meeting to disperse within five minutes.

Mr. Stanhope handed Col. Turner a copy of the resolutions adopted by the meeting, and Mr. Stanhope declared the proceedings of the meeting were legal, and that if a collision occurred between the people and the troops he would hold Col. Turner responsible.

Turner replied that he was bound to execute his orders. After a parley the procession returned to Ennis and O'Brien addressed the crowd in O'Connell's square. The soldiers and police again appearing the procession passed on to a hotel, which the leaders entered and the crowd then dispersed quietly.

Comment on the Coercion.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The *Post* regards the result at Ennis with lively satisfaction.

The *Telegraph* says: "Seldom, even in the history of Irish agitation, has a greater fiasco been witnessed. The imposing Nationalist array had to sneak off into a field out of the way of the police to hold a hasty meeting until dispersed by a small troop of Hussars."

The *News* says: "It is to the good sense of the Irish people and their leaders, that credit for the peaceful issue of the day is due. Both parties did their duty and both may claim a victory. Only the authors of the proclamation are defeated and rendered rediculous."

FLOODS IN TEXAS.

Many Houses and Stores Washed Down the River by a Rainstorm.

MORGAN, Tex., Sept. 1.—[Special wire.]—The hardest rain that ever fell in this county began Tuesday night and has continued without cessation. The damage to farmers in the low valley lands in every portion of the county is estimated at thousands of dollars.

The Texas Central and the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe railways are badly damaged, and it will be many days before either of them can move trains.

The following business houses, with all the goods, went down the Bosque river: Sellers & Hamilton's dry goods store; Samuel Frank, groceries; M. McHall, groceries; J. H. Justice, saddle shop; Anderson furniture store, and three cotton engines.

Nine residences were washed away.

Besides these houses, which are entirely gone, every house in the town is damaged.

Life is all that many of the citizens have left.

At Whitney, 22 miles east, in Hill county, a number of houses were washed away.

At Meridan, a man whose name could not be learned, was swiming to his house to try to save some of the contents, when the water became too swift for his strength, forcing him into the current and drowning him.

Between here and Cleburne, a distance of 30 miles, there are eight washouts on the Santa Fe road. Three of the number are the large iron bridges which span the Nolan river at different points on the Texas Central between Morgan and Whitney.

Two large iron bridges which have stood the storms for years are completely destroyed.

Between here and Hico, on the Central road, 31 miles distant, there are eleven bridges washed away.

The loss to the railroad is over $100,000. No estimate can yet be made of the loss in small towns and to the farms.

SPINAL MENINGITIS.

Horse Owners and Doctors Will Not Admit the Existence of Spinal Meningitis.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—[Special wire.]—There can be little doubt that many horse owners and veterinary doctors who have knowledge of the existence of the spinal-meningitis epidemic among horses in this city are keeping cases a secret, believing the disease to be contagious, and therefore fearing the authorities will slaughter the sick horses and other animals exposed. Livery men and veterinary surgeons seen by reporters expressed the belief that an epidemic was imminent, but with scarcely an exception they refused to admit that they knew of any specific cases.

A young man in the office of Dr. Fields, Twenty-third street and Lexington avenue, said that the doctor had attended five cases of spinal meningitis among horses in the last six weeks, although it was not a common malady with horses. The doctor had no such cases under treatment now and he knew of none.

Dr. Mark L. Frey, the Harlem surgeon, says that since the symptoms of the epidemic were published he has met three or four men who say they have recently had horses die, under the same conditions, before they had time to send for a doctor. They did not know before what the trouble was. Dr. Frey has had 22 cases of the malady during the past eight days.

Labor Day was very quietly observed in St. Louis, only the cigarmakers and two other unions taking part in it.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Collections Good and the Bulls Evidently at Work Actively.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review says: Rallies in the markets for a moment hide the effects of failures and frauds in rather unusual numbers. The sale of the Baltimore & Ohio express company supplies cash for some time to come, but does not involve the adjustment of other interests as the street imagines.

The sale of valuable securities by the Oregon Transcontinental probably looks to a change in the management of that and connected companies, rather than to a general liquidation.

But all these and other changes do not remove the difficulties which excessive speculation has caused.

Reviving confidence in this market appears to have for its chief basis a belief that heavy operators want prices higher rather than a well-founded advance or change in the condition of properties or business.

Crop reports are unchanged as to wheat, still conflicting as to corn, and decidedly more unfavorable as to cotton. The injury in the Memphis district is being reported at 41 per cent. in Tennessee and 25 to 28 per cent. in adjacent parts of Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas. New Orleans reports prospects declining week by week.

In some parts of the Northwest corn was much helped by rains, in others scarcely at all.

Trade reports are uniformly encouraging, with fair collections. All points heard from report a generally improved outlook for trade. Money is stringent and in brisk demand at some points, but generally in fair supply.

The boot and shoe trade is better, with more satisfactory orders from regions of the drouth than was expected.

Dry goods reports show an improvement with a fair movement in light woolens, though the demand does not start much of the idle machinery.

Wool remains dull, the unloading of western speculators having come sooner than was expected.

Failures in iron and coal trades have had a discouraging tendency. Large offers of southern iron are reported without bidders, but prices for the best grades are not changed.

Business failures throughout the country during the last seven days were: United States, 175; Canada, 24; total, 199; compared with 185 last week, and 190 the corresponding week last year.

New York—In the paper trade here it is reported that the Richmond Paper company, of Providence, R. I., had suspended. Bradstreet's received the following dispatch: "Richmond Paper company suspended; have called a meeting of the creditors; propose to pay in full."

The company organized four years ago with a capital of $400,000. Last year the directors increased this to $800,000.

A dispatch from providence to the Associated Press says: "The treasurer thinks that the creditors will all be paid, and dlaces the liabilities at about $500,000, with assets from $500,000 to $1,000,000."

BLAINE ABROAD.

How That Gentleman was Followed by a Reporter.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—A London cable says: A gentleman who has been staying for the greater part of the summer at Kilgraston, the Scotch home of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and who has just returned to London, gives a somewhat extraordinary account of the way in which Mr. Blaine has been treated by the correspondent of an American newspaper. This gentleman said to me to-night: "As soon as Mr. Blaine reached Kilgraston in July, it was found that the servants of the house were pestered and pursued by the inquiries of a stranger, who was asking a multitude of personal questions about Mr. Carnegie's special guest.

"The stranger wanted to know what time Mr. Blaine went to bed, what time he rose, what he ate at breakfast, whether he took beer at lunch or took claret at dinner. The stranger was in the habit of sneaking around the rear of the house and making his way to the stables, and asking the coachman and servants if Mr. Blaine ever came out there, and what he said to them; how he stood the coaching, and what he said to the jolly company on the top of the coach; did he smoke, did he take wine, was he dyspeptic, was he jolly, or was he silent, and a thousand other equally impertinent questions.

"The stranger stayed at a little hotel near the main gate to Mr. Carnegie's grounds, and he would step inside the grounds, half a mile from the house, walk up and down as though he belonged there, and when the mail-carrier came along he would ask leave to examine the large package of letters for Kilgraston, to see if he could find any letters for himself. He would thus see what American papers Mr. Blaine read and whether he got few or many letters. He would then telegraph these stories as though he had met and talked with Mr. Blaine. It was, in a few days, ascertained that the stranger was a newspaper correspondent named Cowan, engaged in sending dispatches to a paper in Chicago about Mr. Blaine.

"It was also found that he was the same man who had hung around the office of the Metropole Hotel in London, while Mr. Blaine was there, and who dogged his footsteps wherever he went. If Mr. Blaine went out calling with or without his family, he would await his return and then bribe the driver of the carriage to tell him just where Mr. Blaine had called and how long he stayed at each house. He had established relations with the receiver of cards at the Metropole House and was thus able to learn the names of all the persons who called on Mr. Blaine, and who was received and who was not. Such a system of espionage has never before been attempted against any American citizen, and is a disgrace to American journalism."

This gentleman, who is a warm friend of Mr. Carnegie, said that the correspondent in question, who had written up a number of personal interviews with Mr. Blaine, had never exchanged a word with him on any subject. In reply to an inquiry on the subject, Mr. Blaine said that he did not know the man; that he had never seen him but once in his life, and that he had never spoken to him one word on any subject.

AGAINST THE KNIGHTS.

A Strong Resolution Introduced by the German Catholic Convention.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—The first business session of the German Roman Catholic Central Union of America has opened at St. Michaels hall. There were about 300 delegates present and all available room on the main floor of the hall and in spacious gallery was occupied by people who came to witness the proceedings.

President Spannhorst, Detroit, made an address of greeting to the delegates. He claimed that the attitude of German Catholics toward other nationalities had been misrepresented, and false reports circulated. In his opinion German Catholics recognized no distinction of nationalities. No national questions ever come up in their meeting.

On questions at issue between the Irish and German Catholics, the church alone had authority to decide. He asked delegates to use no hard expressions against other nationalities. Germans in America were obliged to preserve the German language in schools, and on account of that had been reproached with trying to Germanize America. That was unjust. Germans were true followers of the church, and understood its teachings.

Mr. George Mietsch, of St. Paul, introduced a resolution, of which the following is a translation:

Whereas, The so-called Knights of Labor, come forth from day to day with their talk for the purpose of helping workingmen to their rights by unrighteous means, and trampling law and order under foot, and try to destroy scriptural faith; therefore be it hereby

Resolved, That we urge all Catholic working people to keep away from said societies, for, according to our experience, such company is not advisable for Catholic working people. For, where prohibitionists, anarchists and socialists assemble to consult about the welfare of mankind, there should not be found any German Catholic workmen.

In order to protect the good name of German Catholic societies from injury, all societies should be exhorted not to receive in their midst any Knights of Labor, and such as are already in them should be induced to leave said order of Knights of Labor.

Mr. Mietsch spoke in support of the resolution. He claimed that the entire order of Knights of Labor was governed by Irishmen! The Germans ought to consider it a disgrace to be ruled by Irish ignoramuses. The remarks were received with great applause and the resolution referred to committee on labor matters.

BLACK DIPHTHERIA.

A Fearful Epidemic Raging in a Pennsylvania Town.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 2.—An epedemic of black diphtheria is raging at Lockport, Penn., a small town of 200 inhabitants situated on the Pennsylvania railroad, about sixty miles east of this city.

Nearly half of the population are reported down with the disease and thirteen deaths have occurred within the past five days.

Recently an old viaduct which formed a part of the state canal, was destroyed by dynamite at that point, leaving a stagnant pool of water, which it is believed caused the epidemic.

The victims are seized with black vomit and usually die in two or three days.

A THEATER HORROR.

At Least 140 Burned to Death, And Many others Badly Injured.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—A theater at Exeter took fire last evening.

The occupants of the pit, after an awful struggle, escaped, but many of them were greatly injured.

There was only one exit from the gallery, and the crush there was terrific. Scores were trampled under foot and suffocated. A fire escape was brought to a window, and many inside in this manner were reached.

The fire blazed fiercely, lighting up the whole city. People were soon flocking to the scene in thousands, inquiring for friends. The scene inside the theater when the fire broke out was an awful one. Some men implored the audience to be cool, but it was impossible to check the frantic rush.

The theater's hose was brought into use in a few minutes, but the water had but little effect on the flames.

Actors and actresses were taken from the windows with the aid of ladders.

They lost everything except what they wore.

There are various reports as to the origin of the fire. It is only certain that the flames broke out in the scene shifter's department. Those who escaped say that the special exit was promptly opened. The fire brigade arrived five minutes after the breaking out of the flames, but the efforts of the firemen were without effect. There were several thrilling rescues. The majority of the victims were men and boys. About 30 women were burned.

When the fire started the drop scene was lowered to prevent a draught. Some of the actors opened a door to escape, causing the fire to burst through the drop scene and to ignate the gallery. The flames overtook the people who were wedged in an immovable mass and roasted them to death. Many who were rescued alive died soon after being brought out of the burning building. The occupants of the dress circle escaped without serious harm.

The structure burned was the Theater Royal. It was built after the latest designs and was elaborately fitted, being considered one of the pretiest in the kingdom. There was a full house last night.

The victims by the burning of the theater Royal, at Exeter, were mostly working people. As soon as the flames were extinguished a large force of men began searching for bodies.

The stairway leading to the gallery was literally packed with bodies, while at the head of the stairs there were scores of others, piled one on top of the other.

The unfortunate victims had rushed to the door when the alarm was given, but found the stairway blocked and all means of escape cut off.

In a short time the flames had reached them and they suffered a horrible death.

There were pitiful scenes in the vicinity of the burned theater this morning as friends and relations of supposed victims awaited the recovery of the bodies.

In many cases fathers and mothers both perished and many children are thus left without means of support.

Several of the bodies were burned so that only a small cinder remained.

The *Standard* says: "The sad similarity between the Exeter theater fire and previous disasters suggests culpable disregard of the teachings of experience.

EVENING—It has been ascertained that there were 200 persons occupying seats in the gallery, and of these over 100 lost their lives.

The search for bodies still goes on. It is very probable that the total number of deaths will never be known, owing to the fact that many of the bodies were completely calcined.

Two stalls of a stable belonging to a hotel adjacent to the theater are filled with remains that it is impossible to identify.

Most of the killed were adults and chiefly men. But few children perished.

The municipal authorities held a special meeting to-day and arranged for the interment of all unidentified bodies.

The *News* says: "It is safe to say that one effect of this awful disaster will be a general law governing the construction and management of public places throughout the kingdom. After this catastrophe and that of the Opera Comique in Paris, we ought surely require no more warning."

[The theaters of London are nearly all constructed on the old plan, with the pit (present parquette) and the high gallery containing the cheap seats. Between these two are two floors of seatings containing the stalls and balconies. The entrances to the pit and high gallery are usually from narrow side streets and through narrow winding stairs, making ingress at leisure an unpleasant task, while egress during a panic is next to impossible. They have long been condemned by theater-goers, and this sad calamity, added to the terrible fate of the many in the Opera Comique in Paris, will doubtless result in the passage of a law governing the construction and management of theaters throughout the United Kidgdom.]

SETTLED BY THE WAR.

A Tennesseean Expresses the Sentiment of Nearly All Southern People.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—Mr. W. P. Robertson, who is in a mercantile business in Tennessee, and a brother of Hon Thomas A. Robertson, of Kentucky, has just returned from Waukesha Springs, Wis. "There were over 6,000 people as guests there at one time," said Mr. Robertson, "and every hotel and boarding-house was crowded to the fullest extent."

Mr. Robertson fell into conversation about the encounter between Governors Wilson and Foraker, and expressed the opinion that the great masses of Southern citizens were satisfied with the results of the war. Said he: "The main underlying issue of the war was the matter of slavery. I doubt if there is a man in the South today who would care to see slavery revived. There never was a dollar made by working the negroes. The money came from their increase.

"A young man who had a half dozen negroes given him by his father could in a short time have a hundred negroes and be a wealthy man. But the objection to it all was the reliance that the young people put upon the institution to make their fortunes. They had no idea of working for themselves, and the difference is already perceptible in their growing energy and prosperity. As to the question of secession, we all look on that as settled by the result of the war, but we regard it as folly for any one to deny our right to assert that we fought for what we thought was right. We were defeated, however, and that ends it."

LABOR DAY.

Business Suspended and 25,000 Horny Handed Sons of Toil Do Honor to the Occasion.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—Labor day, being a legal holiday, all the down town exchanges, banks, bankers and brokers offices and down town offices were closed generally. Many other business houses also closed up for the day, but some had to remain open. The courts and public departments were closed, and the business of the municipal department was at a standstill.

Flags floated from many buildings throughout the city in honor of the day and the streets were thronged with sightseers from an early hour.

The labor parade was the feature of the day. Fully 25,000 men belonging to nearly every trade organization in the city were in line. John Morrison, a carpenter and a master workman of the Knights of Labor was grand marshal.

Indianapolis Joins the List.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 5.—Labor day was observed in Indianapolis by a general cessation of work in the mechanical trades. During the morning a parade was given through the principal streets of various labor societies, several thousand men and 200 women being in line. Following these came industrial displays on wheels, probably the best the city has ever seen.

The procession disbanded at the Exposition grounds, where a picnic followed. In the afternoon speeches were made by Jesse Harper, of Illinois; Mrs. D. C. Williams, of Patterson, state lecturer of the Knight of Labor, and others.

There was no disorder of any kind.

A Big Day in Detroit.

DETROIT, Sept. 5.—Most of the factories and shops are closed to-day to give the employes an opportunity to participate in the celebration of Labor Day. Delegations are present from Cleveland, Toledo, London, Ont., and from many points in Michigan, and will march in the procession.

THE CHINESE ENTERPRISE.

The Department of State Has Received Notification of the Concessions.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Advices received at the department of State from Tientzin, China, contain some information regarding the concession reported to have been made recently by the Chinese government to certain Americans.

It is stated that Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy, has signed a decree granting to Wharton Baker, of Philadelphia, and Eugene DeMitkiewicz, of New York City, the sole and exclusive right to construct and operate telephone lines at the treaty ports of China for a period of fifty years.

In their original memorial the grantors sought to obtain the privilege of connecting the interior cities with the treaty ports, but this was strongly objected to by the director of the Chinese telegraph and the grant was refused.

The department is informed of the departure of Mr. Mitkiewicz with a Chinese embassy for Washington.

IOWA DEMMYS.

A Platform and a Ticket Placed in the Field.

DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 2.—Before the opening of the Democratic state convention the district caucusses met and prepared the committees, and at 11 o'clock Chairman Hunter called the convention to order and introduced Senator W. W. Dodge as temporary chairman.

At the close of Senator Dodge's address, the committee on permanent organization was announced.

The platform is as follows:

First—We commend the fidelity of President Cleveland to the obligations of his high trust, and congratulate the country upon the economy, courage, honesty and patriotism of his administration. We cordially approve the public land policy of the President. Unearned land grants to the extent of millions of acres have been restored to the public domain, reserved for actual settlers only, and the attempts of cattle syndicates to enclose and appropriate large tracts of public land to their own uses have been defeated.

A continuance of the Democratic administration is a guaranty that not another acre shall be granted to speculators or corporations.

The civil service of the country has been placed upon a business basis, federal officials no longer neglect the duties of their office for the manipulation of party politics. The public debt has been steadily reduced, and we favor the continuance of the policy of applying surplus revenues to the payment of the debt as rapidly at possible.

We commend the efficiency, liberality and impartiality of the Pension department in the adjustment of claims under present laws, and favor such further legislation as will make a generous provision for Union soldiers and sailors, surrounding the same with such safeguards and restrictions as will prevent an abuse by any who are entitled to the bounty of the government.

Second—We call upon Congress for an immediate revision of the tariff laws to a revenue basis, to the end that every industry and every section may enjoy perfect equality under the law, and we favor the retention of internal revenue tax on intoxicating liquors and tobacco, and protest against the proposed reduction for the purpose of continuing the present high tariff on the necessaries of life.

Third—We are in favor of continuing the time-honored policy of the Democratic party, of welcoming to our shores the liberty-loving people of all lands, who come here to conform to our laws and become citizens of this country, but insist that the strongest regulations be adopted and enforced, to exclude paupers and the vicious criminal classes.

Fourth—The noble and manly efforts of Gladstone and Parnell and their associates in behalf of the cause of representative government for Ireland commands our unqualified approval.

Fifth—We commend the action of the twenty-first general assembly in supporting the Cassell bill and the bill against the holding of lands by non-residents and aliens, and we pledge our candidates to the support of these measures in the next legislature.

Sixth—The vigorous prosecution of faithless officials, and those who have corrupted them, now being conducted by Democratic prosecuting officers in New York and Chicago, is a hopeful sign of the reform of public morals.

Seventh—We favor such legislation by Congress as will make all corporations for the purposes of the litigation of residents, citizens of the state in which they do business.

Eighth—We are opposed to all sumptuary legislation and in favor of the repeal of the present prohibition liquor law, substituting in its stead that of local option and a carefully guarded license law, with a minimum license fee of $500 for the better control of the liquor traffic.

Ninth—We believe that railroad companies are public corporations, and therefore subject to public control; we demand such legislation by Congress and state legislatures as will apply to state and inter-state transportation of freight and passengers the principles of the Reagan bill, viz: all rates shall be reasonable and shall be made public; we oppose the free transportation of any, favor the cheap transportation of all; we believe that first-class roads can profitably carry passengers at two cents per mile, and we demand a law restricting them to such a charge.

Tenth—Every citizen of the state is entitled to vote and his vote should be as effective as the vote of any other citizen. We denounce the violation of this inherent right and as the practical disfranchisement of a majority of our people in the infamous gerrymander made by the Republicans in the last General Assembly by which a small minority of the people were vested with full control of the law making power.

Eleventh—*Resolved*, That we favor such legislation as will grant to employes of corporations the liberty to buy of whom they please.

Maj. T. J. Anderson was nominated for governor on the first ballot.

J. M. Elder for lieutenant-governor on the second ballot.

Chas. S. Fogg for supreme judge.

H. W. Sawyer, for superintendent of public instruction.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

George Gould Is As Successful in Keeping His Business Matters to Himself As Is His Cunning Father.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Mr. Jay Gould did not go to his office this morning, but his son, George Gould, was at his office and chatted about the Baltimore & Ohio topic.

"The public assume that the Baltimore & Ohio telegraph will come your way; they take that for granted," was suggested by a gentleman present.

"I think it is too early to assume anything," returned Mr. Gould.

"The settlement of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad matter is, however, in my judgment one of the most fortunate adjustments that has happened for years to the financial world. I believe that the conclusion of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad negotiations will act like a thunder storm in a sultry day and it will clear the atmosphere.

"I notice that its results are already apparent, and I think its effects will be far reaching. All securities will undoubtedly be benefited."

"And it is a fair presumption that there has been some discussion of the telegraph end of the property coming your way, is it not?" asked the gentleman.

There was a faint smile on Mr. Gould's swarthy face as he replied: "I know of no discussions, even," said he. "It is of course possible that my father may have had such without my knowing it, but, not to be mysterious about the matter, I think it yet too early to take anything for granted. The railroad business is now adjusted and people must have time to investigate and determine just where they stand before acting further. I should judge that to be a rational assumption."

THE CHATSWORTH HORROR.

Still Believed that One Hundred and Twenty-six Were Killed.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 3.—[Special wire.]—It is claimed here, from statements made by one of the Toledo, Peoria & Western company's employes, who worked at the Chatsworth wreck night and day until it was cleared away, that 126 persons lost their lives at that plate. This railroad employe says he personally knew of that number of bodies being taken out dead, which were shipped away to various parts of the country as rapidly as possible.

This evidence is corroborated by the statement of residents of Peoria visiting here. They say that a number of young men went out to the scene of the wreck on the first relief train, and remained all day. They stated on their return that they had counted 110 bodies taken out up to the time they left, and that it was believed that several more had been entirely consumed in the wreck.

GOT $48,000.

The County Treasurer's Safe Door in Darke County Found Open—The Treasurer Gone.

GREENVILLE, O., Sept. 5.—The county treasurer's safe door of this (Darke) county were found open to-day and $48,000 was missing.

The treasurer, John S. Simon, is not at home, but it is rumored he only went to Versailles last night to visit his father and is on his way back.

There is great excitement here and the streets are filled with citizens, while every wagon brings loads of people from the country who have heard the news and come to ascertain its truth.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powder. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Moseley's tannery at Stepheny, Que., has burned to the ground, and is a total loss. Insurance, $100,000.

The revenue marine bark S. P. Chase, has arrived at New Bedford from her summer cruse across the Atlantic.

Wm. Darling & Co., Montreal iron merchants, and B. & S. H. Thompson, hardware, have burned. Loss, $50,000.

The wholesale queensware establishment of E. F. Meier & Co., St. Louis, has been damaged by fire to the extent of $25,000; fully insured.

The Ottoman bank at Constantinople has stopped disbursements abroad, on account of the Turkish government's failure to make deposits.

Mr. E. J. Baldwin's well known horse Lucky B has died at Sheepshead bay, from spasmodic paralysis of the brain. He was taken ill Friday morning.

The ship Falls of Bruar, of Glasgow, has foundered off Yarmouth. Five of the crew were rescued and 24 drowned, mostly Germans and Swedes.

Advices from St. John, N. B., state that the protection cruiser Intrepid has captured an American schooner fishing within the three mile limit off Campobello, N. B., and took her into port.

The receiver for Mitchell, Fance & Co., N. Y., has received a dispatch from the Attorney General authorizing him to use $7,000 or more that he has on hand to pay part of the wages to workmen.

The Republican executive committee of Louisville has ordered a primary to be held on September 13 for the purpose of nominating candidates for mayor and other offices of the city government.

A dispatch to the Vienna *Tagblatt* from Munich says that King Otto's periods of insanity are becoming less frequent, but that their likeness to the late King Ludwig's attacks is becoming stronger daily.

Joseph Richard Cox, member of Parliament for East Clare, writes to the papers that he will address his constituents at Ballycovee on Sunday, notwithstanding the fact that the government has proclaimed the meeting.

The Madrid *Dia* warns the government not to allow France to push the Algerian railway to the Oasis of Figuig, which would be a violation of the integrity of Morocco, and would make France mistress of the Sahara, which it is one of her cherished ambitions to become.

Various causes are assigned for the arrest of ex-President Taylor, of the bank of London, the one generally accepted being that funds entrusted to him for investment by H. M. Meredith, who caused his arrest, were not invested. A strong feeling, however, prevails, that the real cause is being suppressed.

The Paris *Siecle* announces the issue of a great loan to transform the floating debt and the old 4½ per cent. rentes into perpetual 3 per cents, in order to provide resources for the extraordinary budget of 1888, and for the conversion of debts which the state may be called upon to pay at short notice.

An engine on the east-bound Leadville express, which left Salida, went through the Beaver creek bridge, between there and Pueblo, killing Engineer Shaw and two others. Several were wounded. The accident was due to a large rock falling from the side of the canon and crushing through the bridge.

The British steamer Salisbury, Capt. Durham, from Philadelphia, before reported as having been in a collision with the British steamer John Adamson, and as having been subsequently beached, lightered 700 tons of her cargo and was towed off. She will discharge the remainder of her cargo and go on the dock for repairs at Antwerp.

Articles have been signed by Peter J. Nolan, of Cincinnati, and by Marsh Byers for James Fell, of Grand Rapids, Mich., for a prize fight for $1,000 a side. The fight is to be to a finish with skin tight gloves, and is to take place December 5, within 200 miles of New Orleans, before a limited number of spectators.

The visible supply of grain on Saturday, Sept. 3, as computed by the secretary of the Chicago board of trade, was as follows: Wheat, 30,686,589 bushels, increase 113,428 bushels; corn, 6,837,008 bushels, increase 483,784 bushels; oats, 4,734,571 bushels, decrease 47,383 bushels; rye, 309,237 bushels, increase 20,391 bushels; barley, 291,119 bushels, increase 64,921 bushels.

The following was the visible supply of grain in store and afloat Sept. 3, as reported by the New York Produce Exchange: Wheat, 30,687,129 bushels, increase, 114,379 bushels; corn, 6,836,850 bushels, increase, 463,945 bushels; oats, 4,734,085 bushels, decrease 46,638 bushels; rye, 309,665 bushels, increase, 20,187 bushels; barley, 291,942 bushels, increase, 65,858 bushels.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Sept. 7, 1887.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Reserve—Increase	$ 346,000
Loans—Decrease	3,915,500
Specie—Decrease	114,000
Legal tenders—Increase	202,000
Deposits—Decrease	1,035,600
Circulation—Decrease	40,800

The banks now hold $5,212,625 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 6	Aug. 30.
4½'s coupons	108⅞	109⅛
4's coupons	125⅛	125¾
Pacific 6's of '95	122	121½

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—3 p. m.—The stock market closed very active and strong at the recovery.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—Noon.—Money on call is harder at 7 per cent. Bar silver heavy at 96¾.

The stock market became comparatively dull after 11 o'clock, and the movement in prices became very small. Prices were heavy, however, and insignificant fractions were lost, fluctuations being generally confined within a range of ⅜ per cent. The market developed no feature of interest, and at noon is quiet but heavy at the lowest figures of the morning.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: St. P., 87⅞; L. S., 96⅜; Pac. Mail, 40½; N. Y. C., 109⅛; D L & W, 132⅞; J. C., 77½; Erie, 31⅝; Lou. & Nash., 63⅜; Mo. Pacific, 99⅝; C. S., 58⅞; Western Union, 78⅝; Ore. Trans., 25; Mich. Central, 104; Phil. & Reading, 63⅝; Del. & Hud. 107; N. W., 11—; Hock. Val., 25; New England, 45¼; W. & L. E. 45⅞; Wabash, 18.

TRADE.

The general trade of the country during the week just closed, has been fair for the season.

THE MARKETS.

Forenoon Markets.

The markets at the calls this morning were characterized by a firmer feeling. The visible supply increased about 100,000 bushels. Exports were fairly good.

One O'clock Close.

At the noon session of the exchanges of the country to-day the markets for wheat were dull but firm at an advance of about ⅛c. Private dispatches from the Northwest say wheat is higher and firm. Cables were firm.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day, wheat for cash sold fairly well at about yesterday's prices. No. 2 soft Red, in elevators, 74½c; No. 3 soft Red wheat, 73½c in elevators; No. 2 white, 75½c.

For future delivery the market for No. 2 soft Red wheat was dull. Prices were steady.

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Sales to-day	......	85000	......	162000
" Saturday	......	55000	200000	15000

Seller October, 75¾@75⅝, ⅛c up; December, 78⅛@78⅝, ⅛c better.

Cash corn dull but steady; No. 2, 44c; No. 2 yellow, 44c; No. 3 yellow, 43½c; No. 2 May, 46¾c. Oats—No. 2 white, 28½c; No. 2 May, 31½c. Clover seed active and steady; Prime, cash, $4 25; September, $4 26; October, $4 30; December, $4 45; January, $4 55; Mammoth, $4 25; Alsike, $5 25. Rye—No. 2, 47½c. Timothy seed—Prime, $2 45.

Produce Market.

The market for produce was active this morning. Prices of nearly everything is steady. Butter is firm; best, 25@27c; next quality, 15@17c. Eggs, 12c. Salt, in barrels, 75c; car lots, 65c. Poultry—Chickens, 10c. Vegetables—Onions, $1.00 per bush.; cabbages, 40c to $1.00 per dozen; cucumbers, for pickling, 25@30c per 100; radishes 12@15c per dozen bunches; potatos, 80@90c per bushel. Fresh meats—Beef, 6@6½c per lb for sides; mutton, 7c; lambs, 7½c; calves per lb, 7½@8c. Dressed hogs, $6.00. Salt meats—Mess pork, $18.50; short mess, $19.00; long clear, $19.25; short clear, $19.50; rumps, $16.00; butts, $16.00; clear neck and bean, $15.00. Hams, 18 lbs. and over, 12c; 15 lbs. average, 12c; 12½ lbs. average, 13c; shoulders, 8c. Breakfast bacon, 9½@10c; clear sides and backs, 9@9½c. Lard—Kettle, tierces, barrels, half barrels and cans, 8c, 8¼c and 8½c; fine lard, 7½@8c in cases and cans. Fruits—Oranges, per box, $4 00@4 50; lemons, per box, $3 50@4 00; watermelons, $10 to $18 per 100.

General Produce.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 6.—Wheat easier; cash No. 2, 69¾c; October, 70⅛c. Corn easier; No. 3, 41¾c. Oats dull; No. 2 white, 27½c. Rye firm; No. 1, 45c. Barley steady; No. 2, 57¾c.

DETROIT, Sept. 6.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 77¾c; No. 2 red cash and September, 74⅜c; October, 75¾c; December, 78¾c asked; May, 85c nominal. Corn—No. 2, 44½c. Oats—No. 2, 26¾c; No. 2 white, 29½c.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 6.—Flour—Market dull; Wheat quiet at 71c. Corn weak at 44c. Oats dull at 26¾@27¾c. Rye quiet at 50@51c. Pork firmer at $15 00. Lard firm at $6 45. Bulk meats stronger; short ribs, $8 75. Bacon firm, and held higher; short ribs, $9 50; short clear, $10 00. Whisky active and firm; sales, 1,274 bbls finished goods on a basis of $1 05.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—1 P. M.—Wheat about steady; cash, 69¼c; October, 70 15-16c; November, 72¾c. Corn—Market firm; cash, 41⅜c; October, 41⅜c; November, 42c. Oats steady cash, 24c¼; October, 25 1-16c; November, 25⅝c. Rye, 44½c. Barley, 68½c. Prime timothy seed, $2 37@2 38. Flaxseed, 1 03½. Whisky, $1 10. Pork—Market steady; January, $12 50. Lard—Market steady; cash $6 42½; October and November, $6 45; Short rib, $8 57½.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—Wheat a shade higher, firm and quiet; receipts, 318,970 bu; sales, 16,000 bu No. 2 red September, 80¼@80⅜c; 296,000 bu do October, 81@81 3-16c; 48,000 bu do November, 82⅜@82½c; 472,000 bu do December, 83 11-16@83⅞c; 128,000 bu do May, 89⅜@89⅞c. Corn firm but very quiet; mixed western, spot, 49½@51c; do futures, 50@52½c; receipts, 98,000 bu.; sales, 160,000 bu. Oats quiet but very steady; state, 35@38c; western, 32@40c; receipts, 131,500 bu; sales, 69,000 bu. Beef dull; new extra mess, $7 00@7 50. Pork steady; new mess, $15 50@15 75; old mess, $14 75@15 00. Lard firm and quiet; steam rendered, $6 80. Butter firm but quiet; western, 13@25c; state creamery, 27@28c. Cheese dull at 8@11c, the latter for fancy colored. Sugar firm; crushed, 6¾c; powdered, 6¾c; granulated, 6½c. Molasses dull and nominal. Coffee firm. Spirits turpentine dull at 32@32½c. Eggs—Western, 14@17½c.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains. For severe cases of the foregoing complaint see our printed directions.

It Is Highly Important that Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quickly as the Ready Relief.

Where epidemic diseases prevail, such as Fevers, Disentery, Cholera, Influenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever and other malignant diseases, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will, if taken as directed, protect the system against attacks, and if seized with sickness quickly cure the patient.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures Headache, whether sick or nervous, Toothache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Weakness in the Back, Spine or Kidneys, Pains around the Liver, Pleurisy, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Bites of Insects and Pains of all kinds. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate relief, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

Price Fifty Cents. Sold by Druggists.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 5.—Hogs—Market quiet; common and light, $4 00@4 15; packing and butchers, $4 90@5 35; receipts, —— head; shipments, —— head.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 6.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,500 head; market slow, but steady; fair to choice heavy native steers, $3 90@4 75; butchers' steers, $3 30@3 90; Texans and Indians, $2 00@3 70. Hogs—Receipts, 1,500 head; market strong; choice heavy and butchers' selections, $5 05@5 30; packers and Yorkers, $5 00@5 30; pigs, $4 50@5 00. Sheep—Receipts, 1,200 head; market firm.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—Hogs—Receipts, 10,000 head; market opened steady and firm at yesterday's prices; later weakened and declined 5@10c; light, $5 00@5 40; rough packing, $4 90@5 15; mixed and heavy packing and shipping, $5 15@5 50. Cattle—Receipts, 8,000 head; market steady; beeves, $3 00@5 00; cows and mixed, $1 25@3 00; stockers and feeders, $2 00@2 75. Sheep—Receipts, 3,000 head; market strong; common to choice, $3 00@4 50.

EAST LIBERTY, Sept. 5.—Cattle—Market dull and the supply mostly common at 10@15c off from last week's closing prices. Forty cars shipped to New York. Prime, $4 15@4 85; fair to good, $3 40@4 00; common, $3 15. Hogs—Market active; Philadelphias, $5 65@5 75; Yorkers, $5 40@5 60; grassers and light, $5 15@5 25. Five cars shipped to New York. Sheep—Market steady at last week's closing prices; prime, $4 50@4 75; fair to good, $3 75@4 25; common, $1 50@3 00; lambs, $5 00@6 00.

BUFFALO, Sept. 5.—Cattle—Prices declined 25@40c from Monday; common to fair, $3 50@4 00; good to choice shipping, $4 25@4 65; stockers and feeders, $2 75@3 50; veals, $5 25@6 25. Sheep—Common to medium, declined 15@25c; common to fair, $3 25@3 75; good to choice, $4 00@5 00; good to choice western lambs, $5 00@5 50. Hogs—Market advanced 5@10c; light pigs, $4 50@5 15; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, $5 15@5 25; good choice Michigan hogs, $4 50@4 55; corn fed selected Yorkers, $5 50@5 60; corn fed medium weights, $5 60@5 70; selected heavy ends, $4 50@4 80.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 6.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 3,460 head; shipments, 2,283 head. Choice fat steady; common slow, weak and 5@10c lower; sales of good to choice corn fed at $4 00@4 50 per cwt.; common to medium at $3 25@3 90; stockers at $2 00@2 60; feeding steers at $2 65@3 20; cows, $1 40@2 60; grass range steers at $2 25@3 10. Hogs—Receipts, 3,797 head; shipments, —— head; market firm and prices 5@10c higher; sales of good to choice at $5 25@5 35; common to medium, $4 80@5 20; skips and pigs, $3 00@4 00. Sheep—Receipts, 1,260 head; shipments, 150 head. Sales of good to choice, $3 25@3 75; common to medium, $2 00@3 00.

New York Wool Market.

The demand is moderate. Manufacturers show but little disposition to operate. Prices unchanged. X and XX Ohio, 32@36c; unwashed Western, 29c; Oregon, 25c; delaine, 36c; Texas, 15@20c; scoured do, 51@55c; Mexican, 14@15c; unwashed territory, 20@22c; extra pulled, 24c; Cape, 27c; Montevideo, 29c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Sept. 5.—Mark Lane Express reviews the British grain trade during the past week: Owing to heavy rainfall suspending threshing, the supplies of native wheats have been curtailed, causing a firm feeling in the markets. Sales of English wheat during the week were 53,793 quarters at 29s 11d against 29,892 quarters at 32s 1d during the corresponding week last year. Flour is steady. Foreign wheat is rather against buyers. The fractional advance quoted on American spring wheat in Liverpool, since the greater part of wheat held by the California ring passed into the hands of legitimate trade at 28s per 500 pounds. Values have showed slight improvement. Large shipments of Russian and American continue making prospect for material rise doubtful. Seven cargoes of wheat arrived, seven cargoes sold and five withdrawn. To-day supplies were sparing. English wheat samples were in bad condition; sound parcels maintained values; inferior were 6d cheaper. Flour dull. Corn steady. Oats 3d@6d dearer.

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